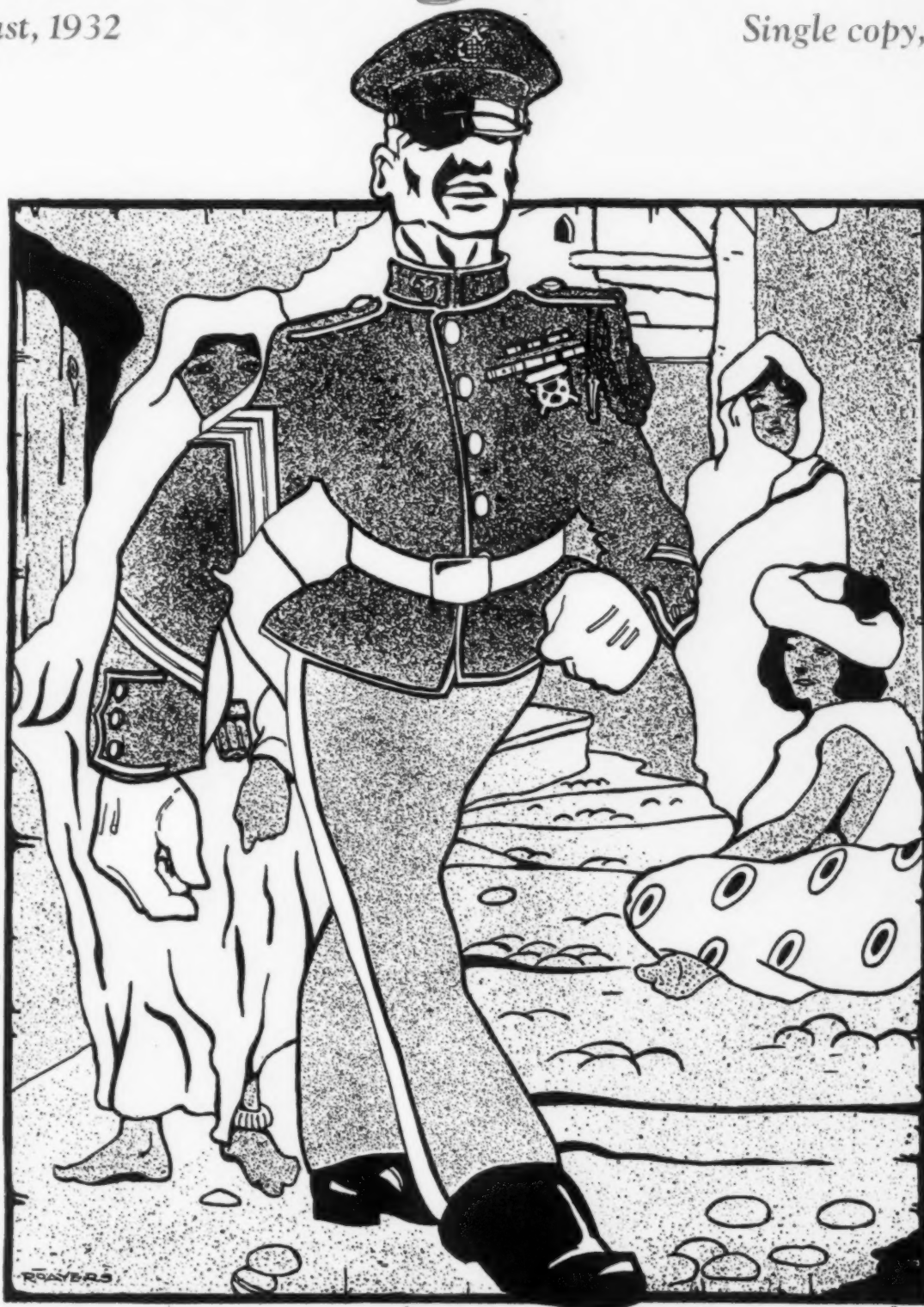


# THE LEATHERNECK

August, 1932

Single copy, 25c



"THE OLD TIMER"

ADAPTED BY R. O. AYERS FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY GRANT POWERS

# Do you inhale?

Certainly...

7 out of 10 smokers inhale knowingly . . . the other 3 inhale unknowingly

Do you inhale? Seven out of ten smokers *know* they do. The other three inhale without realizing it. *Every* smoker breathes in some part of the smoke he or she draws out of a cigarette.

Think, then, how important it is to be certain that your cigarette smoke is pure and clean—to be sure you don't inhale certain impurities!

Do you inhale? Lucky Strike has dared to raise this much-avoided subject . . . because certain impurities concealed in even the finest, mildest tobacco leaves are removed by Luckies' famous purifying process. Luckies created that process. Only Luckies have it!

Do you inhale? More than 20,000 physicians, after Luckies had been furnished them for tests, *basing their opinions on their smoking experience*, stated that Luckies are less irritating to the throat than other cigarettes.

**"It's toasted"**  
Your Protection — against irritation — against cough



Sept. 1932,  
The A. T. Co.

O. K. AMERICA—TUNE IN ON LUCKY STRIKE—60 modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and famous Lucky Strike features, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N. B. C. networks.

## THE GAZETTE

Total strength Marine Corps on May 31	16,491
COMMISSIONED AND WARRANT—May 31	1,171
Separations during June	6
Appointments during June	1,165
Total strength on June 30	82
ENLISTED—Total strength May 31	1,197
Separations during June	15,320
Joinings during June	285
Total strength June	15,035
Total strength Marine Corps June 30	287
	15,322
	16,519

## THE U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

Major General Ben H. Fuller, The Major General Commandant.  
Major General John T. Myers, Assistant to The Major General Commandant.  
Brigadier General Rufus H. Lane, The Adjutant and Inspector.  
Brigadier General Hugh Matthews, The Quartermaster.  
Brigadier General George Richards, The Paymaster.

## Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Col. Chandler Campbell.  
Maj. Roswell Winans.  
Capt. Paul A. Lesser.  
1st Lt. David M. Shoup.

## Officers last to make number in the grades indicated:

Col. Fred D. Kilgore.  
Lt. Col. Russell H. Davis, AQM.  
Maj. Alfred H. Noble.  
Capt. Clifford Prichard.  
1st Lt. Thos. G. McFarland.

## THE U. S. MARINE CORPS CHANGES

JUNE 10, 1932.

Captain William K. Snyder, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MD, NP, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

1st Lt. William L. McKittrick, detached AS, Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to AS, ECFE, MB, Quantico, Va., via first available conveyance.

1st Lt. Joe N. Smith, detached AS, Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to AS, ECFE, MB, Quantico, Va., via the USS "Vega," scheduled to sail from Cofinto on or about 5 July.

1st Lt. Charles G. Wadbrook, orders to Asiatic modified to MB, NS, Guam, via the USS "Henderson," scheduled to sail from Quantico, Va., on or about 6 June.

Chf. Qm. Clk. Burns D. Goodwin, detached Headquarters Dept. of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., via the USS "Vega," scheduled to sail from Mare Island, Calif., on or about 20 June.

Chf. Pay Clk. William Denison, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NS, Cavite, P. I., via the SS "President Harrison," scheduled to sail from Los Angeles, Calif., on or about 10 June.

The following-named officers detached Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to Department of the Pacific via the USS "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from Shanghai, China, on or about 25 June:

Captain Merton J. Batchelder.  
Captain William Floyd Brown.  
Captain Stephen F. Drew.  
Captain Arnold C. Larsen.  
Captain Norman E. True.  
1st Lt. Lenard B. Cresswell.  
1st Lt. Paul A. Lesser.  
1st Lt. Arthur T. Mason.  
Chf. Mar. Gnr. Fred O. Brown.  
Chf. Mar. Gnr. Ludolf F. Jensen.

JUNE 11, 1932.

Major George C. Hamner, orders to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., modified to MB, Quantico, Va.  
Captain Peter Conachy, detached Garde d'Haiti to MB, Quantico, Va., via the July trip of the USS "Kittery."

1st Lt. William P. Kelly, orders from MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., revoked. Detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USS "Henderson."

(Continued on page 3)

## THE U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

JUNE 10, 1932.

Gunnery Sergeant Martin Carroll—MB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, Hampton Roads, Va.  
Sergeant Constantino Tatto—MB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Corporal John O. Coe—MD, USS "Texas," to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Corporal James F. Harrison—MB, NOP, So. Charleston, W. Va., to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Corporal George Knight—MB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Corporal Dayton S. Ritchie—MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, NTS, Newport, R. I.  
Corporal William J. Scheffer—MB, NTS, Newport, R. I., to Nicaragua National Guard Detachment.

Corporal Henry E. Sohl—MB, USS "New Mexico," to RS, New York, N. Y.  
Corporal Elliott E. Stallings—MD, USS "Antares" to MB, SB, New London, Conn.

Corporal Arthur S. Stephens—MB, NYd, Washington, D. C., to Haiti.

JUNE 13, 1932.

First Sergeant John W. Jenkins—West Coast to MB, Quantico, Va.  
Sergeant John M. Ely—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sergeant Earl McWilliams—MB, Quantico, Va., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Sergeant Howard C. Moore—MD, USS "Northampton" to MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.

Sergeant Millard P. Saben—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Corporal Frank G. Reiner—MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Corporal Louis Tager—MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to MD, AL, Peloping, China.

Corporal Victor E. Troutman—MB, Coco Solo, C. Z., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

JUNE 15, 1932.

Sergeant Dorn E. Arnold—MB, Quantico, Va., to Nicaragua.

Sergeant William G. Higginson—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

Sergeant Archie D. Shawen—MB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, NPF, Indian Head, Md.

JUNE 16, 1932.

Sergeant Donald W. O'Neill—MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Sergeant Harold E. Smith—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.

Corporal William H. Reese—MB, NAD, St. Julien's Creek, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Corporal James E. Young—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.

JUNE 17, 1932.

First Sergeant August A. Olaguez—MB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MD, AL, Peloping, China.

Corporal Michael S. Currin—MB, NAD, Hingham, Mass., to MB, Washington, D. C.

JUNE 18, 1932.

Sergeant John A. Nolen—MB, NPF, Indian Head, Md., to Hampton Roads, Va.

Corporal Robert W. Judkins—MB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

JUNE 20, 1932.

First Sergeant J. W. Jenkins—MB, NS, Guam to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

First Sergeant Daniel W. Brosnahan—MB, NAD, Puget Sound, Wash., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal James E. Dickerson—MB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

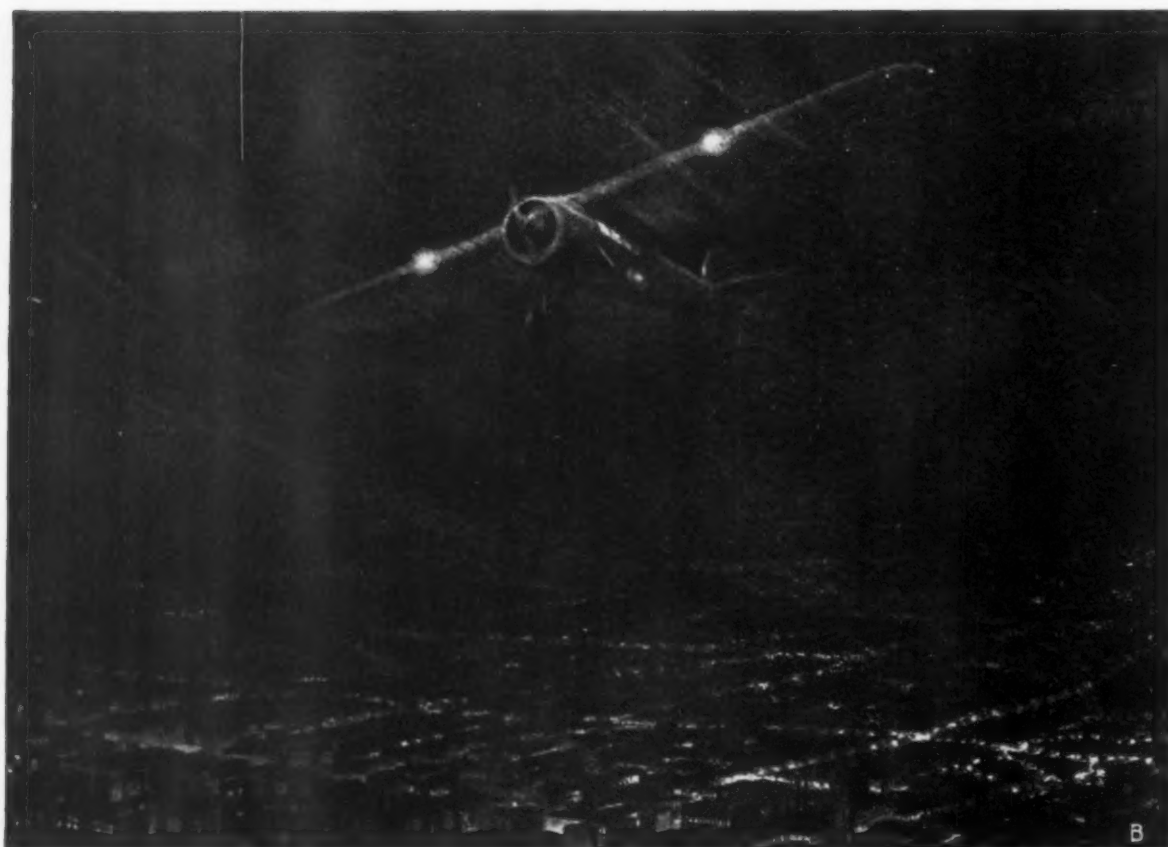
(Continued on page 3)

## LIST OF GUNNERY SERGEANTS ARRANGED ACCORDING TO SENIORITY

To Rank From

1. CHAMBERS, Claudious E.—May 21, 1917.
2. WILE, Adalbert—Sept. 27, 1917.
3. PORTER, Allen J.—Nov. 6, 1917.
4. DEXTER, Thomas H.—Dec. 10, 1917.
5. SATTERFIELD, James H.—Feb. 9, 1918.
6. STONE, Jack A.—July 31, 1918.
7. HENSON, Lester V.—Sept. 11, 1918.
8. FLYNN, William—Oct. 1, 1918.
9. SAVAGE, Roy O.—Oct. 1, 1918.
10. MILLER, Lewis—Nov. 9, 1918.
11. REYNOLDS, Jesse L.—Dec. 30, 1918.
12. MORNINGSTAR, Wesley R.—April 9, 1919.
13. DUCKWORTH, Carl—June 14, 1919.
14. CORYELL, Fred—July 1, 1919.
15. HOPP, Gordon—Aug. 1, 1919.
16. BRADFORD, Paul C.—Sept. 22, 1919.
17. CONNOLLY, George B.—Feb. 24, 1920.
18. PETRONE, Frank—Mar. 10, 1920.
19. WELBY, Thomas J.—April 15, 1920.
20. CERNY, Joseph—May 16, 1920.
21. PETERS, Leo—May 22, 1920.
22. BENNINGTON, James W.—June 1, 1920.
23. HICKS, Carl—June 10, 1920.
24. KELLER, Herman O. A.—June 22, 1920.
25. BUDROW, Joseph H.—July 1, 1920.
26. HOBAN, Thomas J.—Sept. 14, 1920.
27. ALMQUIST, Albert H.—Oct. 1, 1920.
28. TURNER, John H.—Oct. 5, 1920.
29. MATHEWS, William G.—Oct. 18, 1920.
30. BERRY, Bert R.—Jan. 1, 1921.
31. D'ARIANO, Daniel—Jan. 1, 1921.
32. FINN, Michael T.—Jan. 27, 1921.
33. GOLDBERG, Max M.—May 1, 1921.
34. SMITH, Ike S.—Aug. 15, 1921.
35. HARDIN, Daniel H.—Sept. 24, 1921.
36. JENKINS, Clyde H.—Feb. 1, 1922.
37. GUSTAFSON, John A.—April 11, 1922.
38. OSTICK, Charles T.—May 23, 1922.
39. BRADEN, Peter M.—June 16, 1922.
40. McDONALD, Donald—June 30, 1922.
41. SAUNDERS, Joseph A.—June 30, 1922.
42. LANCASTER, Irvie W.—April 10, 1923.
43. BROOKS, George C.—June 2, 1923.
44. KERNDL, Gustav—June 12, 1923.
45. METTETAL, Eugene—June 12, 1923.
46. SEARS, Anthony J.—June 18, 1923.
47. BROWN, Lawrence E.—Aug. 2, 1923.
48. HUNTLEY, William G.—Sept. 22, 1923.
49. CONWILL, Arthur L.—Oct. 1, 1923.
50. FISHER, Morris—Oct. 6, 1923.
51. PARK, Walter—Oct. 11, 1923.
52. HUGHES, Charles B.—Nov. 15, 1923.
53. HARKEY, Herbert J.—Dec. 3, 1923.
54. JENSEN, Hilmar A.—Dec. 4, 1923.
55. DOUGHERTY, Fred N.—Dec. 11, 1923.
56. LEEPER, Raymond H.—Jan. 26, 1924.
57. BIRT, Robert L.—Feb. 1, 1924.
58. JACIELLO, Anthony—Feb. 6, 1924.
59. MILLER, John C.—Feb. 12, 1924.
60. PASZKIEWICZ, Andrew J.—Feb. 12, 1924.
61. COLE, George F.—Feb. 14, 1924.
62. WALSH, Hylton S.—Feb. 25, 1924.
63. WOYSHNER, Paul—April 24, 1924.
64. OLMSTED, James N.—June 15, 1924.
65. BLANKS, Hugh A.—July 1, 1924.
66. SHAKER, Richard—July 1, 1924.
67. RYCKMAN, Willis L.—Sept. 16, 1924.
68. YOUNG, Frank M.—Nov. 19, 1924.
69. GREENWOOD, William A.—Dec. 4, 1924.
70. BUCKLEY, Joseph E.—Dec. 24, 1924.
71. GIRE, Ellis J.—Jan. 1, 1925.
72. MARKLE, William R.—Jan. 1, 1925.
73. BAILEY, Henry M.—Jan. 14, 1925.
74. CHURCH, Jack A.—Feb. 2, 1925.
75. KAMINSKI, Edward J.—Feb. 2, 1925.
76. KILDOW, Hopwood C.—Feb. 2, 1925.
77. COLEMAN, Jesse W.—Mar. 15, 1925.
78. LEE, William A.—April 1, 1925.
79. SEUFERT, Henry A.—June 23, 1925.
80. HILL, James F.—Aug. 10, 1925.

(Continued on page 4)



## LOST!

ALOFT at night over an unfamiliar city seeking a place to land. Wings heavy with sleet; you *must* come down. No guiding sign below. What to do? You *must* do something.

What about the *untrained* man lost in the race for success in business and industry? What are his chances for the future? Where is he headed? What is his destination? You'll find the answer

in the expressionless faces of countless thousands who failed solely because they couldn't do some one thing better than their fellows.

A home-study course with the International Correspondence Schools will give you the training that will help insure your future in the work you like best. All it requires is an hour a day of the spare time that may now go to waste.

### INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Box 5276M, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the subject **before** which I have marked X:

- |  |  |   |   |   |
|--|--|---|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management   | <input type="checkbox"/> Accounting and C. P. A.                           | <input type="checkbox"/> Secretarial Work                             | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card and Sign     | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk                               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Coaching  | <input type="checkbox"/> French <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish      | <input type="checkbox"/> Lettering              | <input type="checkbox"/> Grade School Subjects                            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Management  | <input type="checkbox"/> Cost Accounting                                   | <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising <input type="checkbox"/> English | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects                             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management    | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondence                      | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service          | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning |
- TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES**
- |  |  |   |  |  |
|--|--|---|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineer   | <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Positions    | <input type="checkbox"/> Plumbing and Heating                     | <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Work         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting     | <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating  | <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineering                        | <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder        | <input type="checkbox"/> Aviation Engines        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineer   | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineering     | <input type="checkbox"/> Radio <input type="checkbox"/> Architect | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer     | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture and Poultry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman  | <input type="checkbox"/> Mining                | <input type="checkbox"/> Architects' Blueprints                   | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry               | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder                   | <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy                |  |

Name..... Age..... Street Address.....

City..... State.....

Occupation.....

*If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Ltd., Montreal.*

## U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

(Continued from page 1)

Corporal Lyman C. Landreth—MD, USS "Pennsylvania," to United States.

Corporal Spencer A. Macy—Second Brigade, Managua, Nicaragua to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment.

Corporal William H. Matkin—MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Aloysius W. Murphy—MB, Portsmouth, N. H., to MB, NYD, Boston, Mass.

Corporal Cole B. Taylor—MB, NFF, Indian Head, Md., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

JUNE 21, 1932.

Sergeant Major Charles Zirwes—Depot of Supplies, San Francisco, Calif., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Sergeant J. D. Goff—MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Sergeant Truman A. Pembroke—MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Sergeant George S. Talley—MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, NOP, So. Charleston, W. Va.

Corporal George J. Gehrich—MB, Hampton Roads, Va., to MB, NAS, Quantico, Va.

Corporal Joseph P. Gusta—MB, SB, New London, Conn., to MB, NYD, Boston, Mass.

JUNE 23, 1932.

First Sergeant Henry R. Hinson—MB, NYD, Boston, Mass., to MB, NPD, Portsmouth, N. H.

Corporal Charles A. Elliott—MB, NYD, New York, N. Y., to Haiti.

Corporal John H. Puriee—MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, USNH, Washington, D. C.

JUNE 24, 1932.

Corporal Jay J. Clarke—MB, NFF, Indian Head, Md., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Corporal Max W. Craig—West Coast to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa.

Corporal John E. Keegan—MB, Quantico, Va., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Robert S. Scott—MB, Portsmouth, N. H., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa.

JUNE 25, 1932.

Sergeant Claud A. Mudd—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

JUNE 27, 1932.

Sergeant Herbert C. Balletti—West Coast to MB, NS, Guam.

Sergeant Harry Rosenbert—West Coast to MB, Quantico, Va.

Corporal Paul Floyd—MB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Corporal Leon J. Gaynor—West Coast to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa.

Corporal Henry C. McCoy—MB, NFF, Indian Head, Md., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Charles P. Peckham—MD, USS "Memphis" to MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.

Corporal Edward B. Renn—MB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Corporal Robert P. Warner—Haiti to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa.

JUNE 28, 1932.

Sergeant Charlie Goff—MB, NAD, Dover, N. J., to MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

Sergeant Leslie A. Himes—MB, NAD, Iona Island, N. Y., to MB, NYD, New York, N. Y.

Sergeant William Jenkins—MB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Corporal Lawrence E. Sutton—MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MB, NOP, So. Charleston, W. Va.

JUNE 29, 1932.

Sergeant Eugene J. Rule—West Coast to MB, NS, Cavite, P. I.

Sergeant Joseph C. Schwalke—MB, Washington, D. C., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Jay J. Clarke—MB, NFF, Indian Head, Md., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Corporal William Dangman—MB, Washington, D. C., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Archibald M. Seymour—MB, Portsmouth, N. H., to MD, USS "Southern."

JUNE 30, 1932.

Sergeant Marion Caruso—MB, AS, Quantico, Va., to MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

Sergeant John Nelson—MB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, NYD, New York, N. Y.

Corporal Mose E. Dixon—MB, Hampton Roads, Va., to MB, NAD, St. Julien's Creek, Va.

Corporal Isaac C. Fitch—MB, Hampton Roads, Va., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Corporal Lester D. Lansing—MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, to MB, AS, Quantico, Va.

JULY 1, 1932.

Supply Sergeant Herman L. Snellings—MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sergeant Clarence J. Anderson—MB, Quantico, Va., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Isaac C. Fitch—MB, Hampton Roads, Va., to Depot of Supplies, Hampton Roads, Va.

Corporal Ralph S. Howell—MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

JULY 2, 1932.

Sergeant Donald F. Rubin—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYD, Boston, Mass.

Corporal Howard L. Conner—MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

JULY 5, 1932.

Gunnery Sergeant Cecil Mahon—Haiti to MB, AS, Quantico, Va.

Gunnery Sergeant Adelbert Wilk—MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Sergeant J. H. Bender—West Coast to MD, AL, Peiping, China.

Corporal Charles A. Hyman—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NMD, Yorktown, Va.

JULY 6, 1932.

First Sergeant Roman Szumalski—MB, Quantico, Va., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

First Sergeant Nathan I. Welahans—MB, NFF, Indian Head, Md., to MB, Norfolk, Va.

Supply Sergeant Michael F. Wetja—MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Sergeant William F. Liell—West Coast to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal James P. Harrison—MB, NOP, So. Charleston, W. Va., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa.

Corporal James D. Morgan—West Coast to MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.

JULY 7, 1932.

Sergeant Philip McGuire—West Coast to MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

JULY 8, 1932.

Sergeant Julian M. Ashley—MB, NYD, Washington, D. C., to RD, Baltimore, Md.

Sergeant Timothy Lynch—First Battalion, First Marines, to East Coast.

Corporal Carl F. Johnson—MB, NMD, Iona Island, N. Y., to MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

Corporal George H. J. Wilken—First Battalion, First Marines, to East Coast.

## U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

(Continued from page 1)

scheduled to sail from Quantico, Va., on or about 6 July.

1st Lt. St. Julien R. Marshall, on completion of the school year detached Harvard University Law School, Cambridge, Mass., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to report not later than 30 June.

JUNE 14, 1932.

Captain Bernard Dubel, on transfer of the Marine Detachment, detached USS "Fulton" to USS "Memphis."

1st Lt. Cyril W. Martyr, on reporting of relief detached MD, USS "Overton" to MB, Norfolk NYD, Portsmouth, Va.

## ELECTRICAL - RADIO

## AUTOMOBILE AND MACHINERY

## SUPPLIES

MONOGRAM  
MOTOR LUBRICANTS

Ideal for Furniture, Household and Industrial Uses

The Paint from the Rubber Tree

**Steelcote**  
RUBBER AUTO ENAMEL

National Electrical  
Supply Company

1326-1330 NEW YORK AVE.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

2nd Lt. Robert B. Luckey, on transfer of the Marine Detachment detached USS "Fulton" to USS "Memphis."

2nd Lt. Joseph P. McCaffery, on 14 June detached MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via the USS "Nitro," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about 13 July.

2nd Lt. William F. Parks, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NAD, Puget Sound NYD, Washington.

Chf. Pay Ck. William D. Huston, retired as of 1 June.

Mar. Gnr. Thomas W. P. Murphy, on acceptance of appointment as a Marine gunner assigned to duty at MB, NYD, Boston, Mass., to report not later than 30 June.

Qm. Ck. Alexander N. Entringer, on acceptance of appointment as a quartermaster clerk assigned to duty at MB, Quantico, Va., to report not later than 30 June.

JUNE 15, 1932.

Colonel Julius S. Turrill, retired as of 1 July.

Captain Fred G. Patchon, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 30 June.

Captain William M. Radcliffe, detailed as an Assistant Quartermaster, effective 15 June.

Captain Rees Skinner, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif.

Captain John A. Tebbis, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, Norfolk NYD, Portsmouth, Va., for duty and to Naval Hospital for treatment, via the USS "Henderson," which sailed from Corinto 11 June.

1st Lt. Francis H. Brink, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, Puget Sound NYD, Bremerton, Wash.

1st Lt. Edgar G. Fitzpatrick, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to MB, Parris Island, S. C., via the return trip of the USS "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about 20 July.

2nd Lt. Edward J. Dillon, orders from MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, NTS, Newport, R. I., revoked. Detached MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via the USS "Henderson," scheduled to sail from Quantico, Va., on or about 6 July.

2nd Lt. Thomas D. Marks, detached Headquarters Department of the Pacific to MB, Puget Sound NYD, Bremerton, Wash.

2nd Lt. Roger W. Beadle, appointed a second lieutenant and assigned to duty at MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. James R. Stephens, appointed a second lieutenant and assigned to duty at MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. David M. Shoup, detached MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, Puget Sound NYD, Bremerton, Wash.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. William L. Erdman, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Department of the Pacific.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. Thomas Quisley, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to First Brigade, Haiti, via the USS "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about 20 July.

2nd Lt. Robert B. Luckey, detached MD, USS "Memphis," to MB, Norfolk NYD, Portsmouth, Va.

2nd Lt. William B. McKean, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to First Brigade, Haiti, via the USS "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about 20 July.

2nd Lt. Miles S. Newton, detached MB, NYD, New York, N. Y., to MD, USS "Overton," via commercial steamer scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about 25 June.

2nd Lt. Robert B. Luckey, detached MD, USS "Memphis," to MB, Norfolk NYD, Portsmouth, Va.

2nd Lt. John H. Griebel, detached MB, NYD, New York, N. Y., to MD, USS "Overton," via commercial steamer scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about 25 June.

2nd Lt. Robert H. Williams, detached MB, Norfolk NYD, Portsmouth, Va., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via the USS "Henderson," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about 8 July.

2nd Lt. John B. Hendry, detached MB, NTS, Newport, R. I., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. Edward T. Peters, assigned to duty at MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif.

2nd Lt. Samuel D. Fuller, detached MD, Fort Eustis, Va., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. Samuel D. Fuller, detached MD, Fort Eustis, Va., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. Samuel D. Fuller, detached MD, Fort Eustis, Va., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. Samuel D. Fuller, detached MD, Fort Eustis, Va., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. Samuel D. Fuller, detached MD, Fort Eustis, Va., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. Samuel D. Fuller, detached MD, Fort Eustis, Va., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. Samuel D. Fuller, detached MD, Fort Eustis, Va., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. Samuel D. Fuller, detached MD, Fort Eustis, Va., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. Samuel D. Fuller, detached MD, Fort Eustis, Va., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. Samuel D. Fuller, detached MD, Fort Eustis, Va., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. Samuel D. Fuller, detached MD, Fort Eustis, Va., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. Samuel D. Fuller, detached MD, Fort Eustis, Va., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. Samuel D. Fuller, detached MD, Fort Eustis, Va., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. Samuel D. Fuller, detached MD, Fort Eustis, Va., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. Samuel D. Fuller, detached MD, Fort Eustis, Va., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. Samuel D. Fuller, detached MD, Fort Eustis, Va., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. Samuel D. Fuller, detached MD, Fort Eustis, Va., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. Samuel D. Fuller, detached MD, Fort Eustis, Va., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. Samuel D. Fuller, detached MD, Fort Eustis, Va., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. Samuel D. Fuller, detached MD, Fort Eustis, Va., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. Samuel D. Fuller, detached MD, Fort Eustis, Va., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. Samuel D. Fuller, detached MD, Fort Eustis, Va., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. Samuel D. Fuller, detached MD, Fort Eustis, Va., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. Samuel D. Fuller, detached MD, Fort Eustis, Va., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. Samuel D. Fuller, detached MD, Fort Eustis, Va., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. Samuel D. Fuller, detached MD, Fort Eustis, Va., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. Samuel D. Fuller, detached MD, Fort Eustis, Va., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. Samuel D. Fuller, detached MD, Fort Eustis, Va., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. Samuel D. Fuller, detached MD, Fort Eustis, Va., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. Samuel D. Fuller, detached MD, Fort Eustis, Va., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. Samuel D. Fuller, detached MD, Fort Eustis, Va., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. Joseph Thompson, resignation accepted to take effect 17 June.

2nd Lt. Ernest R. West, detached MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 30 June.

Chf. Pay Clk. Alfred L. Robinson, on 1 July detached MB, NYD, New York, N. Y., to First Brigade, Haiti, via the USS "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about 20 July.

Mar. Cnr. Robert E. McCook, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to First Brigade, Haiti, via the USS "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about 20 July.

JUNE 20, 1932.

Captain Ery M. Spencer, AQM, on 1 July detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Captain John A. Tebbis, orders to MB, Norfolk NYD, Portsmouth, Va., modified to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., for duty and to Naval Hospital for treatment.

1st Lt. Luther A. Brown, detached Department of the Pacific to MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to report not later than 30 June.

1st Lt. Robert S. Viall, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NAD, Hawthorne, Nev.

2nd Lt. Walter L. J. Bayler, on or about 13 August detached the Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., to the School of Naval Science and Tactics, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

2nd Lt. Edmund B. Games, orders to MB, Washington, D. C., modified to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via the USS "Henderson," scheduled to sail from Quantico, Va., on or about 6 July.

JUNE 22, 1932.

Major William C. James, on 25 June detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Parris Island, S. C., to report not later than 30 June.

1st Lt. James G. Hopper, orders to Asiatic Station modified to MB, NS, Guam, via the USS "Henderson," scheduled to sail from Quantico, Va., on or about 6 July.

1st Lt. Charles G. Wadbrook, orders to MB, NS, Guam, revoked. Detached MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J., to Asiatic Station via the USS "Henderson," scheduled to sail from Quantico, Va., on or about 6 July.

2nd Lt. Robert H. Williams, orders to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., modified to Asiatic Station via the USS "Henderson," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about 8 July.

JUNE 25, 1932.

Major Henry L. Larsen, assigned to duty at the Ecole de Guerre, Paris, France.

2nd Lt. Charles E. Chapel, ordered from MB, Quantico, Va., to temporary duty with the Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USS "Nitro," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about 13 July.

2nd Lt. Sol E. Levensky, ordered from MB, Quantico, Va., to temporary duty with the Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USS "Nitro," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about 13 July.

2nd Lt. Henry T. Klinkseik, appointed a second lieutenant and ordered to duty at MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 30 June.

Qm. Clk. Samuel G. Thompson, appointed a quartermaster clerk and assigned to duty at MB, Parris Island, S. C.

The following-named officers have been promoted to the grades indicated:

Colonel Chandler Campbell.

Major Roswell Winans.

1st Lt. William D. Saunders, Jr.

1st Lt. David M. Shoup.

Captain Paul A. Lesser.

JUNE 29, 1932.

Lt. Col. Franklin B. Garrett, on 1 August detached MB, Quantico, Va., to the Army War College, Washington, D. C., to report not later than 20 August.

Lt. Col. Harold F. Wireman, detached MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to Asiatic Station via the USS "Henderson," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about 8 July.

Major John A. Gray, on reporting of his relief, about 15 August detached duty as Division Marine Officer, Division Four, Battleships, Battle Force, and Aide on the Staff of the Commander, Battleships, Battle Force, USS "West Virginia," to duty as Division Marine Officer, Division Three, Battleships, Battle Force, and Aide on the Staff of the Division Commander, USS "Arizona."

Major William G. Hawthorne, about 15 August detached duty as Division Marine Officer, Division Three, Battleships, Battle Force, and Aide on the Staff of the Division Commander, USS "Arizona," to duty as Division Marine Officer, Division Four, Battleships, Battle Force, and Aide on the Staff of the Commander, Battleships, Battle Force, USS "West Virginia."

Captain Louis W. Putnam, orders to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., modified to MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif., for duty and to Naval Hospital, Mare Island, Calif., for treatment.

1st Lt. Benjamin W. Atkinson, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Edward A. Robbins, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Chadler W. Johnson, detached Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment to Second Brigade, Nicaragua.

JULY 1, 1932.

Captain Thomas B. Gale, detail as an Assistant Paymaster revoked as of 1 July.

Captain Frank D. Strong, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MD, USS "Arizona," scheduled to sail from Quantico on or about 18 July.

1st Lt. William L. Bales, on reporting of his relief detached Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment to Second Brigade, Nicaragua.

2nd Lt. Henry R. Paise, detached Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., to MB, NYD, New York, N. Y.

2nd Lt. Ernest E. Pollock, detached AS, Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to AS, WCEF, NAS, San Diego, Calif., via the USS "Henderson," scheduled to sail from Quantico on or about 18 July.

Chf. Qm. Clk. Walter E. Yaecker, detached MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Pay Clerk Charles T. Yates, appointed a Pay Clerk and assigned to duty at Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

The following-named officers arrived at San Francisco, Calif., on 28 June and are assigned to the stations indicated:

Major Clifton B. Cates, Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Major Thad T. Taylor, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Captain Arnold C. Larson, MB, NYD, Washington, D. C.

Captain John M. Tildsley, MB, Quantico, Va.

## ATTENTION!

Marines travel more in one cruise than the average traveling salesman travels in a lifetime. Totty's Trunks and Bags are constructed to withstand the hard knocks of transport, rickshaw, train, or push-cart. They are as strong as the average Leatherneck, and as stylish as a fashion mart.



AT ALL POST EXCHANGES

Specify

**Totty Trunk & Bag Co.**  
PETERSBURG, VA.

Captain Thomas T. Tighe, MB, Quantico, Va.  
Captain Morton J. Batchelder, MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa.

Captain William Floyd Brown, MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Captain Richard Livingston, MB, NYD, New York, N. Y.

Captain Stephen F. Drew, MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif.

Captain Paul A. Lesser, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Lenard B. Cresswell, MB, NYD, New York, N. Y.

1st Lt. Arthur T. Mason, Rects, Macon, Ga.

1st Lt. William A. Hamilton, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. Richard P. Ross, MB, Quantico, Va.

Chf. Gnr. Fred O. Brown, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Chf. Gnr. Ludolf F. Jensen, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

JULY 2, 1932.

Lt. Col. Harry O. Smith, retired on 1 September with the rank of Colonel.

2nd Lt. Clifton R. Moss, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, Fort Eustis, Va.

2nd Lt. Orin K. Fressler, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MD, USS "Lexington."

2nd Lt. William R. Williams, on reporting of his relief detached MD, USS "Lexington," to Department of the Pacific.

JULY 6, 1932.

Colonel Edward B. Manwarink, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Captain Shaler Ladd, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MD, USS "Maryland."

Captain James W. Webb, detached Recruiting District of Macon, Macon, Ga., to the Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga.

1st Lt. Homer L. Litzberg, detached Recruiting District of Macon, Macon, Ga., to the Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga.

1st Lt. Paul B. Watson, detached Recruiting District of Macon, Macon, Ga., to the Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga.

1st Lt. Arthur T. Mason, detached Recruiting District of Macon, Macon, Ga., to the Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga.

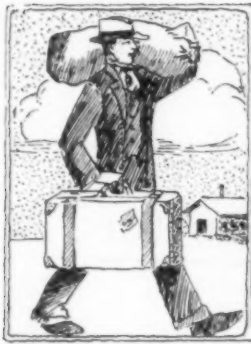
2nd Lt. Charles E. Chapel, orders from MB, Quantico, Va., to temporary duty with the Second Brigade, Nicaragua, revoked.

### GUNNERY SERGEANTS

(Continued from page 1)

81. DAVE, Stanley G.—Sept. 16, 1925.
82. SMITH, Robert—Sept. 23, 1925.
83. ODEN, Philip T.—Oct. 7, 1925.
84. BLAKLEY, John—Oct. 12, 1925.
85. DOYALTY, Ollie S.—Jan. 1, 1926.
86. GODBEE, Powell W.—Jan. 20, 1926.
87. SKODA, Stephen—Feb. 19, 1926.
88. VAN, Frank J.—Mar. 1, 1926.
89. AHERN, John J.—Mar. 23, 1926.
90. MAY, Russell D.—Apr. 8, 1926.
91. WILSON, James C.—Apr. 8, 1926.
92. MCKENNA, John J.—Mar. 17, 1926.
93. LOGUE, Joseph W.—June 5, 1926.
94. CRUIKSHANK, David E.—June 26, 1926.
95. SMITH, George H.—Feb. 3, 1927.
96. MIETZELL, Oscar E.—Apr. 1, 1927.
97. CARLETON, John A.—July 15, 1927.
98. GUSACK, Joseph F.—Aug. 4, 1927.
99. DURR, Bernard J.—Aug. 11, 1927.
100. FROST, James M.—Aug. 13, 1927.
101. JENNINGS, Leo M.—Sept. 20, 1927.
102. RAMSAY, Allan B.—Sept. 20, 1927.
103. ROBINSON, Fred—Sept. 20, 1927.
104. INGLEE, Charles W.—Oct. 21, 1927.
105. DAVIS, Roger W.—Dec. 1, 1927.
106. DONOVAN, Daniel—Dec. 1, 1927.
107. HILL, James E.—Dec. 23, 1927.
108. JONES, Thomas J.—Dec. 23, 1927.
109. WILSON, William F.—Jan. 1, 1928.
110. WILLIAMS, David I.—Feb. 10, 1928.
111. ROENNIGKE, Theodore L.—Feb. 13, 1928.
112. JEFFERSON, William E.—Mar. 29, 1928.
113. GILSTRAP, Orval C.—Apr. 19, 1928.
114. GOURLEY, Arthur A.—Apr. 20, 1928.
115. LINDER, John—Apr. 20, 1928.
116. GAGE, Howard L.—May 24, 1928.
117. CASON, Robert E.—June 6, 1928.
118. MURAWSKI, John—June 6, 1928.
119. ZSIGA, Stephen J.—June 27, 1928.
120. HAMAS, John—July 10, 1928.
121. SESSIONS, Cleve—July 23, 1928.
122. HIENSCH, Charles D.—July 30, 1928.
123. HENDERSHOT, Albert W.—Aug. 15, 1928.
124. SCOFIELD, Walter E.—Aug. 16, 1928.
125. CARROLL, Martin—Aug. 18, 1928.
126. PARRETT, George C.—Aug. 18, 1928.
127. PAFEN, Herman A.—Sept. 11, 1928.
128. EADENS, Alva—Oct. 17, 1928.
129. BREDHOFF, Albert—Nov. 14, 1928.
130. ANDERSON, Adolph—Nov. 21, 1928.
131. ANDERSON, Emory L.—Dec. 6, 1928.
132. HIGUERA, Philip R.—Dec. 8, 1928.
133. TOWLES, JESSE C.—Jan. 1, 1929.
134. ZAMBERLAIN, A. P.—Jan. 3, 1929.
135. LEWIS, William C.—Jan. 18, 1929.
136. HAUSCHEL, Joseph—Jan. 19, 1929.
137. O'CONNOR, Frederick—Jan. 21, 1929.
138. STEELE, Dugald L.—Jan. 21, 1929.
139. SULLIVAN, Frank J.—Feb. 1, 1929.
140. NELSON, Carl A.—Feb. 21, 1929.
141. JACKSON, Leonard H.—Mar. 1, 1929.
142. MAHON, Cecil—Mar. 1, 1929.
143. KUGH, John F.—Mar. 16, 1929.
144. STRATHERN, Charles A.—Mar. 27, 1929.
145. CROWE, Henry F.—Mar. 29, 1929.
146. REED, Richard S.—Apr. 1, 1929.
147. ROSSICH, Louis—Apr. 1, 1929.
148. GARVIN, Earl W.—Apr. 10, 1929.
149. WOLFGANG, Henry F.—Apr. 18, 1929.
150. HAUBENSAK, George F.—Apr. 24, 1929.
151. COOK, John B.—May 1, 1929.
152. HENSLEY, Lewis W.—May 1, 1929.
153. YOUNG, Sanford N.—May 2, 1929.
154. KENNEDY, William A.—May 18, 1929.
155. MANDEL, Abraham C.—May 23, 1929.
156. SALGUERO, Manuel M.—July 1, 1929.
157. NOWACK, George J.—Aug. 3, 1929.
158. ANDERSON, Adolph J.—Aug. 6, 1929.
159. ANDERSON, Walter E.—Sept. 1, 1929.
160. BOSTROM, Leonard—Sept. 4, 1929.
161. NORRIS, Luther G.—Sept. 5, 1929.
162. JOHNSON, Homer—Sept. 25, 1929.
163. CASPER, Earl—Sept. 27, 1929.
164. JESUALE, Louis—Oct. 1, 1929.
165. KERLIN, John T.—Oct. 8, 1929.
166. STUTZ, Robert—Oct. 8, 1929.
167. WAITS, Raymond C.—Oct. 19, 1929.
168. MCCOY, ROBERT F.—Nov. 6, 1929.
169. CAGLE, Carl J.—Nov. 12, 1929.
170. VANNICE, Elmer L.—Nov. 29, 1929.
171. DUNN, Edward L.—Dec. 1, 1929.
172. BRADLEY, James J.—Dec. 1, 1929.
173. DECKARD, Lloyd C.—Jan. 25, 1930.
174. JUNG, Albert—Feb. 5, 1930.
175. ABRAHAM, Ensie G.—Feb. 11, 1930.

(Continued on page 52)



# Recent Re-Enlistment



HARDISTY, Richard A., at MB, Quantico, Va., 6-29-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.  
 KSZANKOVICK, Stephen, at MB, Quantico, Va., 6-28-32, for MB, AS, Quantico, Va.  
 FINUCANE, Robert F., at Washington, D. C., 6-20-32, for Headquarters, MC, Washington, D. C.  
 SAURDORNE, Sam, at Washington, D. C., 6-28-32, for MB, New York, N. Y.  
 COYLE, Joseph G., at MB, NAS, San Diego, Calif., 6-18-32, for MB, NAS, San Diego, Calif.  
 HURLBUT, Sam R., at MB, Quantico, Va., 6-28-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.  
 MILLER, James A., at MB, NAS, San Diego, Calif., 6-23-32, for MB, NAS, San Diego, Calif.  
 NEWMAN, George V., at MB, Hampton Roads, Va., 6-28-32, for MB, Hampton Roads, Va.  
 BIER, Dave, at Los Angeles, Calif., 6-23-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.  
 CLARKE, Edwin C., at Haiti, 6-20-32, for Haiti.  
 KINSON, Henry R., at MB, Boston, Mass., 6-27-32, for MB, Portsmouth, N. H.  
 WATKINS, Byron J., at MB, Puget Sound, Wash., 6-22-32, for MB, Puget Sound, Wash.  
 GORDON, Robert W., at Chicago, Ill., 6-25-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.  
 PATTERSON, Ralph E., at Chicago, Ill., 6-24-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.  
 GOGGIN, Ralph L., at San Francisco, Calif., 6-20-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.  
 MELSON, Charles F., at Vallejo, Calif., 6-21-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.  
 ADAMS, Ernest P., at MB, Pensacola, Fla., 6-24-32, for MB, Pensacola, Fla.  
 ROSS, Marvin L., at MB, Puget Sound, Wash., 6-17-32, for MB, Puget Sound, Wash.  
 GRANT, Edward T., at Chicago, Ill., 6-22-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.  
 WOLTRING, Leo, at San Diego, Calif., 6-18-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.  
 BARROW, Robert A., at MB, Portsmouth, Va., 6-23-32, for MB, Portsmouth, Va.  
 DZZIYAK, Mike, at MB, Philadelphia, Pa., 6-23-32, for China via Hampton Roads, Va.  
 SELLS, Richard E., at MB, Portsmouth, Va., 6-23-32, for MB, Portsmouth, Va.  
 SADLER, William S., Jr., at Washington, D. C., 6-23-32, for MB, Washington, D. C.  
 CHRISTNER, Edward, at MB, NAS, San Diego, Calif., 6-13-32, for MB, NAS, San Diego, Calif.  
 BAKER, Clyde C., at MB, Puget Sound, Wash., 6-15-32, for Philippine Island via Mare Island, Calif.  
 RUBENSTEIN, Louis, at MB, New Orleans, La., 6-23-32, for China.  
 BOYER, Franklin, at New York, 6-21-32, for China via Hampton Roads, Va.  
 BRYANT, Julius H., at MB, Quantico, Va., 6-22-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.  
 GOULD, Howard, at New York, N. Y., 6-22-32, for MD, RS, New York, N. Y.  
 STONE, Jack A., at China, 5-23-32, for China.  
 MEYER, Herbert O., at Boston, Mass., 6-21-32, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.  
 DE PISHON, Clyde A., at MB, Parris Island, S. C., 6-20-32, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.  
 GOINS, Taylor G., at MB, Pensacola, Fla., 6-20-32, for MB, Pensacola, Fla.  
 WATTS, Roderick McL. Jr., at MB, Charleston, S. C., 6-20-32, for MB, Charleston, S. C.  
 KIRKEBY, Frank H., at San Diego, Calif., 6-15-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.  
 DAVIS, Charles, at Nicaragua, 5-28-32, for Nicaragua.  
 WANDT, Henry W., at China, 5-19-32, for China.  
 PAUL, George E., at Vallejo, Calif., 6-13-32, for Philippine Island via Mare Island, Calif.  
 TRACEY, James J., at Vallejo, Calif., 6-13-32, for MB, NYd, Boston, Mass., via Mare Island, Calif.  
 CERWENSKY, Alfred J., at MB, Quantico, Va., 6-18-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.  
 HART, Chester B., at MB, Puget Sound, Wash., 6-13-32, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.  
 WILSON, John H., at MB, Parris Island, S. C., 6-10-32, for MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 HUMPHREY, Charles L., at MD, RR, Fort Eustis, Va., 6-10-32, for MD, RR, Fort Eustis, Va.  
 JOHNSON, Albert O., at Washington, D. C., 6-15-32, for MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

SHIELD, Alexander R., at Washington, D. C., 6-16-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.  
 STEFFEN, Harry J., at Washington, D. C., 6-16-32, for MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.  
 GALLIMORE, Henry G., at Portland, Ore., 6-9-32, for RS, Portland, Ore.  
 HAMILTON, James E., at MB, Iona Island, N. Y., 6-16-32, for MB, Chelsea, Mass.  
 ODZIEJESKI, Vincent J., at Chicago, Ill., 6-15-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.  
 ASKEW, Marvin J., at MB, Quantico, Va., 6-15-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.  
 CARUSO, Mario, at MB, Quantico, Va., 6-15-32, for MB, AS, Quantico, Va.  
 COTE, Rene D., at MB, Boston, Mass., 6-15-32, for Nicaragua via Hampton Roads, Va.  
 ROBISON, William H., Jr., at MB, Parris Island, S. C., 6-14-32, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.  
 CLARK, Miles H., at Washington, D. C., 6-14-32, for Marine Corps Band, Washington, D. C.  
 PICKELMAN, Oscar M., at Chicago, Ill., 6-13-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.  
 ROSEN, Tony, at San Diego, Calif., 6-9-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.  
 DODSON, James P., at MB, Quantico, Va., 6-14-32, for MB, AS, Quantico, Va.  
 HUNTER, Caldwell N., at MB, Hampton Roads, Va., 6-14-32, for MB, Hampton Roads, Va.  
 WILSON, George A., at MB, Newport, R. I., 6-14-32, for MB, Newport, R. I.  
 COLBERT, James A., at Pittsburgh, Pa., 6-13-32, for MB, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 SAUNDERS, Ernest G., at Washington, D. C., 6-13-32, for West Coast via Hampton Roads, Va.  
 FOSTER, Carl D., at Vallejo, Calif., 6-8-32, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.  
 KRAEMER, Frank, at MB, Portsmouth, Va., 6-13-32, for MB, St. Julien's Creek, Va.  
 LEVY, Albert, at MB, Portsmouth, N. H., 6-13-32, for MB, Portsmouth, N. H.  
 SAUVE, George, at MB, Puget Sound, Wash., 6-8-32, for MB, Puget Sound, Wash.  
 WOOD, Robert G., at Baltimore, Md., 6-8-32, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.  
 SARADE, Paul, at Chicago, Ill., 6-11-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.  
 FORISTER, Willie B., at San Diego, Calif., 6-4-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.  
 HANDEL, Alfred J., at San Diego, Calif., 6-7-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.  
 McCONVILLE, Gilbert, at San Diego, Calif., 6-7-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.  
 McLIN, William N., at San Diego, Calif., 6-5-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

MALLICK, Maxie P., at Los Angeles, Calif., 6-6-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.  
 NELSON, Daniel H., at Los Angeles, Calif., 6-7-32, for RS, Los Angeles, Calif.  
 POBLITZ, Howard L., at San Francisco, Calif., 6-8-32, for Depot of Supplies, San Francisco, Calif.  
 WRIGHT, Ellis R., at MB, NAS, San Diego, Calif., 6-7-32, for MB, NAS, San Diego, Calif.  
 LITTLE, Jason, at Savannah, Ga., 6-9-32, for MB, Yorktown, Va.  
 MORRISON, Harry J., at MB, Philadelphia, Pa., 6-10-32, for MB, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 TURNER, Webb V., at Philadelphia, Pa., 6-9-32, for RS, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 CARLTON, Clarence E., at Savannah, Ga., 6-8-32, for MB, Portsmouth, Va.  
 DUNLAP, Hubert H., at Atlanta, Ga., 6-8-32, for APM Office, Atlanta, Ga.  
 ATON, Bennie W., at Vallejo, Calif., 6-4-32, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.  
 STANLEY, Howard R., at Vallejo, Calif., 6-4-32, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.  
 STONE, Ewell B., at Vallejo, Calif., 6-3-32, for China via Mare Island, Calif.  
 JULIGOWSKI, Louis, at MB, Quantico, Va., 6-9-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.  
 BALLARD, Laurence S., at MB, Quantico, 6-8-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.  
 HETTRICK, William J., at New York, N. Y., 6-6-32, for MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.  
 HOLLADAY, Robert P., at Washington, D. C., 6-6-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.  
 McMILLEN, Donald S., at Pittsburgh, Pa., 6-7-32, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.  
 CARMEL, Max, at Los Angeles, Calif., 6-1-32, for China via MCB, San Diego, Calif.  
 O'SHEA, John J., at Vallejo, M. I., 6-2-32, for Guam via Mare Island, Calif.  
 LAURSEN, Lorenz P., at MB, Washington, D. C., 6-8-32, for MB, Washington, D. C.  
 ALBRIGHT, Ralph W., at Pittsburgh, Pa., 6-6-32, for MB, So. Charleston, W. Va.  
 LABEAUX, Wilfred H., at Washington, D. C., 6-6-32, for MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 NIELSEN, Cristian H., at New York, N. Y., 6-4-32, for West Coast via Hampton Roads, Va.  
 RUSH, William M., at New York, N. Y., 6-6-32, for MB, Iona Island, N. Y.  
 ROBERTS, Stephen J., at San Diego, Calif., 6-31-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.  
 STRAWHECKER, Lester L., at Vallejo, Calif., 6-2-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.  
 McKAY, Robert H. J., at MB, Quantico, Va., 6-5-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.  
 STUART, William R., at MB, Parris Island, S. C., 6-4-32, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.  
 WOOLSEY, Kenneth A., at MB, NAS, San Diego, Calif., 6-2-32, for MB, NAS, San Diego, Calif.  
 GRIFFITH, Alfred R., at Boston, Mass., 6-4-32, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.  
 PATTERSON, Sidney L., at Boston, Mass., 6-4-32, for West Coast via Hampton Roads, Va.  
 KINGSLEY, Claude M., at Chicago, Ill., 6-4-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.  
 GAYER, Albert C., at San Diego, Calif., 5-26-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.  
 MAXWELL, Arthur A., at Vallejo, Calif., 5-31-32, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.  
 REIBOLD, George F., at Vallejo, Calif., 5-28-32, for China via Mare Island, Calif.  
 RHODES, William R., at Vallejo, Calif., 5-31-32, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.  
 WORDEHOF, Leonard E., at Vallejo, Calif., 5-31-32, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.  
 ANDERSON, John, at MB, Philadelphia, Pa., 6-4-32, for MD, AL, Peiping, China, via Hampton Roads, Va.  
 HUEY, James W., at San Pedro, Calif., 5-17-32, for MD, USS "New York."  
 JOHNSON, Paul W., at MB, Puget Sound, Wash., 5-28-32, for China via Mare Island, Calif.  
 SCHURE, John W., at MB, Quantico, Va., 6-4-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.  
 THOMPSON, Rudolph A., at MB, Puget Sound, Wash., 5-27-32, for MB, Puget Sound, Wash.  
 EDEN, Russell E., at Philadelphia, Pa., 6-3-32, for MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 SPEARS, William K., at Atlanta, Ga., 5-31-32, for MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C.

(Continued on page 52)



FOR  
WHITE BELTS

Nothing Takes Its Place

"Imitated but—  
never duplicated"

KNOMARK SHOE PRODUCTS CO.  
155 Quincy Street  
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

*Everybody* enjoys a milder cigarette  
... a cigarette that tastes better!



IN over 80 countries Chesterfield cigarettes are bought and sold . . . smoked and enjoyed. Why is it?

BECAUSE THEY ARE MILDER.

BECAUSE THEY TASTE BETTER.

Their mildness begins with milder, ripper tobaccos—the right kinds of Domestic with enough Turkish, blended and *cross-blended* to an even finer taste.

And wherever you go, up and down and across the world, Chesterfield goes too.



Hear the Chesterfield Radio Program.  
Every night except Sunday. Columbia  
network. See local newspaper for time.

PUBLISHED  
Once a month  
by  
The Marine Corps  
Institute

Address:  
Marine Barracks  
8th and Eye Sts.  
Southeast  
Washington, D. C.

Honorary Editor  
The Major General  
Commandant

Editor-in-Chief  
The Director,  
The Marine Corps  
Institute

Editor and Publisher  
Lt. W. W. Paca  
U. S. M. C.

# THE LEATHERNECK

VOLUME 15

WASHINGTON, D. C., AUGUST, 1932

NUMBER 8

## Down for the Count



ACK in his home town, Les Conway had been something of a scrapper. He had had a lot of pictures taken to prove it. The Marines liked Les, but they thought his pictures were a lot of hokey. Les wanted to fight, but couldn't.

He wasn't afraid of anybody, including the welter champ of the whole Marine Corps. He'd got himself a manager in the shape of Sergeant George O'Conner by the simple expedient of winning so many of the sergeant's I. O. U.'s at blackjack that the sergeant had to serve, taking his salary out of his debts.

But O'Conner had a conscience. He didn't want Les to get too badly mauled, for he had an idea that, in a hundred years or so, Les might develop into a fighter.

Les and O'Conner were sitting on a stump in the woods some two miles inland from the sprawling Quantico barracks, talking things over.

"But, George," said Les eagerly, "I've got a kick like a mule! I can slam my right fist through an inch board."

"That you can, kid," retorted O'Conner, "but you have to remember this: the board stands still and lets you do it. Fighters in the ring almost never stand still."

"I could whip the welter champ this minute!"

"Yeah? You and what squad of Marines? Let me throw you in with some second-raters until you get accustomed to Marine Corps audiences, who don't sympathize with anybody except the winning scrapper, and we'll work up to a battle with the champ."

"Why second-raters? I'm honing for battle, but I don't care about fake records, based on shoving down push-overs . . . I can whip the champ this minute, and you know it!"

"Raspberries!"

George and Les almost jumped out of their skins as the voice sounded behind them. They whirled to look into the red faces of two men who were of similar build, and each about the same size as Les Conway.

"You heard me!" snorted one of the men. "I said 'raspberries!' Want me to spell it? R-a-z-z-b-e-r-r-i-e-s."

"What do you mean?" said Conway quietly.

"You said you could whip the welter champ of the whole Marine Corps. I say you couldn't even whip me!"

Conway grinned at the other. He was a stranger. Les and George had heard of a complement of Marines just arrived from the Canal Zone, and the burned faces of these two men argued recent and prolonged tropical service. Probably from the complement above referred to.

But Conway, as aforesaid, wasn't afraid of anybody. He grinned and began shucking off his shirt and undershirt. The other chap grinned and did likewise.

"I'll referee," O'Conner said softly.

By Arthur J. Burks

"Nope," said the fellow who had not yet spoken. "I'll do the refereeing."

"You'll do no such . . ."

But O'Conner got no further. He had stuck his nose bellicosely into the face of the second stranger, and had just started to shake his right fist in the other's eyes, when something—something quite unforeseen—happened with great force.

George described a back somersault, landing on his face in the leaves and mold of the Virginia woods, while shooting stars from every direction illuminated the scene.

"I said," reminded the second stranger, "that I'd referee this bout. It won't take long."

Les Conway grinned.

"I'm glad that I'm going to battle this guy instead of you."

"You're a good egg," retorted the other, "but remember that the good die young!"

Then Les was ready. So were the others.

Les was just a bit dubious when he got a good look at the man who had called him. The fellow was a pugilist, that was evident, and that he was a good one was amply proved by the fact that he hadn't a single cauliflower ear nor a broken nose. But Les wasn't afraid of anything or anybody, which included even the stranger, and might have included the stranger's savage friend under force of circumstances.

"Are you ready?" said the first stranger.

"Yep!" replied Les. "But let's move over a ways so we won't trample on my dead friend here."

"He'll be nice and soft for you to land on," observed both strangers in chorus.

Then they were at it.

Les crouched low, his eyes boring into those of his adversary. Les' left hand was the height of his own eyes, and of those of his opponent, and his feet were itching for action. He noted instantly a certain something that bothered him. The stranger was one of those battlers who look at the other fellow's feet instead of his eyes.

Les led with his left, and it went over the other chap's head—not far, but just enough to miss. Les was fast. His right came up in a sizzling uppercut. But it, too, missed, and two hard, brutal fists were drumming like a pair of riveting-machines into Les' mid-section.

Rights and lefts without end thudded home. Les dropped his guard instinctively, to cover his agonized tummy, and even as the idea struck him, the enemy's left came up to his jaw, followed instantly by the right.

Les started to fall forward, but was prevented by the stranger's right fist, which stood him back on his feet again. The woods were whirling around like a crazy gyroscope, and the greensward was as unruly under Les' feet as the deck of a subchaser in a heavy quartering sea.

But Les fought back instinctively. He didn't hit much of anything, though he tried hard, and knew he was getting somewhere—in the sense that he hadn't yet taken the count—because he could still feel those drumming fists on his tummy, his cheeks, his temple, his chin and his nose.

A veritable wall of fists, fast-flying and brutal.

As before, the stranger's eyes were focused on Les' feet. Of that much Les was sure, and he regarded it as no little accomplishment, for his feet were uncertain to a vast degree. Les knew, in a hazy sort of way, that if his body didn't keep moving, it might not be able to remain above his feet, and thus maintain him in a position of uprightness which is so important to the fighter who wins—or keeps from losing.

It seemed to Les that they had been fighting for at least ten minutes. As a matter of fact, "referee" hadn't stated just how long the rounds were to be. At this thought Les' head cleared somewhat, after being jolted mercilessly by a series of rights and lefts that sounded like the hammers of boiler-makers out to set up a record. Never before had Les been hit so hard, or so often.

But he sailed in, never taking a backward step—of his own volition, that is, though there were times when his feet had to go backward with great swiftness to keep up with his body, and vice versa.

He hadn't a chance against his mauler, who seemed to be enjoying himself hugely.

"Bill," he heard his opponent say, "this beats road work all hollow. Watch me paste him on the nose. Wasn't that a beauty? Now, I'll measure him, and drop him down the back of his friend's neck."

A right uppercut lifted Les clear off the ground, depositing him squarely atop the still unconscious George O'Conner, forcing that worthy's nose and face a full two inches into the greensward, from which undignified position Les fell over backward and lay supine, while the second stranger counted over him.

"One!" said the stranger.

How peaceful and quiet here in the woods after the storm!

"Two!"

How delicious the odor of the forest in springtime!

"Three!"

What was that chap making so much noise about, and why was he wagging his right forefinger?

"Four!"

Whatever was wrong with George there? He certainly hadn't heard reveille! Or maybe he was exercising his prerogative to sleep in.

"Five!"

Oh, a fight, eh? Well, Les had to get up and see what it was all about. Funny, his arms and legs absolutely refused to do anything about it.

"Six! Seven! Eight! Nine!"

Les was on his face now, on his knees next, but he simply couldn't get his hands loose from the clinging leaves and mold into which he had fallen. They stuck to him like glue.

"Ten!" The self-appointed referee then lifted Les to his feet and he was very insulting about it. He put his campaign hat on his head, slipped his shirt on, tied his tie at a rakish angle, and then kissed him on each cheek, as though he had been a French general decorating an American general.

"What's it all about?" grumbled Les, dully. "He whipped me, eh? Oh, well, it might have been worse. Suppose I had been fighting you?"

"Listen, chum," said the second stranger, "you've just had the honor of being kissed to sleep by the welter champ of the Marine Corps! I'm only one of his trainers, and I'm so punk they only let me go with him when he does his road work!"

Then the two sauntered away. Les knelt beside George O'Conner, shook him roughly.

"Sarge!" he called.

"Sarge! Get me some fights! Fix it so's I'll learn what it's all about! For, so help me Hanner, I'm going to lick that buzzard if it's the last thing I ever do!"

"It probably will be," said the reviving George, "and you'll have to lick any of his friends who want to butt in, too. No more of 'em for yours truly, George O'Conner!"

## CHAPTER II The First Prelim

SO Les Conway started out deliberately to fight his way to the welterweight crown of the whole Marine Corps. And he meant to have it, though he realized just how badly he had been beaten by "Gabby" Leavis, the present champion.

Gabby had toyed with him. If ever they met in the ring, Gabby would slay him.

But...

"Get me some fights, George," he told O'Conner grimly. "I'm going to wade through a bunch of yaphanks and get myself this chap who thinks he's so good. I hope you'll grab off the fellow who belted you as the first offering."

"Nope," retorted O'Conner. "He'd eat you in your own corner and throw the bones to the audience!"

So, while Les got himself a couple of sparring partners, who each in turn had a couple, George O'Conner went forth to look for fodder

for his welterweight. When he returned after having located the first victim, Les was perspiring profusely, fighting a heavy-weight and a lightweight at the same time, to improve his wind and his footwork, and looked ready for almost anything.

Les was grinning through the sweat. His muscles rippled and played over his back and shoulders like live serpents. His freckles, of which he had three on either side of his as yet unbroken nose, fairly shone. There wasn't a touch of nervousness in him.

"I've got a scrap for you," said George, "and he's a good boy. If you don't get him with about the first wallop, he'll smear you all over Virginia!"

Les only grinned.

George went away to arrange everything, to put down some bets or something, and Les finished his training for the day, feeling exactly like a million dollars all ready for spending.



"'Lo, buddy," he hailed sleepily, "what can I do for you?"

He repaired to his bunkhouse for a bit of sleep.

He had just dozed off when he was awakened by some one sitting on the edge of his bunk. He opened his eye, to look into an engaging face which sported exactly ten times as many freckles as his own, and to meet a smile that was heart-warming.

"Lo, buddy," he hailed sleepily, "what can I do for you?"

Instantly the face of the other grew serious.

"I'm scheduled to fight you day after tomorrow in the first prelim, Conway," said this fellow. "My name's Willis Shaffer."

Les' smile died away, and he scanned the face of the other searchingly.

"Well?" he questioned, at length.

"It's my first go, Conway," said Shaffer seriously, "though I've knocked over a few good lads in training."

"Well?" repeated Conway.

"Listen here," gulped Shaffer. "I'm not sure I understand everything about this game. If I lose, I'm in a deuce of a pickle! Can't we sort of get together on this thing? Nobody pays any attention to the prelims, anyway, and it would help my courage a lot if I could at least stay the whole route."

"You know," replied Conway, "I'm just the least bit surprised at you. First fellow with freckles I ever saw who asked odds of anybody. Why are you going on, if you're afraid?"

"I'm not afraid. But the price for a prelim is only ten bucks, divided sixty-forty, and it isn't worth getting drubbed for."

"Well, Shaffer, I'm going in to win, that's all there is about that! This fight means something to me, too."

So Shaffer left.

Next day Conway did a bit of shadow boxing to loosen up, and fought not at all, while his mind was busy with the proposition Shaffer had made him. It sounded odd. George had said that Conway would be lucky to last the route with this man, yet here the fellow had come along and begged for mercy as soon as he had been signed.

What was O'Conner trying to do? Give Conway confidence by letting him knock over a bunch of set-ups? Or was Shaffer trying to slip one over on his own hook? Les had heard of stunts pulled by old-timers of the ring, in which they had won their fights before a blow was exchanged, just by talking.

But Shaffer had seemed so sincere. Then, that smile of his. It hadn't looked like the smile of a man afraid, but more like the smile of a man with a secret which amuses him.

Les Conway was still speculating when he climbed through the ropes the following night. He had, in spite of advice given by O'Conner, watched Shaffer do a bit of work the day before, and Shaffer had looked particularly bad. Maybe the kid had been sincere, after all.

When Shaffer came on, Les was sure of it. Shaffer never took his eyes off Conway, and he seemed as nervous as a cat. When they faced each other in the center of the ring, Shaffer

was kneading his gloves together, shifting from one foot to the other, and generally acting like a fellow who was making his debut.

Les had been pondering things, but it hadn't occurred to him to look up Shaffer's past performances. Nor had it occurred to O'Conner, mainly because Conway hadn't seen fit to tell him of Shaffer's approach.

The fighters slipped out of their robes. Seconds whisked their stools through the ropes. The bell rang. As he swept from his corner, realizing that this was the first rung in his ladder which might lead to the welter championship, or at least to a fight with the champion, Les thought again of Shaffer's visit.

In spite of himself, he could not think of laying this lad out with a punch, though O'Conner, sending him out, had told him

to end it swiftly. He drove at Shaffer, wide open—and found himself flat on his back, in his own corner, whither he had slid as though greased, his eyes staring up in bewilderment at the blinding light of the cluster which hung above the ring.

A right uppercut, delivered with the precision of a master scrapper, had accomplished it. The referee stood over him, counting. The crowd was yelling and booing—booing because this looked so bad. The fans had expected a battle. And what had occurred? A one-punch knockout, before they were fairly settled in their seats! At least, it looked like a knockout.

In a neutral corner, as Conway could see dimly, Shaffer was grinning at him, all his nervousness gone in an instant. Off to his right, Les observed the fellow who had knocked O'Conner sprawling a few days before in the woods.

"Five!" cried the referee.

Les rolled over on his stomach, drew back like a crab to his knees, and fought with might and main to pull his hands free of the canvas. He was really a bit sick, and consumed with anger at the ruse Shaffer had worked upon him.

"Six! Seven!"

Conway had one hand free of the canvas, and was drawing his legs under him.

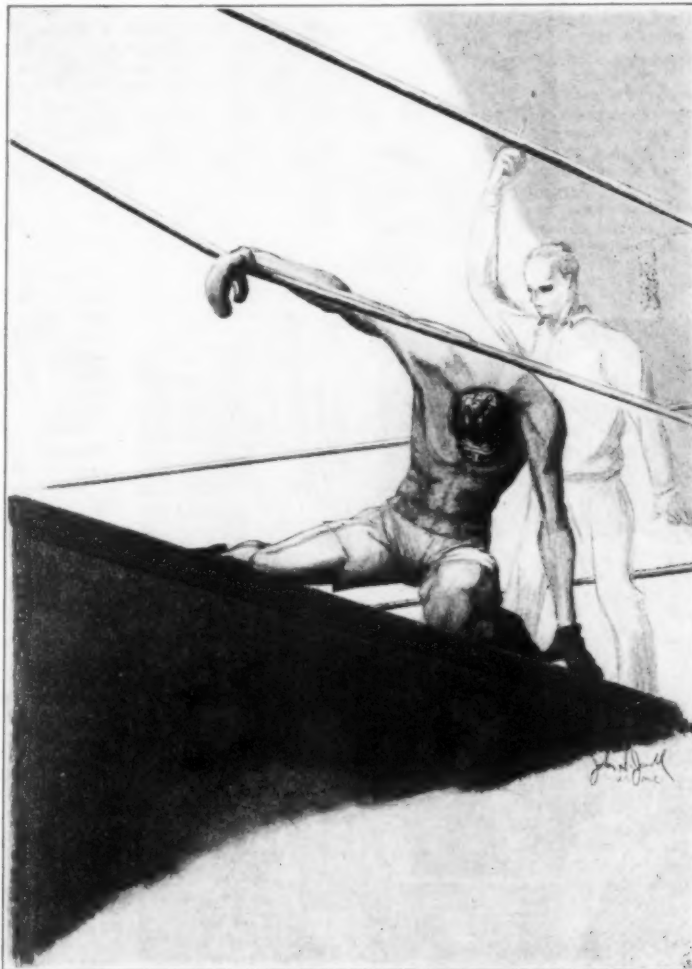
He managed to stagger erect as the referee counted nine, and turned to meet a veritable whirlwind in the shape of Shaffer, whose face was set now in a ferocious scowl, and whose arms were working like pistons.

Certainly this man was not the Shaffer who had come to Conway to beg for mercy. Conway, despite the booing of the fans, back-pedaled to allow his head to clear, fighting Shaffer off the best he knew how.

Over Shaffer's shoulder he could see the grinning face of the friend of Gabby Leavis, and when Shaffer drove him against the ropes, he half turned his back, leaned far over, and cried hoarsely down at the man.

"This is the first," he called. "I'm going to drop this baby in your lap, boy! Tell Gabby I'm after his scalp, and that I'm going to hang it on the door of my wigwam before Christmas."

(Continued on page 44)



For a moment he seemed to have Les helpless on the ropes.

# Threads of Refuge

By ANTON REUTER, German Infantry  
Translated by Martin Lichtenberg, USMC.

## SYNOPSIS

*Anton Reuter, German Corporal, captured by American Marines, escapes from a British prison camp by disguising himself in a uniform stolen from his guards. For two days he narrowly escapes recapture. He meets a French corporal who invites him to spend the night at the local barracks. They go together, and Reuter discovers his friend belongs to the prison guard detachment. The other Frenchmen are inhospitable and demand identification papers. Every excuse fails. An officer is sent for. He strongly suspects the bogus corporal and orders him confined in the guardhouse. We left Reuter demanding that the officer again be sent for.*



The Frenchwoman gave a surprised cackle as she watched me drinking from the bottle

(Continued from last month)



FELT two powerful arms closing over mine. The corporal, my friend of the previous night, stood to one side. He asked me a question which I did not understand. With a supreme effort I loosened the grip of the guard and dashed madly through the door, out into the yard, still shouting. I cared not whether a bullet in the back would drop me in my tracks. But it seemed that the guard was too dumb-founded to use his rifle. Perhaps it was also because he knew that escape beyond the confines of the camp was for the present impossible. Again, they were not yet altogether convinced of my identity. It would have been too serious to kill an English soldier in uniform.

Had they been sure that I was a German, I realized with lightning-like functioning of the brain, they would have fired or else taken me by the seat of my pants and thrown me back into the cell. For the present, I feared no one. In a minute a young army had closed in on me, in a circle of some twenty-five feet in circumference. I stood ready to receive all comers and would have fought to my last breath had some one attacked me, but no one did. I calmed a little and suddenly I pointed at one of the soldiers with my swaggerstick: "You go and get the officer, and get him quick."

He was already standing on the balcony, some two feet off the ground, of the guard house, and was soon joined by the captain. They put their heads together and their dignity did not look very convincing as the younger one addressed me. "Monsieur, you should know that you cannot gain anything by such conduct."

Immediately I apologized, and continued that I had found out this morning that my officer was living in this town, that I would make no further complaints about my arrest, and that I should be glad to return here if permitted to get some sort of identification paper—under escort, of course.

To this, the captain, his attitude wholly changed, replied with a rather friendly expression: "That won't be necessary. I will have you escorted to this officer and if everything turns out to be as you say, you need not return."

The poilu detailed to accompany me was told that he need not carry the bayonet fixed on his rifle and that the ordinary leave uniform, with belt and bayonet, would be sufficient. For the moment I did not realize that I had been immensely fortunate. Above all, I had been able to deceive them in my last, desperate move. Next, my guard was a young fellow just about my own size, rather friendly and anxious to please. Further, all I wanted was to get out of this enclosure and I felt that I could match my wits and physical strength, if necessary, against this man any time.

There was at least a quarter of an hour's walk to the village proper. As we stepped along in the dust without speaking a word, I pondered over the officer's parting words: "Why didn't you tell us all this last night? You could have saved yourself a world of trouble." Well, at any rate, I had had a good night's rest and, after all, that was all I had been looking for even if it did cost me much worrying.

My guard, as I glanced at him sideways, made a good impression and I appreciated the smart cut of his uniform and soldierly bearing. His eyes rested on me with the sympathetic expression of one who is familiar with predicaments of the type with which I seemed to be afflicted but I was still not altogether convinced that he believed my tale.

Little by little I began to draw him him out and had soon established the fact that he was quite a connoisseur of wines of various vintages. I pounced upon this like a starved beggar and promised him that as soon as we got through the identification process with my officer, we would go out together and

have the best bottle of wine in town. A small voice within me kept repeating: What are you going to do when you have tramped all the streets of this town in a vain search for 'your officer'; when all your subterfuges have been exhausted? In that case, I promised myself, much as I would regret it, I would have a fight on my hands. Perhaps I would be able to lure him into a side-street and knock him out. If unsuccessful, my goose would be cooked, plainly and unalterably.

The words, "after we have seen the officer," seemed greatly to have strengthened his belief in my genuineness. To prove this he assented readily and enthusiastically to my proposal. I did not doubt that any attempt on my part, before we had seen the officer, to visit a restaurant would result in a suspicious refusal but, I reasoned, it had to be done. Thus I began to harp on the heat of the day; (which wasn't so terrible after all) my thirst, being a direct descendant of the morning after the night before; an attendant shakiness of limb, etc. Soon I had drawn up before a restaurant door and as I entered he followed without a word of objection. So that was that.

Behind the large *bonfette* which was immediately opposite the door stood the hostess who may have tipped the scales anywhere between two-hundred-fifty and three-hundred pounds. Disorderly strands of coal-black hair played about her unappetizing features and her mouth opened wide to display a cavernous pharynx as she gave vent to a happy smile.

"Une bouteille du vin avec deux verres!" I yelled and the fat woman was suddenly transformed into a mountainous mass of shaking jelly. Contrary to my expectations, and to my great disappointment, the soldier sat down near the hostess and began to converse with her, both of them sending explanatory glances in my direction. Upon my invitation to partake of the wine he shook his head in refusal and pointed to his head, as if he were suffering from a headache. This being a silly enough explanation I at once recognized the true cause. As yet, we had not seen the officer and until then, being a good soldier, he would not drink.

The Frenchwoman gave a surprised cackle as she watched me drinking from the bottle and emptying it completely with a few gigantic draughts. While I drank I mapped out my next move. The next minute I pulled his sleeve and said, quite energetically: "Alright fellow, let's go. I am anxious to see the old man."

Once outside, my head swelled to enormous proportion and I had to remove my hat. It may have been the heat, too, but in any case I had forgotten that the last time I had emptied a bottle on such short notice and without preliminary warning to my stomach had been in my college days where such accomplishments were marks of distinction that were not to be sneezed at. My face grew red as a tomato and my drunken reeling was not exaggerated, as I am duty-bound to report here to my great sorrow. Once or twice the soldier made a remark to that effect, and I remember laughing uproaringly. I believe that his confidence in me rose and sank like a thermometer but since he had noted my apparent hurry to leave the restaurant his attitude had changed appreciably. After all, a case like mine was not a daily occurrence and besides, he was responsible to his officer for my eventual disposal.

Thus far, we had criss-crossed nearly the entire village. He even questioned pedestrians as to possible billets of English troops here. Ye Gods! What am I to do? I was terribly confused. I realized with growing concern that items otherwise of great importance to me had become silly and negligible—all of this being due to my befuddled brain—and I felt I must snap out of it. Now we were walking through a huge tent camp, studded with the well known black troops with silly looking multi-colored turbans over their heads. But not an Englishman was to be seen. They permitted us to walk through without any objections; in fact, they hardly paid any attention to us.

The expression on my escort's face plainly showed his displeasure. I waited for him to suggest that we return to the guard house but this I would have refused, if necessary, even with violence. Upon my question he replied that there were



At each station I anxiously peered out of the window to watch for military police.

still a few streets which we had not yet seen, and there we finally wended our way.

As we rounded a corner I beheld a spectacle which I will not soon forget. For the moment I was paralyzed with a sudden indecision which I had not known heretofore. The street ended in a small plaza where were a number of tents, with British soldiers busily running about. Boxes and barrels and rows of equipment were stapled on high and it was quite evident that this detachment was about to leave Rosiers. A few men were engaged in loading a truck; others, mule-drawn wagons. Perspiration ran from their faces and necks, and they showed little inclination to eye their surroundings.

"Oh, mes camarades!" I cried and walked straight forward to a group of men who appeared busiest of all. My guard remained where he was and watched me trying to engage unwilling, complaining soldiers into a conversation. It should be recorded here that this conversation was mostly one-sided and consisted of the following questions and answers:

"What time is it?"

"Three o'clock."

"Where are you going?"

"Peronne."

"Why?"

The last answer was an ugly grumble. As a matter of fact, my English vocabulary, except for a few epithets that could not very well be applied in this situation, much less repeated here, was exhausted. I left them with a snappy salute and returned to my poilu who seemed really overjoyed that everything

had turned out all right. Pointing to a small house a little further down the street, I remarked that "my officer" was billeted there. This drew from him the rather frank statement that his own officer was not all he was cracked up to be which disrespectful remark he emphasized with "Officier, idiot!" At last the final trace of suspicion appeared to have left him. "Now will you have a bottle of wine with me?" I said, and he answered readily and enthusiastically: "But certainly, I will."

As we walked in the direction of the house I hoped that his good breeding and polite conduct would continue to be one of his virtues, and that, like a good fellow, he would permit me to enter alone. Otherwise, the wrestling match might have to be substituted for a friendly parting after all.

All my plans became unnecessary when who should round the corner but a French farmer, mounted high on a gargantuan cask. Those of you who have been in France know the type; they are commonly known as Cognac barrels but in reality they serve a different purpose, and I must forego an explanation here. The man was dressed partly in the uniform of a poilu, partly in civilian, and had a horrible beard. I remember only that my escort seemed to recognize him as some old acquaintance and they at once launched into a voluble discussion as to the health of their various relatives. The longer they spoke, the more they became involved. My own case had suddenly shrunk to a negligible thing, and I knew that my moment had come. Pointing out that I must hurry over to the house, he dismissed me with a most polite "Certainly, certainly, Monsieur," and I was on my way.

My ears sang as I approached the building I spotted as the most likely to enter and at the door I saw a shimmer of light directly in rear of the house. It was a butcher shop and the man and woman gazed at me wide-eyed as I entered, greeted them with a bright and cheery "Bon jour, Monsieur et Madame," and continued straight on through and out of the back door, never so much as looking behind.

There was a rickety old fence enclosing a little orchard, and this I hurtled with the lightness and wild abandon of a lion just freed from its cage. Beyond, I landed with a soft thud on the marshy bed of a thin, undernourished creek. I was almost concealed as I marched along it with great strides. After about half an hour, frequently stopping and reconnoitering, I halted in what appeared to be the east end of the town and watched a little house, well off the road, whence came a happy song in a pretty, finely modulated voice. Its owner, I soon learned, was a beautiful young woman who now and then moved about the

(Continued on page 49)



Published each month by The United States Marine Corps Institute, Washington, D. C., for the advancement of education. Copy closes on the 10th of month preceding date of issue.

Editor and Publisher, First Lieutenant W. W. Faca, U. S. Marine Corps. Staff: Sergeant Frank H. Bentlow, Corporal Thomas P. Cullen, Corporal Paul D. Horn, Private First Class Andy Lavish, West Coast Representative, Corporal H. S. Griffin.

## Education

The word education is derived from a Latin word meaning "to lead out." Properly speaking, to educate a man is to lead him out and away from the narrow limits of thoughtless and unreasoning habit.

The word is often misunderstood and frequently misused. Education does not necessarily imply an acquaintance with several languages, a grasp of the mysteries of higher mathematics, a comprehension of the laws of science, nor a knowledge of the details of a profession. It may involve any or all of them, it generally includes at least one of them, but may mean none of them. Education in the strictest and best meaning of the word means simply the development, the leading forth, of the qualities or talents which lie within. The most backward individual possesses some talent along some line. It is the duty of every individual to search for his talent and to permit it to be led forth to be educated.

Why not awaken those inspirations within you which will force you to make your own opportunities? After all, those opportunities made by yourself are the ones most likely to be made the most of.

Come on, Marines, let the Marine Corps Institute aid you!

## National Readiness

The preface to the Constitution of the United States of America is as follows:

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

Concerning which George Washington, our first President, stated: "I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow citizens, the benign influence of good laws under a free government—the ever favorite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors and dangers."

From the above one naturally concludes that citizenship in this country is a gracious inheritance or gift and sacred, and that its obligations are all-inclusive, from the National Capital to the humblest home.

The United States is not, never has been, and never will be an aggressor nation; nor will this Government as constituted ever be oppressive of men's rights or another nation's honor. Our educational institutions are free to all and the best. There are no religious tests for citizenship or for office, but it is God's country and the divine and civil laws have become so coordinated that one can not be a good citizen without being a good Christian, nor a good Christian without being a good citizen.

The burden of bearing arms and being skilled in the use of them is necessary and an obligation: first, for the internal enforcement of the laws; second, for protection against invasion. Just as any man of principle will exert himself to the utmost of his resources to protect his own home, his wife and children from the vicious intruder, so should he consistently render service unto death in defense of the country which confers upon him the benefits of citizenship.

The United States of America is today the richest and most resourceful of the nations. But should the other nations abandon war and destroy their armament, except as needed for

internal security, this country would readily surrender her key position as a military power. Our Government has called for that, but its call goes unheeded. We were not prepared, as the other nations were prepared, for the World War, in consequence of which we paid the price, both in men and in material—a useless sacrifice—as the compulsory arbitrator in behalf of peace. It is confidently asserted that had this Nation been as fully prepared in trained men and armament as was Germany, there would have been no World War.

Finally, to be an intelligent candidate for citizenship of this country, one should know that European nations have nothing to fear from the militant power of this country. Europe's peace is more valuable to the United States than Europe's conquest.—Washington Post.

## War And Navy Department Begin Preparation Of 1934 Budget Estimates

The service budgets for the next fiscal year, work on which has begun, will present matters of individual concern to the officers and men of the Army, the Navy and the Marine Corps, and to the National Guard and Reserves as well. Will the President authorize the incorporation of estimates of appropriations based upon legal pay schedules? Will he include these schedules and submit estimates with a cut of 8½%? Will he provide for the continuance of the pay freeze? Reports are current that the President will expect the several Departments to reduce expenditures to the lowest possible figure during the present fiscal year in order that there may be surety that the budget will balance on June 30 next. Unless he is convinced that business conditions will improve and taxes produce revenue in excess of the estimates, probably he will recommend the continuance of the hardships imposed by the so-called economy law. We understand the facts are to be presented squarely to the President, and in this connection we hope he will be made to appreciate the extra hardships from which the Services are suffering. The pay cut was bad enough; the allowance cut superimposed upon it will add to the living difficulties of those on the active list. Many officers who were due for pay advances during the existing year anticipated those advances, and their action has increased their embarrassment. The country should realize that National Defense is not upon the same basis as other branches of the Government, and that the officers and men who comprise it are entitled to the special treatment their calling demands. Further, we hold that the Government has no right to deny retired officers the full pay they have been receiving. It is expected that when Congress reassembles measures will be introduced to pave the way for the repeal of the legislative acts which, to describe them mildly, are unfair and unjust.—A. & N. Journal.

## Do You Know Your Job?

If you don't there is someone else waiting to take it away from you. This applies to the Service as well as civilian life. Probably you think you know your job, but do you? Knowing your job does not merely mean that you know how to do the various things that are part of the daily routine. It means that you are ready and able to do the unusual things which may crop up. Being a coxswain of a boat does not merely mean that you must know how to steer it and that you are capable of keeping it in shipshape condition. How about emergencies, such as fire, a collision, disabled steering gear, or any other like disaster. Have you studied out your course of action at such a time? Do you know what to do and how to do it?

If the man in the job just above yours is not available when wanted, who will take his place? Are you qualified, or must you stand aside and let someone else grasp opportunity? Could you take his place and make good, or would you make a muddle of things? It is your job to do the part assigned you, and it is also your job to be ready and able to do part of the man who is your next superior if necessity requires it.

You say you can't learn his job unless you have a chance to do it. That is not true. You can study his every move, you can read about it in a thousand and one books, you can train your mind so thoroughly that when your chance comes your body will perform every requirement.

Every man of ever rate should personally own a manual applying to his special branch and in addition such general manuals as the "Landing Force Manual," "Ship and Gun Drills," and the "Private's Manual," etc.

Get busy. Know your job.—Wyoming Fighting Top.



## NO SENSE

General: "Confound you, sir, why don't you be more careful?"

Army Clerk: "What do you mean, sir?"

General: "Why, instead of addressing this letter to the Intelligence Officer, you have addressed it to the intelligent officer. You should know there is no such person in the Army."—"Fifth" Doughboy (Maryland).

Pat was applying for a job at the blacksmith's. The smith agreed to try him.

"Listen," the blacksmith said, "I'm going to bring this horseshoe from the fire and lay it on the anvil; when I nod my head, hit it hard with this hammer."

Pat obeyed his instructions to the letter; the blacksmith never nodded his head again.—American Boy.

The minister had just preached his farewell sermon to the congregation with whom he had had much trouble.

"How beautiful," said a visitor to one of the deacons, "and how appropriate for a farewell sermon!"

"Think so?" said the deacon gruffly.

"Why, yes. What better text could he find than, 'In my Father's house are many mansions—I go to prepare a place for you.' By the way, where is he going?"

The deacon smiled sourly as he answered: "He becomes chaplain of the State penitentiary."—Newport Recruit.

"She is one of those worm-style motorists."

"What do you mean, worm-style?"

"A worm never gives any signal which way it will turn."—Boston Transcript.

He (to wife's new maid): "My wife insists that I call each of her servants by her last name. Yours is—"

She: "Marie Darling, sir."

He: "Come here, Darling."—Jokes.

"You say that you are the sole support of a widowed mother, your father having recently been killed in an explosion. How did the explosion happen?"

"Mother says it was too much yeast, but Uncle Jim thinks it was too little sugar."—Wall Street Journal.

## HAPPY LANDING

Mrs. Jones found Mrs. Smith, wife of a naval aviator, in tears.

"What's the matter, my dear?" she asked anxiously.

"I'm worrying about Harry," said Mrs. Smith. Harry was her husband. "He's been trying for a week to lose our cat, and as a last resort he took her up in his plane this morning. He said he would take her up three thousand feet and drop her over the side."

"Well, what is there to worry about?"

"Plenty. Harry isn't home yet, and the cat is."—Our Navy.



"There's a personal letter for you over at the company office."

"Yeh? What did it say?"

Cop: "Why're you stopping, man? You can't park here."

Driver: "I've got a flat tire. I ran over a bottle about a mile back."

Cop: "Couldn't you see it and drive around it?"

Driver: "No, the damn fool had it in his hip pocket."—Jokes.

## EXCUSE IT PLEASE

A fellow dialed his home telephone number.

"Hello," he said. "Is that Mrs. Brown?"

"Yes."

"This is Jack speaking. I say, dear, will it be all right if I bring home a couple of fellows to dinner?"

"Certainly, darling."

"Did you hear what I said?"

"Yes—you asked if you could bring home a couple of fellows to dinner. Of course you can, dear."

"Sorry, madam," said the fellow as he hung up. "I've got the wrong Mrs. Brown."—New York Morning Telegraph.

Mother—When that naughty boy threw stones at you, why did you not come and tell me instead of throwing them back to him?

Willie—What good would it do to tell you? You couldn't hit the broad side of a barn door.—Bamboo Breezes.

"Heaven!" said the visiting golfer, "I never played such a rotten game?"

"Oh! Then you have played before?" asked the brave caddy.—Bamboo Breezes.

Reporter: "I've got a perfect news story."

City Editor: "The man bit the dog, I suppose?"

Reporter: "No. The bull threw the Congressman."—Newport Recruit.

"Hey, where you going? What's scratched up your face?"

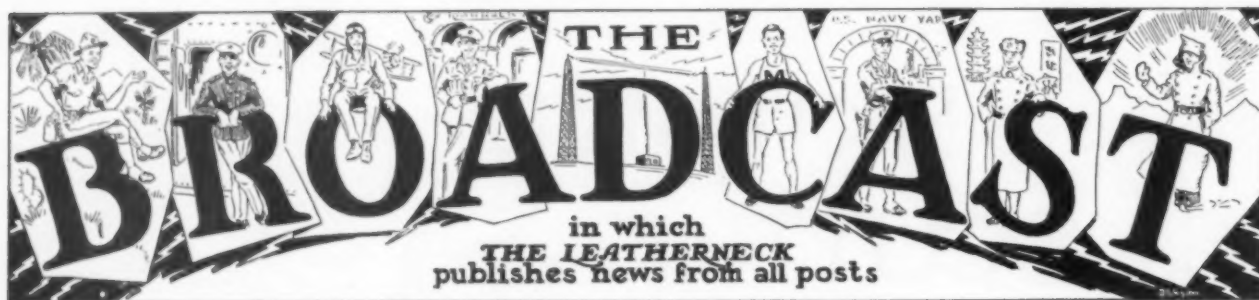
"I'm looking for the guy that said silence gives consent."—Jokes.

On a rainy day recently a lady in a sable coat got on a Madison Avenue street-car. "I don't suppose I've ridden on a street-car in two years," she said to the conductor, a gloomy fellow, as she gave him her fare. "I ride in my own car," she explained.

The conductor rang up the fare. "You don't know how we've missed you," he said.—New York Morning Telegraph.

British Guide (showing places of interest): "It was in this room that Lord Wellington received his first commission!"

American Tourist (suddenly interested): "How much was it?"—Tit-Bits.



## Detachments

### DOVER DOPE

By Jack Goldstein

**FOUND:**—The original Dover Dope. None other than yours truly, who happened to come back five bucks short the first day he substituted as Mail Clerk while Sergeant Ray Wilson was at the range. I believe that ought to satisfy a lot of readers, even a Hebe can lose gelt.

Corporal "Tay Pay" Cullen of "The Leatherneck" staff visited this detachment and tried to sell the men the idea of subscribing to our good old "Leatherneck." Because the depression has hit this post as well as most of the others, his only succor (not sucker) was our Top-Kick, who sprang for that two-fifty for a year's subscription. How come he had that amount at this time of the month was a mystery to all.

Your scribe has finally hit an idea of how to get the boys to come across two-fifty a year or two bits each month. He promises to mention each subscriber in one way or another some time in the near future. Now, come on, boys, don't you want to see your moniker in the Dover Dope column? If you don't, maybe some of the folks back home will be glad to see it. The more subscriptions the more space you get in this column.

You'll have to take your chances about what will be said, but after all. . .

Well, let's get along to the transfer list. Pfc. Paul Frick has extended his enlistment for two more years, in order that he may take that trip along with Pfc. Hunky Urbaniak to the Fourth Regiment, China. Both of these boys are now at Hampton Roads, awaiting the "Henderson" to transport them to the land of slant eyes and rice.

The Nicaraguan elections couldn't be run right unless some Dover boys were present to see that they were, so the following were transferred to Quantico, Va., to go aboard the "Henderson" there and then to the East and West Coast of Central American Republic: Buice, Fisher, Iles, McBrayers, Nauert, Pawlowicz, Plummer, Saunders, Stelmak and Upton. We might as well add that Pvt. Harry E. Plummer was in charge of the detail. This is done so he can send his copy of the "Leatherneck" back home to have the local papers publish the following headlines: "LOCAL BOY TO RUN THE NICARAGUAN ELECTIONS."

Pvt. William J. Riley, Cook (?) second class, has left the Marine Corps after spending six long years with us for the

### SCRIBES, TAKE NOTICE!

We are grateful for the support and interest of our contributors. Of late, renewed activities have increased our contributors until nearly every post and detachment is now being represented in "The Leatherneck." We are still unsatisfied; want to include every one. Help us make it 100 per cent. If your organization is not receiving notice, get together and appoint a reporter to send in the news.

If yours is a small detachment, your articles need not be long. Five hundred words make a good broadcast. Nor is it necessary to include all the transfers to and from your post. These are mentioned in the gazette section monthly.

Several of our new scribes have asked us this question: "By what date must our copy be in?" Here is the answer: We would like it in our hands not later than the tenth of the month. That gives us no more than the necessary time in which to prepare it for publication. If you have photographs to illustrate your story, try to get them in a little earlier. And speaking of pictures, don't be disappointed if they are not all printed in one issue. Art work is expensive, but we will try to use them all as time goes on. If a typewriter is available, please use it and double-space your copy. Otherwise it must be re-typed in this office, and our staff is very limited.

We thank you for your cooperation, and please remember: Copy received after the tenth of the month is sometimes by necessity left out.

U. S. S. "Outside" and a wife. Congratulations Riley from the entire command and may all your troubles be little ones; but God help them if they have schnozzles as long as yours. Riley no doubt will become a member of the Independent Order of Newark Racketeers. Incidentally, his mother-in-law is a police matron in one of our Jersey communities.

Pvt. William Hobart Dockey Hedgecock, (whose name probably gave many a company clerk night mares), Specialist Fifth Class, and one of our most able-bodied and best chauffeurs who ever hit

a tree coming up a hill, will be discharged honorably from the Marine Corps after six short years. With that hungry look around his face, he is good for a good many more years in this man's outfit.

Glance around and see if you can tell who the rest of the short timers are around here. You'll find most of them writing letters to J. P. Morgan & Co., Brink's Armored Express, the New Jersey State Police, etc. There are a couple of good prospects and the above organizations will be the losers if they don't grab these men in a hurry. They probably won't be in circulation very long after discharge.

Major Paul C. Marmion, AA&I, recently visited this post and in his report to the Major General Commandant, found the Marine Barracks, under command of Captain Harry W. Bacon, in ship-shape and being administered in a very satisfactory manner. Commander A. T. Bidwell, USN, Inspector of Ordnance in Charge at this station, was also highly praised in this report for his interest in the Marines.

Men of this detachment have been firing the range at Essington, Pa., in the past few weeks. Up to this writing, there has been 100% qualification. There are only a few more men left to fire the course and the writer is sure that MB, NAD, Dover, N. J., will come through 100% this year. Before going to Essington, the Marines were coached on our .22 calibre rifle range, which is located on the site and foundation of a storehouse blown up in the 1926 explosion here. Much credit for coaching the men on the rifle goes to First Sergeant LaGasse, Sergeant Goff, Sergeant Gregg, and last but not least, Corporal Mann, our eminent police sergeant.

### LAKEHURST HELIUM

By Van Rossa

Did anyone ever hear of this place? It is way out in Northern New Jersey, and talk about the sand, think about the sand in those Nicaraguan hills, rather the mud in the rainy season.

The enlisted strength here is approximately one hundred and twenty-five. A nice bunch of men.

We have been having quite a few what we call "zero hours," meaning departures and arrivals of the U. S. S. "Akron" and the U. S. S. "Los Angeles." We are proud to handle these ships of the air. The Marines handle the spiders, thirty on the port stern and likewise on the starboard, that is to keep the "Akron" stern from swaying around in a circle.

This station has changed a great deal in the past two years. Marines are now

living in the new barracks. These barracks have ideal living conditions. The new Guard House recently built takes on the aspects of a castle. It is a double-decker, the main floor has a recreation room for the guard, and also a radio coming up. The new barracks have a radio in each squadron, and they are constantly turned on.

Who has ever been in Somoto? Ever hear of Don Jose Pifel? That man certainly has a line of Spanish! We believe Don Jose and Gene Ambrose are forgetting the English language, they are always talking "gook."

Saturday night, Joe Gann is fighting Little Mickey Walker of Seaside Heights. Joe's weight is one hundred and thirty. The boy can sure handle his dukes. We are all for him, and we know he will come out a winner. Good luck, Joe. His manager is Sergeant Joseph J. Pifel.

Major Floyd relieved Major Emery as Commanding Officer of this station. Major Emery left for his new station at Newport, R. I.

If any of you men want some experience on lighter-than-air, come up and see us. Now is your chance to handle the "Akron." Very few persons get the opportunity to handle the "Big Ship." Will have to sign off now, look us up in the next month's issue. "Adios Amigos," Hasta Otra Vista.

## OLD IRONSIDES

By O. Timm, Jr.

Here we are again, Marines. From now on we shall endeavor to be more prompt in our broadcasts of this venerable old frigate and the Marines on it. Lack of space prevents us from going into detail about our recent cruise on "Old Ironsides," for, if we were to write of the whole trip, the story would fill several volumes.

However, let it not be left unsaid, that a good time was had by all. Wherever we went a royal welcome was tendered us, and in most of the ports visited, we were furnished with free shows, dances, parties, and sightseeing trips. To most of us this was indeed a novelty, as we had always been in the habit of paying for our own amusements. We found hospitality galore, not only in the South, where it is famous, but also in the North. Many new friendships were formed and sweethearts made on this trip. I am sure if it were left to a vote, the majority would gladly want to make this trip over again, port for port.

Our small detachment suffered a severe loss last week in the transfer of "Barney" Meredith, ex-understudy for Lawrence Tibbett, whom he closely resembles. "Barney" left for Brown Field to pursue his studies in aviation. I told him that we couldn't see how a plane with him in it could possibly leave the ground. But seriously speaking, we wish Meredith the best of luck and success in his newly chosen field.

Since "J. P." Waller (Detachment Loudspeaker) went on furlough last week, an unusual silence and peace has settled over the ship, but, alas!, it is only for a month. Then we shall again hear of the bandits and Nicaragua in general.

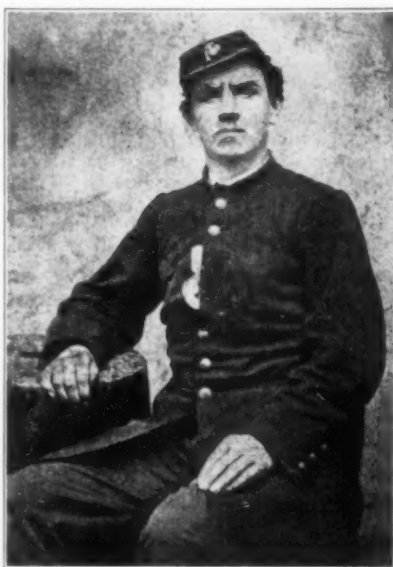
We saw our ex-shipmate, Cpl. Earl R. Ellenberger, doing duty at the Navy Yard gate the other day. He recently returned from a furlough and transfer. He left us as a short-timer, but we be-

lieve that he will soon say "I DO" for four years. Which is THE THING to do nowadays.

"Ski," our sergeant, looks so blue and downcast lately, we wonder whether it is the heat or love. We are inclined to think that it is the latter.

Gould is slowly pining away. The poor boy misses Rosie a lot. So, if you see Rosie (the monkey) please send her back to him. Gould spends a great deal of his time at mess-hall drawing Expert Riflemen pay. And Billert took advantage of the low rate excursion to Boston over the 4th of July. But alas! he missed the return train by five minutes and his tardiness cost him \$17.00 for a regular train. Sure is tough, Hank. We are inclined to think that a certain little school teacher is responsible.

Lamont and Lindsay are doing much to help restore prosperity to this country and the District in particular, by using the telephone as often as possible. It is



George P. Plitt, as a Marine aboard the U. S. F. "Constitution," 1869. Mr. Plitt is now writing some memoirs for readers of "The Leatherneck." Watch for them.

difficult to decide which one uses it most. We'll call it a draw to inspire keener competition.

Koval returned from furlough eight days ahead of time. Why he did so is still a mystery to us (it might be because the G. I. cans are kept locked these days). He was in Buffalo two weeks and never visited the Niagara Falls. And to think that many people come thousands of miles to see them. After first making sure that the coast was clear, Wagner, the "Lady-killer," went on furlough to China Grove, N. C., he is just in time for the harvest. I hope that his Dad will make him earn his board.

Goldsborough, better known as "Goldie," our songbird, is now in a class all by himself, Meredith the great singer having left our midst.

Thompson, besides being a maker of belts, is also a promising young box fighter. He can be seen of an evening sparring on the spar deck that were once stained with hero's blood.

Alongside of Bennett, "The Thinker," the famous Sphinx is a gabby old woman. We think he misses Meredith his former room mate.

Schobel, our youngest, has been making week-end trips to New York lately. We wonder what the attraction can be? Am sure that it can't be the sky-scrapers. Brozack has been unable to get any free apples lately. If this keeps up, what shall we do to keep the doctor away?

Campsen, our tourist, went on furlough recently with about \$15.00 and visited all the states from here to Ohio, and as far south as South Carolina. Now, how did he do it?

I think that I have written enough for the time being—"Old Ironsides" detachment signing off. Adios.

## MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

By Earland J. Lakin

The detail and transfer staffs of several posts have made the M. C. I. busy as the Parris Island Receiving Station in the rush season. There has been a regular flow of "in-and-outers" through the post during June.

Among the arrivals from the Norfolk Navy Yard on June 13 were two very short timers—Sergeants V. C. Baldwin and J. F. Letcher. They were retired and placed on a reserve status as of June 24. Sergeant Baldwin completed twenty years' service and hustled back to Parris Island where he will make his home. Sergeant Letcher finished up on sixteen years and hid himself to Chicago.

Other men from Norfolk were Sergeants A. J. Richardson and Earl Van Houten, who are now doing duty with the Barracks Detachment.

Corporals G. T. Cockcroft, J. A. Lippold, and F. J. Martin stopped in for a few days and then departed; Corporal Cockcroft going to the Naval Powder Factory, Indian Head, Maryland, along with Corporals Casey, Clarke (he of much baseball fame), Long, and McCoy. Lippold and Martin, along with Corporal Lennon, the artistically inclined gardener for the Commandant, and Privates W. A. Barber, R. M. Bingham, H. A. Crowell, and C. Foutz, augmented the Marine Detachment of the U. S. S. "Reina Mercedes" at Annapolis.

Privates First Class L. E. Harrison and C. W. Jameson with Private J. J. Jaslowski reported in from Norfolk. Jameson and Jaslowski were later transferred to M. B., Navy Yard, New York.

Privates Gieriek and Gullledge galloped in from the site of the sea school and Gieriek galloped right away to the "Reina Mercedes."

Fort Mifflin, Pa., the ammunition depot, relieved us of some of the "Norfolk Knights" in the transfer there of Privates E. L. Logas, J. J. Magula, T. R. Morrison, J. J. Musick, C. W. Nickerson, P. T. Phillips and H. K. Porter. Private A. S. Reinke went to Parris Island.

To the Naval Powder Factory, South Charleston, West Virginia, went Privates J. Saylor (being a Marine he should change his name), D. A. Shumway, G. S. Simcox, J. J. Taschler and F. M. Slone.

The Naval Gun Factory (Navy Yard, to us), Washington, D. C., received Privates H. Shepherd, L. J. Smith, G. F. Sockwell and B. Suttis from Norfolk via the M. C. I. and Private Berman from

the Barracks Detachment, who had been with us for some time.

Privates C. P. Hester and M. H. Isserson apparently had a round trip ticket when they left Norfolk; they went right back within a few days.

Corporal M. B. Connolly and Private E. H. Coates should be well established at the Naval Operating Base, Hampton Roads, Va., by now.

Those whom we have with us (if they haven't sneaked out while this is being printed), and who are more of the detail from Norfolk, are Corporals E. E. Andirsch, R. E. Hockenberry, A. O. Johnson, N. K. Tribble and Privates G. W. McCombs, L. A. Johnson, W. A. Baird, P. J. Cabeza, R. F. Carr, and W. H. Posey.

As everyone knows by this time the detail for the Nicaraguan elections was called off. That relieved the minds of Colonel Taylor's "Yale, Harvard, and Princeton 'Rah! Rah!' Boys," who had been sent to Quantico in preparation. Of course, the boys are back and all the reader has to do is to refer to his last month's "Leatherneck" and write "As you were" across the paragraph appertaining. Privates Anduze and West of that called-off detail have since been sent to Hampton Roads.

Among the officers new to the post are Lieutenants John H. Cook and Albert J. Keller, who joined from the Navy Yard, Philly.

Captain Lewis L. Gover relieved Captain George W. Spotts of the duties as Post Adjutant. Captain Gover's former station was Quantico; Captain Spotts is now at that post.

First Lieutenant Enyart reported in and is now the Post Exchange officer, relieving Captain James W. Webb, who was detached to the Recruiting District of Macon, Georgia.

The former superintendent of the Business Schools, First Lieutenant W. W. Davidson, one of our crack shots who helped bring to us the Wirgman Trophy in the recent Quantico matches, is with the Rifle Range Detachment, Wakefield, Massachusetts.

After many delays and much hard academic work, Corporals Roger W. Beadle and James R. Stephens received their discharges as enlisted men and accepted commissions. The new officers went immediately to the Marine Barracks in Philadelphia for further orders.

Corporal John E. Cruse, a former officer in the Garde de Haiti, reported in and was assigned to the Barracks Detachment.

The Naval Ordnance Plant, South Charleston, W. Va., sent us Corporals C. G. Jordan (now at Hampton Roads) and A. J. Vrobleski. Indian Head chipped in with Private R. B. Rawlings. From the Boston Navy Yard came Private Virgil Brewer, who is now being trained as an instructor in Civil Service subjects.

Pfc. Glenn A. Bollinger is on his way to San Diego. He is due to be paid off in a short time and as his home is in Fresno he is very much pleased. The students of salesmanship will no doubt miss his helpful comments.

Sergeant Joseph C. Schwalke, the Academic School's recluse, was seen in the confines of the squadron a couple of sundowns ago attired in a sheet astride his bunk, beseeching all and sundry to become his disciples, to kneel at sunset each eve, gaze in the general direction

of 4½ Street and say a mystic prayer. His condition was not serious at our last visit; but it probably will be when he comes back from China as that is where he was headed for when this was written.

Corporal Williams of the Registrar's Office remarks that he will now be able to enter the squadroom with fewer misgivings than heretofore, his reason being the transfer of Corporal Dangman to China, the last-named biped having had the obnoxious habit of leaving stray locker boxes and chairs in the most inconvenient places as proved by the scars on shins of certain night owls of the post. All that remains now to make this most Utopia, sounds off the inhabitants of number nine room, is the extinction of Private Melugin, whose attempts at singing pass unapplauded at six a. m.

We have with us Private First Class Donald S. Kimball and Private W. S. Sadler from the District of Columbia recruiting station. Pfc. Kimball received his promotion on his arrival.

Speaking of promotions, we have three more this month. Corporal William M. Hudson of the Registrar's from Private; Pfc. James W. Eldridge of the Business School, and Pfc. McIntyre, Academic School. Private Leo J. Schmidt has a specialist fifth-class rating. Don't hoard the extra money, fellows; pay off the mortgage.

Special order discharges seem to be the vogue just now. There are four here

### SAIDMAN'S MEN'S SHOP

Liberal discount allowed to service  
personnel who purchase  
through the

### POST EXCHANGE

729 8th St. S. E., Washington, D. C.

on the list—Corporal Lail, a Registrarite, on June 21; Private Barbeau, the Academician, on June 17; Private Bartas of the Industrial School on the 16th, and Private Lawrence, Barracks Detachment, same date. Three of them had just returned from furloughs and probably had jobs in view. Here's hoping they keep them in sight.

Corporal James A. Harris, Principal, School of Commerce, finished his first hitch on July 2. He is down in Indiana on a ninety-day furlough. His place being taken by (Aw, my face is getting red; you guess).

Musician Third Class Miles H. Clark, one of the trio of brothers in the Marine Band, was discharged on the 13th of June. Miles is an excellent cornetist, but he feels that he should remain in the band for more practice, so he shipped over.

Private (Quaint Face) Montwill has just returned from thirty days in New York City. Not only he, but his room mates are disturbed by his dreams with sound effects; said effects extolling the charms of lady friends. (Recommended: One cell, padded.)

Heard on the parade ground: Sergeant Duke: "Don't walk as if you were on a funeral." Voice from ranks: "We can't help it; it's a habit!" Too true, too true! observes this commentator.

Former Gunnery Sergeant Denton A. Reed, who used to be with the Academic School, received the degree of LL.B. at the 63rd convocation of National University, this city. He also took the District of Columbia bar examination and intends to practice law here. Practice makes perfect, Reed. The M. C. I. extends best wishes for your success.

Oh, yes; you must be waiting for details. Well, we have had a few this month. Read on.

Before great crowds for successive nights on the grassy slopes of the Sylvan Theater were enacted scenes depicting the life of George Washington. The occasion was the presentation of "The Great American," a pageant. Cavalry from Fort Myer and units from the Navy Yard, Marines from the M. C. I. and Infantry from Fort Washington aided in the success of the show. Especially vivid were battle scenes in which the pulse of drums, tramping of marchers and discharges of musketry lent color. Symbolic interludes were dances and songs by prominent Washington artists.

Picturesque costumes of Colonial days and colorful uniforms of Revolutionary and British soldiers paraded by the spectators while the Marine and Navy Bands alternated in playing lilting minuets and martial music.

Our present first sergeant, Don M. Hyde, and our former top kick, Kimes (now a civilian), appeared in the pageant clad in skin-tight panties and lace neckties.

Will someone please ask Corporals Reeves and Foreman, numbers one and two, respectively, of the front rank, first squad, where they learned their most original method of stacking arms? This, too, at the pageant.

Saturday, June 25, we participated in a parade along the Avenue in tribute to a hundred gray-clad veterans—a remnant of the once glorious command of General Robert E. Lee, the army whose objective seventy years ago was the city in which that day they paraded.

North of the Potomac from their forty-second annual reunion at Richmond, Va., the last of the United Confederate Veterans forgot, it seemed, the ravages of time as they bore their tattered banners of the Confederacy side by side with the Stars and Stripes. In the vanguard of the procession, their heads held proudly aloft, rode four cavalymen of Nathan B. Forrest's famous mounted brigade, parading perhaps for the last time. Incidentally, the youngest of the riders was 87; the oldest, 92.

It is inevitable that word of the "Bonus Expeditionary Forces" should creep into this discussion.

In a dilapidated old clothing store diagonally opposite the barracks is quartered the first group of men to besiege the city in quest of their bonus. The tattered demagogues have brought their cause and set it under the nose of every Washingtonian. How well do we know it! No more is the liberty gate open every night. It is now every other night. This, undoubtedly, cramps the social aspirations of every last member of the command; especially hard does this fall on Corporal Desmarais, who is THE "Social Lion" if reports from the Academic section are to be credited. And Sergeant Anderson ought to know.

Paddy Doyle has made many acquaintances among the "Bonus Boys" through

his contributions of this and that. Many ex-Marines are in the ranks.

The situation is beginning to look as though things would ease up soon with the exodus of nearly a hundred a day since Congress appropriated railroad fare for the vets.

June 14 was Flag Day and a huge twilight parade commemorated it. Four companies of Marines from Quantico efficiently policed the great Capitol Plaza as the marchers passed in review. A detail from the M. C. I. had the color guard and a wing formation on the Senate side of the Capitol. As each band and musical unit passed by the reviewing stand it sounded four ruffles and flourishes as a Presidential salute. The Bonus Marchers sounded Pay Call four times!

Radio announcers over local station WRC noted that some public official had requested the Marine Band to give concerts to the B. E. F. and play such tunes as "Home, Sweet Home," "My Little Gray Home in the West," etc., in the hope that the vets would become homesick and trek back.

Sidelights on the B. E. F. are pathetic in some cases and amusing in others. In the first case the West New York contingent of vets is quartered in an old abandoned shack on Southwest B Street; over the door is the legend, "Animal Rescue League." Among the signs we saw: "No more beans left in Boston—Pay now!"

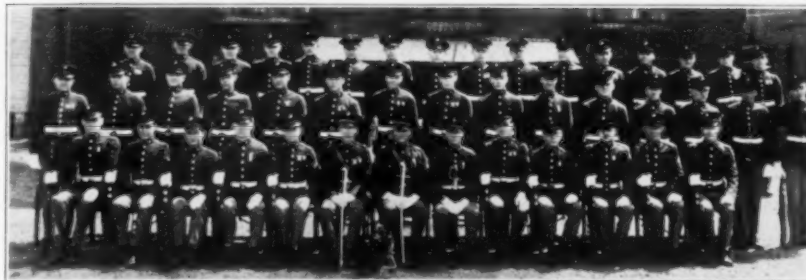
During our restriction Gunnery Sergeants Gadsby and Kapanke, Q. M. Sergeant Corcoran and Corporal Goldsmith are holding an alleged bridge tournament. Corcoran bids no trump as much as possible so that his partner will be unable to trump his ace!

Some sweet thing came to the gate the other night and asked Eldridge why all the lights were turned out at taps. Having answered that one before, the lady killer of the Business School snaps back, "So the boys won't see each other undressing!"

Private Ernst has a job in the Post Exchange now. This gives him more leisure as well as more money. The extra time and money being put into an invention which he hopes will startle the world. It will, all right. From confidential sources we learn that it is an instrument to measure the horsepower of a nightmare.

Corporals Colborn and Sharak were on the links the other day arguing just how far a golf ball could be hit while the golfer swung at it on one leg. A bet was made and Sharak took a prodigious swing; the ball dribbled insignificantly about ten feet to the side. Colborn stepped up and teed off for a 200-yard drive. Sharak will spend less this month.

The Marine Band was presented with a set of chimes, the gift of Mrs. John Philip Sousa. The chimes were used by



—Photo by M. V. Young.

Marine Detachment, Receiving Ship, Brooklyn Navy Yard

the late Commander Sousa in concerts by his band. They will be known as the "Sousa Memorial Chimes." Colonel C. B. Taylor, our C. O., presented the chimes to Captain Taylor Branson, leader of the band, on behalf of Mrs. Sousa.

Getting back to the subject of golf. McElroy is an ardent reader of two golf magazines. He said after he had subscribed to one he lopped five strokes from his score per eighteen holes. So he now takes two in order to reduce by ten. He now makes the course in the low 150's.

To students of Motorbus Transportation might be mentioned the fact that the Industrial School now has a new instructor in that subject, Private John P. Gilbert from Parris Island.

In the Academic School we have two new instructors in English under the critical eye of Corporal Phelps. They are Privates Freeman and Rawlings.

Corporal Roy F. Long read in the paper that a cyclone had swirled around him home town back in Georgia. Of course, he immediately wrote home and asked his dad if the old farmhouse had been damaged. A reply enlightened him to this extent: "We don't know, son; we haven't found it yet."

### MANHATTAN MELODIES

Major Arnold W. Jacobsen, AAQM, U. S. M. C., who was recently detached, embarked on the S. S. "Ancon" for his new station at Port au Prince, Haiti, where he will assume the duties of Brigade Quartermaster. Captain Frank Whitehead, AAQM, USMC, reported for duty from Quantico, Va., and is at present Post Quartermaster. Major Walter G. Sheard, USMC, attached to the Nicaragua National Guard Detachment, Managua, Nicaragua, also sailed on the "Ancon" enroute to his new station.

Captain Richard Livingston and First Lieutenant Lenard B. Cresswell joined on July 2nd from Headquarters, Department of the Pacific, San Francisco, California, and are at present on leave. Second Lieutenants James H. Brower and Harold I. Larson joined from the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa., and

Chief Pay Clerk Edward L. Caire joined from the West Coast, relieving Chief Pay Clerk Alfred L. Robinson who was detached and is enroute to Haiti for duty.

Second Lieutenants John H. Griebel and Miles S. Newton have been detached to duty with the Special Service Squadron in Panama. Second Lieutenant Paul Drake relieving Lieutenant Newton as Post Exchange officer.

Major S. S. Sugar and Lieutenant Howard M. Houck, USMCR, recently called at the Marine Barracks to renew old friendships.

Colonel E. A. Greene, USMC, Retired, dropped in for a short visit at the Marine Barracks. The Colonel was formerly commanding officer of the Marine Barracks, retiring last September and has been residing in Georgia since.

The following promotions have been made during the past month: Sergeant Elmer G. Peters from Corporal to Sergeant, Corporals Patrick A. Hayes and Fred B. Taylor promoted from Privates First Class, and Private First Class Thomas J. Owens from private.

Private John J. Nagazna, who was on duty as clerk in the Post Quartermaster's office has been transferred to Recruiting duty at the Marine Corps Recruiting Office, Washington and Christopher Streets, New York, N. Y.

Staff Sergeant Fred H. Kelsey, joined from the First Brigade, Port au Prince, Haiti, and is now enjoying a furlough of two months before he reports for duty as clerk in the Commanding Officers office.

Quartermaster Sergeants Eugene J. May and Alton P. Trapnell have discontinued partaking of ice cream with their meals since going on an eighteen-day diet.

Gunnery Sergeant Emory L. Anderson recently joined from the Marine Detachment, U. S. S. "Salt Lake City" and is at present on duty at this post. Andy is a short timer, as he is due for discharge early in August, and is in addition to several others due for discharge soon, trying to figure out whether or not the depression has caught up with reenlistment gratuity.



## Change of Command at M. B. Washington, D. C.

The apportionment of commanding officers to the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., has always been a happy one, if not for the commanding officers, at least for the junior officers and enlisted personnel. This office is unique, inasmuch as unusual duties are connected with it: Commanding Officer; Director of the Marine Corps Institute, and Editor in Chief of "The Leatherneck." Any of these is no small task in itself.

On 1 June, 1932, Colonel C. B. Taylor assumed the three-fold responsibility, relieving Colonel R. R. Wallace. For the past two and a half years Colonel Taylor has been commanding the Marine Barracks at Pearl Harbor, T. H., and he brings with him fresh ideals and a pronounced enthusiasm. A strong advocate of neatness, smartness and other soldierly qualities, and a just critic of carelessness, the colonel expressed commendation of the appearance of his new command. We know now why those returning from duty at Pearl Harbor esteemed him so highly.

The Marine Corps Institute is indeed fortunate in having for its director one who places such great value on its advantages to the men. "The Marine Corps is like a great military college," was his comparison in which he pointed out the opportunities the M.C.I. offered to an ambitious young man to aid him in acquiring an education.

"The success of the Marine Corps," he stated, "is due primarily to the class of men secured by the recruiting service." In selling the Marine Corps to young men when he was in charge of the Central and also the Southern Divisions, Colonel Taylor stressed two very good reasons why a young man should enter the Marine Corps. These were the Marine Corps Institute and service athletics. Highly successful in the recruiting game, he gave an interesting statement to the effect that he called on his street recruiters to give five reasons why a man should enlist; in order to determine whether they had the right ideas with which to present the Corps in the best and fairest manner. The answers showed that every man considered paramount the two selling features advanced by the commanding officer; the M.C.I. and athletics.

Colonel Taylor is a patron of athletics, which he considers of incalculable worth. He says it inspires men with spirit and good leadership, occupying their time and keeping them out of mischief. It is his hope to organize and put into the field various teams representing the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

The colonel's first act upon his arrival proved his interest in the welfare of the command. He had hardly got his bags unpacked before he inspected the mess (which, incidentally, the men believe to be the finest in the Corps), and was most complimentary to the cooks and bakers. Since then he has sampled practically every meal served. We understand that this was one of his hobbies when he was a captain.

He also enthusiastically embraced the idea of encouraging the Marine Band in every possible way. He is, and always has been, a great admirer of that organization. Recently, when Colonel Taylor presented to Captain Taylor Branson,



Colonel C. B. Taylor, Commanding Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

leader of the Marine Band, a set of chimes used by the late Commander Sousa and donated by his widow, the colonel's speech embodied full evidence of his interest in the band.

Colonel Taylor's field service is replete with all the adventures that befall Marine Corps officers. He was commissioned back in 1900, in time to be on the relief expedition that lifted the siege of Peking during the Boxer uprising. He participated in expeditions to Guam; and during the Panama rebellion was in various landing forces that were set ashore to protect lives and properties, especially in 1903 when Panama declared itself a republic. He subsequently served on expeditions that started for Nicaragua in the early days, and responded to many calls to Cuba to forestall revolts. At the time the President of the Dominican Republic was assassinated, the colonel was serving aboard the U.S.S. "North Carolina," and he relates how they got out of Norfolk "four bells and a jingle" for San Domingo City. He served with other ships of the Navy, had a tour of duty in Santo Domingo, and was with the landing party that swept into Vera Cruz in 1914.

Colonel Taylor is a graduate of the Law Department of Georgetown University, and was also graduated from the

Field Officers' School, Quantico; the Naval War College (senior course), and the Army War College.

We hope that Colonel Taylor's present tour of duty will prove a pleasant one.

## THREE MARINES RETIRED IN COLORFUL CEREMONIES

After 30 years' service, three Marines, a colonel and two sergeants, were retired at colorful ceremonies at the Navy Yard and in the Navy Building.

Staff Sergeant Burton L. Garlock was honored at the ceremony on the parade ground at the Navy Yard, while Colonel Julius S. Turrill and Staff Sergeant John McDonald were retired with ceremonies in the Navy Building.

Major General Ben H. Fuller, Commandant of the Marine Corps, commended Sergeant Garlock on his long and honorable service. At the Navy Yard, a detail of Marines passed in review before Admiral Henry V. Butler, Commandant of the yard; Col. John C. Beaumont, in charge of the Marine Barracks, and Capt. Lemuel Haslup, commander of the Marine detail.



## CHAUMONT CASUALS

As reported in the news columns of the morning newspaper in Manila, the trip from Mare Island, Calif., to this port, by the pride of the naval transport service, the U. S. S. "Chaumont" (bronx cheer), was pleasing and uneventful, with the few exceptions as related hereafter.

This story is related of course from the point of view of one of several hundred insignificants that swarm over the lower decks each trip to and from the Asiatic station. This trip the "Chaumont" left San Diego on May 7th with 325 Marines, heading for points Far East. At the present writing some 260 remain aboard for Shanghai and Peiping posts.

We arrived in Manila yesterday, 31 May. Following some days from Honolulu aboard this liner the boys were looking forward to a leg-stretching and sightseeing liberty or two in Manila. An S.M.R. with 260 odd signatures had been prepared for small amounts and things in general looked rosy enough to compensate one for the six days the "Chaumont" will have to spend in Manila. Then a West Indies typhoon from the Cavite Marine Barracks came in the form of a refusal of the request for special money and blew our hopes away. That two percent of the command of course, who always at this time of the month controls approximately 100 percent of the wealth, is thumbing its nose but the remaining 98 percent of us left out in the cold are wondering how we'll settle our jawbone laundry due tomorrow morning and incidentally, provide for a few necessities for the coming month. The good Lord will protect us—we hope.

The troop passenger roster includes some well known persons about the Marine Corps of 1932. Many know Sgt. James C. Stafford, who left us today with a small detail for MB, NS, Cavite, P. I. A happy tour of duty, Sergeant.

Sgt. James A. Hidy brought aboard almost a whole shipload of troops himself when he boarded the "Chaumont" at Mare Island with his detail of Marines with eyes fastened on a prospective tour of Asiatic duty. First Lieutenant Marvin V. Yandle and Second Lieutenant A. F. Moe came aboard at San Diego, Calif., the former to act in the capacity of C.O. of troops and the latter as permanent Officer of the Day for the entire trip. Qm-Sgt. Roy E. Hagerdon and First Sergeant Eric Isaacson came aboard at San Diego, Shanghai bound. Captain George F. Stockes, AQM, is aboard the "Chaumont" as cabin passenger.

At San Diego, Sgt. Fred O. P. Seyfert brought a detail of 35 men aboard for this trip of the "Chaumont." Among these was Pfc. Levis E. Giffin who has "planned" for the ship's orchestra during the trip. Pfc. Arthur M. Beery has also played in the orchestra.

Sgt. S. G. Musachia, the man of a rapid rise in the Marine Corps, is aboard. He has completed the Q.M. school in Administration this year, being a January

old grad. Some of the other sergeants aboard are: Voyel Bates, Edwin L. Carter, Aubrey L. Davies, William E. Fuller, Ellis (Sparks) Gwilliams, Marion R. LeNoir, James D. Ludvigson, Albert P. Maltz, Stanley Mortensen, John Pluge, and John C. Weathers.

Cpl. Edwin Buhr picked up the mess sergeant's scepter when he came aboard and has ruled mightily ever since. Some of his crew in the forward and after mess halls have been as follows: Pfc. C. C. Shrum, E. G. Hutchinson and Coley Massey, Privts. T. E. Anderson, James T. Bass, J. J. (Jo-Jo) Bailey, Teasley Baker, James A. Barr, Arthur F. D. Bartholomew, Joe Blalock, R. T. Bolton, John M. Bush, Ernest DeLay, V. E. Cheek, C. S. Copeland, W. E. Soboleski, J. W. Clark, R. H. Enders, Zack Dillon, Edward A. Jones, J. A. Krokosky, Robert M. Sheets, D. S. Smith, A. J. Williams, H. C. Garbeth, R. A. Daniels, Peter Yezierski, J. F. Whitmore, S. T. Steff, C. J. Mallett, C. N. Prater and Edward L. Plass. Pvt. F. O. Soncarty, the boy with the million dollar wardrobe trunk, also put in several days as spud peeler, we have to report. They haven't caught Patrick J. Kehoe, Private, aboard the "Chaumont" yet, but we expect Patty to be roped almost any moment. Falling into a nice galley job with all that food around must be like falling into a Statler Hotel bunk following a 30-day sentence to No. 4 compartment bunks. Cpl. John P. Fitzgerald, who left us at Guam, created quite a rep for himself on the way over by appearing regularly at least twice out of three times daily in the No. 1 place of the poop deck mess line. We haven't nominated yet to replace Fitzgerald but a promising man is Pfc. Liston B. Buffkin, who, it is reported, has given special duty the door for this cruise and intends to do only straight duty. Luck!

Cpl. William D. Thetford, formerly a Guam man and now headed back for China territory, has held seniority in a detail of ten men who work for the ship's commissary department. Some of the workers for Thetford are: Pfc. M. W. Lindsey, Privts. L. J. Christian, G. C. Costigan, W. R. Neer, R. Daniels, Joseph Russo, Ian U. Douglas, W. V. Talmadge, Kenneth Wehr, Herbert Eyestone, D. W. Cavins, John F. Giargiari, H. Hood, C. H. Harper and George Simnoff.

Cpl. Isum P. Johnson has delivered in his job as compartment police sergeant in No. 4 hold and Cpl. G. Livingston in No. 2. Pfc. William G. Faulkner and Privates C. P. James, G. C. Smith, W. A. Gleichauf and Alex Piaskowski are with Johnson and relieving Cpl. Livingston. Due to transfer to Cavite is Cpl. Bassell M. Alley with the following detail: Privates A. Billet, R. S. Breneman, George T. Moore and Jack Schwartz.

Following passing the 180th meridian we held a smoker in conjunction with the sailors aboard, 24 May. Privates A. J. Williams and J. Fowler, Pfc. J. J. Born and V. Sargent, and Privts. C. A. Rhodes and G. R. Edwards put on boxing exhi-

bitions for the audience. J. Sullivan, known in his service record book as Szolwinski, took a decision from Manan-zala, F. Matt 2c, in the final bout. Pvt. Reagoso put on a few dances and amused the audience quite a bit. At the critical moment Pvt. W. S. Miller appeared on the scene and rescued the preliminary or song and dance part of the program by giving a few anecdotes. Then followed the bouts.

Now, while the "Chaumont" rides to berth alongside a Manila pier, we are having a hard time getting over our S. M. R. Blues. No pay—no play. And in Manila 6 days. But the plight of ourselves is not always the worst—think of Pvt. Dale in sick bay for a month, ingrowing toenail.

## MORMON MARINE CHATTER

By Corporal Ripka

Well, here we are in Sunny California, the land of sun-kissed maidens and clicking movie cameras, and no hopes of seeing the Knickerbocker City for quite a spell. We had a very pleasant visit up at Frisco, but can't say that we hated to leave there. Los Angeles and Long Beach have lots to offer in the way of entertainment, so that helps us to forget "Good Ole New York."

Since we have been on this coast we have lost through transfers Gunnery Sergeant Emery L. Anderson, who goes to the Navy Yard, New York, for duty. He was a very valuable man in the guard and no doubt he will be missed by the Navy Gun Crews as well as the Leather-necks. It was through his hard work that we hung the E's on both Marine Guns, and for the wonderful work of both the Navy and the Marine Guns' loading crews. It may be well to mention that he contributed much of his time to whipping the Marine whaleboat crews into shape. All hands join in wishing you a pleasant cruise in your new post, Andy.

Private J. R. Martin goes to New York for further transfer to the Marine Detachment of the U. S. S. "Indianapolis" when she is commissioned. He served a full two years aboard this ship and was well liked both by his officers and his shipmates. Private Boyce Atkins goes to Managua, Nicaragua, for electoral duty there. He served before with the board in 1928. He sails on the "Henderson" in company with six hundred other Marines who go to Nicaragua as replacements for the Guardia and regular detachments, and for electoral duty. We wish you both luck, but cannot say that we would trade places with either of you. Private H. V. Niles leaves us for duty at San Diego. He was with us only a short while, but we wish him plenty of luck in his new post.

Gunnery Sergeant Lloyd Bogart comes to us as a replacement for Anderson. He has been serving for the past eighteen months as prison warden

at San Diego. He was stationed aboard the "Pennsylvania" in 1919-20, so sea-going is nothing new for him. He is a graduate of the Optical School at Washington, D. C. He was shipmates with our top (Ham Harrmann), battling Ruskies out China way. He claims that when they left out there the breweries had to lay off the night shift. Since he has been here his rate has been changed to First Sergeant and no doubt he will relieve Harrmann who leaves us soon for Shore Duty.

News comes from some of our old shipmates. One from Sergeant Don Russell, now at the receiving ship, Boston, Mass., telling us that he is doing well and is planning to ship over and spend that ninety-days fishing. You might tell us where that place is where you caught the five tall ones and a cheese sandwich, Don! Sounds very interesting to us. And from upper New York State word comes from Broken Blossoms Leslie Hoffman. Says he is cooking at the Mohonk Lake Hotel, Mohonk Lake, New York. He works out daily and is enjoying good health, and sends his regards to all his old shipmates and friends. And again from up Boston way Baldy Monteith tells us that he gave up the iceman's job at Norfolk, Va., to be near his home. All's well with him and his. He also tells us that Ski Von dem Bowski has made Corporal and is in charge of all the Admiral's Orderlies in that post. Pfc. Share reports all well at Iona Island, New York, and, believe it or not, he is going to try the outside sometime in September—has annexed a wife. Going to be another married man, Reggie? Then from Washington, our old friend, Redeemer Cook, tells us that he is faring well and enjoying good health.

Recent promotions were Privates Wayne Kruger, Joe Gardner and Robert Vaughan to Private First Class. Corporal Meeker to Sergeant. And Gunner Sergeant Bogart to First Sergeant. You have our congratulation, even if you didn't buy the smokes.

Corporal Kessler and Private Michael are seeing California over the handlebars, having bought a couple of motor bikes. There are few places in southern California that those boys haven't been since we have been over here. Great things those motorcycles, but you can't neck on them. I'll take the old reliable Henry or Lizzie for mine.

Sergeant Meeker has added a few

inches to the chest expansion since the Marines won the Divisional whaleboat races. Oh, yes, he was coxswain. The crew believe that if he had steered a straight course instead of making so many curves and turns they would have won the race a lot sooner. But they won the race, so that is all that matters. Great work, Frankie, we'll look for some real speed when we meet the other ships this fall.

Pfc. Vaughan decided to try another two years in the Corps just to find out what the first four was about. He wants to know whether we will rate a home-ward-bound pennant when we leave here for New York. Let's see, regulation calls for one year out of the States, so I guess the pennant is ours.

Late arrivals to the Guard were: Privates Landstrum and Horvath, who come to us from San Diego. A couple of three and a butt men (if you know what I mean). They seem to be good men and it won't be long before we have them oiled into shape and make real web-footed Marines of them.

Sergeant Cecil L. Wood has decided he will try two more years on the inside providing he can go to Iona Island to do the typing. We hate to see you leave us, Cecil. That only leaves two Plank-owners left of the old Guard. Hope you change your mind and stay aboard the old Home.

The detachment is at present preparing to leave for Lajolla Rifle Range to fire the course for qualification. All hands are pepped up for the five a month, even if they did raise it to three-fifteen. So we'll leave you till next time.

## WYOMING WISDOM

By Wendell P. Keener

At this writing the Marine Detachment, U.S.S. "Wyoming" is again enjoying the charming hospitality of Treasure Island upon which is situated vivacious Galveston, of the State of Texas. The "Wyoming" is visiting Galveston, at the height of the vacation and tourist season. The excellent sandy Gulf beach with the incoming breakers affords a playground unexcelled in the State and it teems with gay humanity daily from dawn until long after dark. On hot afternoons one recognizes familiar Marines and gobs disporting themselves on the sandy stretches or in the foaming surf; in most cases attending the fair. When the air becomes cool enough for

comfort most of the visiting service men hie themselves toward in quest of liquid refreshment which is easily found in some form, usually a combination of ganguerous ingredients in the guise of beer.

This ship is making the 1932 Annual Midshipmen's Cruise alone this year since her big sister, the "Arkansas," has joined the Battle Fleet in the Pacific. The days at sea are crowded with activity from 0530 until 1900, after which we have movies nightly. The Naval Academy Band generously lent us some of its fine music men and good concerts are daily features of the cruise at sea as well as in port. One incident in connection with the daily concert caused some confusion and embarrassment some days ago. It seems to be the practice of some Marines to remove their shoes while lounging on the main deck listening to the noon-hour concert, so imagine the embarrassment of the bass fiddle man when he discovered that he had started below with Pfc. Roy Corbins' right shoe. thinking it was his fiddle case. Possibly the exchange would have inconvenienced no one, as the fiddle case seems to be made of good material.

Since our jaunt to Bremerton, the Detachment has been fast adjusting itself back to normal conditions aboard the old home ship and life is quite like its old self again, except that we have several new men, some of them direct from the Marine Factory at Parris Island and others with prior sea service to their credit. Corporal Emile H. Noble joined us at New York from Newport where he will, no doubt, be missed at the smart yachting parties and similar social events this season. Several new men joined at Norfolk with Parris Island sand on their rifle butt plates, among them two brothers, Malcom L. Murchison and Malcom W. Murchison, Jr. This incident, instead of being an inconvenience, has the earmarks of the hand of Fate's work to give our clerk, Pfc. Sims some mental exercise.

Sergeant Klein was dropped off at San Diego to join the 4th Regiment in China and Corporal Foster was ditto at Bremerton. Pfc. H. A. Anderson, Jr., was transferred to Marine Barracks, New York, for duty. Pfc. Sam "Padgett" Winslow was transferred at Annapolis for a further transfer to the Boston Barracks and Private Malloy was also transferred ashore there for further transfer to Marine Barracks, Washington, for duty with the Marine Corps Institute.

We regret to announce that rumors have reached us from the Philadelphia Barracks, indicating that our sometime comrade and pal, one Earl "Slopchute" Gary has threatened to sever diplomatic relations with this detachment. Searching investigations have failed to reveal a cause for this regrettable situation since we do not consider an occasional visit to South Water Street by members of this Detachment sufficient cause for such drastic action. However one recalls Cleopatra. We have news also from Philadelphia that our sometime able property sergeant "Cholly" Hill is going forward with his Quartermaster School work and expects to emerge with the old sheepskin at an early date. One hears that Cholly is a very obliging fellow, be it to the individual or what have you. Reports persist that he removed a fire plug from 12th Street and didn't even send the city a bill. We wonder if that



Marine Detachment U. S. S. "Wyoming"

was another demonstration of Cholly's generosity or just plain absent-mindedness.

It's personality, I guess. When we were here before we all thought it was the blue and white uniform that made them fall for the Marines. This time we have the good old cool and comfortable khaki without leggings, shirts, caps and ham-strings and they are still falling. One current report is to the effect that Private Garrett pulled up alongside the gangway just before eight bells this morning in a snaky looking Pierce Arrow sport roadster with something blonde and fair cuddled against his right flank and upon leaving the car to come aboard ship he was handed a roll about the size of Primo Carneras' neck. Consulting our trusty Webster we find that a roll is a kind of fancy bread.

One former member of this detachment, Sergeant Klein, we believe deserves special mention for the near-publicity he received while on a forty-eight in Seattle during our sojourn at Puget Sound Navy Yard. Klein was staying at one of the "leading" hotels in Seattle and when ready to return to ship was unable to find his clothes, having misplaced them during a slight lapse of memory the night before. He was met in the corridor of the hotel with a bed sheet and was mistaken for Mahatma Ghandi looking for his specs. Klein was advised to return to Galveston and resume his extensive interests in the steel wool industry with the able and experienced assistance of Corporal Comersky.

The Air Mail Service was modestly blushing under the praise of First Sergeant Frey yesterday afternoon. It seems that a letter was mailed in Camden and delivered into the grateful Top's hands exactly forty-eight hours later.

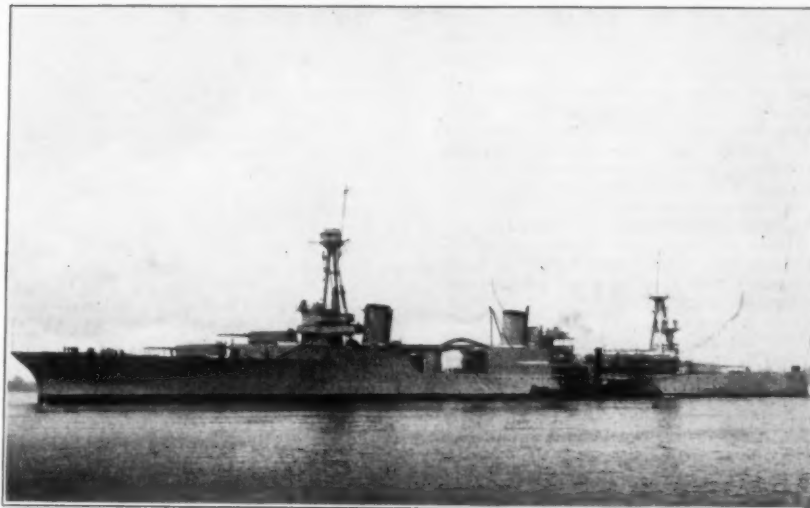
## NORTHAMPTON NEWS

By "Hank" Bradley

Hello, Everybody. We've been silent so long that you probably think the ship has sunk or the Marine Guard shanghaied, but nothing of the kind has happened. There are only a few of the original detachment that came aboard when the "Northampton" was commissioned in May, 1930, still aboard, but we "plank-owners" are still sticking around, keeping things going. First Sgt. "Musilini" Banta is still with us and he is entirely capable of keeping the bunch together.

Our Commanding Officer, First Lt. R. P. Coffman was recently transferred. The fellows got together and presented him with a gold cigarette case as a token of their appreciation of a good skipper. He was relieved of his command by Lieutenant Graham from Quantico.

The ship was supposed to return to New York last month, according to our previous schedule, and everybody was all set to see the bright lights again, but at this writing, it looks as if we will be enjoying sunny California for quite a spell yet. Times Square, Riverside Drive and the other familiar haunts will have to make out without our presence. Most of the fellows still line up for liberty call, so, evidently, they are finding some place to go on this coast. Pfc. Davis and Ammons are always seen hanging around the Y. W. C. A. in Long Beach—wonder what the attraction is? Sergeant Moore, Corporal Warren and Pfc. Stinson and Sennet recently visited Warner



U. S. S. "Northampton"

Bros. Studio and now all those movie queens just won't leave Stinson alone. He says his fatal charm is his red hair—they can't resist him. Pfc. "Muscles" Holland has finally given up trying to make his hair curl; he now spends most of his time on the boat-deck, exposing that brawny torso to the rays of the sun. Pvt. McMahon tried that, too, until he got that "Jimmie Durante" nose of his blistered.

We're well represented in pugilistic activities by Pfc. "Tuffy" Wylie. He's slapping the old punching bag around every day, keeping in trim to win the light-heavyweight title next year. Trumpet. Lofblad has a slight attack of "house-maid's knee" or something, but he still intends to fill his old position when foot-ball practice starts. Sergeant Moore, and Pfc. Gutowski and Horne are the base-ball heroes.

Pfc. Oldham and Pvt. Simino spend all their time motoring around seeing the sights in that pre-war automobile they bought. They went on a week-end trip to Tiajuana a while back and had to push it down there and pull it back—or so we heard. Corporal Warren and Pfc. Amour are thinking about taking it off their hands—they have so much surplus money on pay-day that they don't know what to do with it all. Pfc. Rankin and Pvt. Hawks didn't buy an auto; they spend all their shekels on one of these U-rent-oms. We don't know what Pfc. "Ghandi" Hales does with his money. He met a girl in Long Beach and she said all he treated her to was a cup of coffee and a "Wings" cigarette.

Short range battle practice starts soon and Gy. Sgt. Blalock is telling the boys how to chalk up a hash-mark under that "E" we made last year. Corporal Davis and Sergeant Jorgenson will captain the two guns. Our gun-strikers, Pfc. Oldham and Iverson keep them shined up—if that helps any. Most of last year's gun-crews are still aboard. Pfc. Wooten is one of the loaders and he can throw those shells around like they were base-balls.

Pfc. "Rebel" King works in the galley and he dishes out plenty of chow for the Marines, but we think only about half of it reaches the tables. Our mess-cooks, Pfc. Douglass and Harlee, must

stop somewhere on the way down. They believe in the old mess-cook's slogan: "I got mine—how did you make out?" Pfc. Bernot and McCandless, who preceded them, had about the same idea. That accounts for all the wan and hungry looking Marines around here. Pfc. Bennet, Flannigan and Brynt never go hungry, though, because they always manage to keep their lockers full of corn-flakes.

We recently got a draft of boots aboard from San Diego and Corporal (Police Sgt.) Lewis is busy handing out the swabs and scrub-brushes; starting them on their sea-going right—maybe in time they will be as salty as Pfc. Shipley. Pfc. Shoning is making out fine on his sea-going career; he's Chief Captain's Orderly and senior Pfc. He says he's going to ship over so he can stand corporal of the guard watches. Pfc. Stabler likes being Captain's Orderly also. He likes it so well that he is getting transferred so he can follow Captain Vernou, who was appointed Naval Aide to the President.

And that's about all the gossip. We hope that some of our old pals will see this and remember this Dashing Queen of the Seas.

## "SALTY AIR NEWS"

By P. J. C.

VS-15M is still operating from the line. It has its drawbacks but we are accustomed to working with a scarcity of home facilities. For instance, the gas truck was taken away from the squadron, it being needed elsewhere. We now have the use of VS-3's gas truck which we use when VS-3 is not using it (generally around dinner hour or quitting time).

Our O2U-2's are somewhat aged, but, like the Deacon's chaise, they stand up (with numerous repairs here and there) under the constant flying the twelve pilots put them through.

Upon the completion of gunnery the usual radio and navigational flights will commence. Cross-country flights have been planned, starting with short flights and finishing with the Grand Canyon flight.

Gunnery season was finished on Thursday with excellent results with both the

free guns and the fixed guns. There was quite some competition among the pilots and flight order men to see who would come out on top.

All the officer pilots have finished the prescribed ten hours night flying. The NAP's have about four hours apiece to their credit but the coming week's schedule of three nights devoted to flying ought to see them finished with night flying for another year.

The parachute rigger (Private Dawdy, who has recently been rated spl 4 cl) has made two blind flying hoods—it having been planned to have all pilots take a course in blind flying.

Prior to our embarkation on the "Lexington" all rifles were turned in to the Base QM, MCB, San Diego (for keeps we thought, at that time). Equipment was packed in boxes and stored. However, the Commander, Aircraft, Battle Force, decided that the Marine squadrons afloat should be armed with the rifle in case of a need for a landing party. Hence the reissue of rifles and equipment, which drew from the men the usual amount of service comments.

All the men with the exception of the four NAP's and the two ordnance men have fired the range at La Jolla, Calif. The two radio men, Cpl. Walker and Pvt. Crawford, are the high guns at the present time with scores of 322 and 321, respectively. The following are the qualifications to date (2 men on the range yet to fire):

ER—7  
SS—10  
MM—9

The above does not look like the usual ship's detachment scores, but please remember we didn't pull our own targets.

We are quartered, with VS-14M, in a large barracks room. The small, navy type lockers down the center of the room divides the two rows of double-deck bunks. VS-15M is on one side and VS-15M is on the other side.

After the end of the working day and the usual wash-ups and baths have taken place the exodus of married men (legal and California) is reminiscent of the Bible's tales of Moses leaving Egypt. And from the eager looks that greets the Mail Orderly I expect a few more of the double-deck bunks will be empty.

Since the news of the "Lexington's" retention on the West Coast until October, 1932, and maybe January, 1933, many of the boys have invested their surplus funds (where, Oh Lord, where do they get the surplus) and future salaries in the new Fords, etc. Lee Elden Roberts has a new V8 Ford roadster. F. George Salcedo has one NEW (you're putting dust on my car) WK sedan. W. F. "Senator" Watson, sometimes known as "Cannonball," is the very pessimistic owner of a Buick sedan. A darn good Buick, you understand, but Watson is still doubtful (after three weeks driving) of its good qualities.

Pullen, our gas truck and jitney driver, certainly got away with the dirt yesterday. He hauled a load of barnyard manure for the lawn which the office personnel is trying to coax into the sunlight.

Corporal Howard, the soap salesman, our former engineering clerk was transferred to the MCB, San Diego, for discharge for his own convenience. Joe figures that soap is a necessity on account of people having to wash occasionally and he intends to be on hand when they buy the soap.

Private Burt, our red-headed squadron clerk, was also transferred to the MCB, San Diego, but it was for the far, far East. Now Burt doesn't mind the East but the far, far, far East is a different tale. Oh, well, what's fifteen days bread and water and a small fine among friends.

Corporal Ernest R. Gayler joined us on the 13th from Hq. Det., WCEF, and took over the Sq. Operations Clerk desk.

Private Thomas A. Ostraski, Jr., joined us from SC-2M, WCEF, and relieved Pvt. Farland in the Navy Storeroom—much to Farland's peace of mind.

Pvt. Sester, who was breaking in on the Operations Clerk's job shifted over to Squadron Clerk after the arrival of Gayler.

We have to close the ports—they're bringing gas aboard.

## OVERTON OVERTURES

By George A. Waugh

Have you heard of the new Marine Corps doing duty aboard our own destroyers? Well, I guess that you haven't and I'll bet you that you would like this duty and are thinking of the thrill that we get out of this duty. Oh, yeah!

We are known as the recommissioning department and can put a rusty, old destroyer that has laid in the back channel of Philadelphia for the past fifteen years in as fine a shape as the Chilean Navy. From 5:30 A. M., until 4:00 P. M., tied up to the buoys of old Balboa, we have nothing to do but scrape and chip paint work, etc. Of course, we have a fair side to the situation such as fairly good chow and not so old movies in the evening. We have our trusty buckets with us and when the day is done, a wild rush for the two by four washroom is made by fifty sailors and forty-five Marines to get what we called sometime ago in the past a bath. Believe me, fellows, it is very, very thrilling.

We have a fine gang in this detachment and we sure can take it on the chin, most of the boys are on the deck force, a few on the big guns, Red Mahoney included. The bridge force consists of our champion signalman, Sergeant Eilund and none other than the famous old timer of Parris Island fame, Corporal Otto Kludt, who has full command of the situation in the steering engine room.

Sergeant Frucci is our acting Top Kick at the present as our First Sergeant Goode is in the hospital at Coco Solo. We hope to have him with us again shortly; with him in the hospital is old Corporal Kinsey trying to get his leg in shape so that he can chase General Sandino around the hills.

At the present time, glory to be, we are tied up to the dock at Balboa getting

our oil tanks blown out so that we can have clean oil to fire the boilers. Dirty oil makes dirty smoke, thus a dirty ship, increasing our work and our efficiency department allows no such thing to happen on this ship.

We have not received an "E" as yet but I do not think it will be long before we get one, as we are progressing very rapidly in our work and I firmly believe that we will be mentioned before long by the powers that be.

We hope that the boys on the other ships of our Navy get a chance at this nice duty as we would hate to think of being a greedy bunch getting all the gravy. I believe that I can say this for the whole gang as I know that they would not like to have it soft for their whole four years while the rest of the Marine Corps is having such a hard time.

Well, so long, you birds who read this, try and think up a better sea yarn.

## AUGUSTA BREEZES

Our useless information gatherer has just informed us that among the fifty-two men in the Detachment there are forty-five who enlisted on the East Coast and seven who signed up on the West Coast. Also that twenty-four different states are represented, North Carolina leading with five men, followed by Pennsylvania with four.

The Detachment is commanded by Captain R. H. Jeschke, who is kept busy with Staff and routine duties but still finds time to do much for our welfare and contentment.

Among the hashmarks we find the First Sergeant McBee, wearing four and serving aboard his fourth ship, with Haiti, Guam, Cavite, China and Nicaragua visited in between tours. Greenwood, our Gunnery Sergeant, has been plenty places but only wants to go to one more, San Diego, when his two years of General Quarters ends on the last day of January. Sergeant O. M. Davis says his first eight years were spent around rifle ranges and in Haiti and Nicaragua. Sergeant Erney tells hair-raising stories of days on the Coco river when the "Denver" Detachment were spoiling Sandino's old swimming hole there. Corporal James Edward Mackin is glad he extended his enlistment for this ship now that we are to remain within weekend distance of Hollywood. Corporal Vanscoter wishes he were back in the Fourth Regiment. Private First Class "Army" Blackstock spent three years with the soldiers and then shipped with the Marines to learn to shoot a rifle. Private First Class Sam Troxell wants to go back to Nicaragua as soon as he completes his Spanish course. Wytrykus, (sure, he is the one who was in Motor Transport in China, did you think there were two of them?) tells us he hates to see shipmates leave but it will be nice to see a few vacancies for promotion when the plank owners shove off.

Next time we will tell you about those who are still on their first four, meanwhile, pointing and loading drill on the Five-inch, Anti-aircraft keeps us busy the first half of the day and a couple of hours instruction on small arms and automatic weapons during the afternoons helps rid us of that lazy, after-dinner, feeling and develops readiness for landing force duty.



U. S. S. "Chicago" in Pago Pago Harbor

## STURTEVANT SAYS

By Upton

Just back from a mad dash to Puerto Cabezas, Nicaragua. We steamed into the harbor about 3 A. M., displayed our spot lights on the town, tooted our whistle and raised hell in general. Rumor had it that bandits were within three miles of town. However, we didn't land and about the nearest thing we saw that looked like a bandit was an alleged picture of El Sandino (and he didn't look so hot).

The only exciting thing that happened to us was those boat rides ashore. The liberty uniform should have been bathing suits as the boat rides were plenty wet. Corporals Hoskins and Covington were the coxswains. Private Case and Pfc. Marchant were the bow-hooks.

It is said that First Sergeant Carlson made for a life preserver on one occasion it got so rough. We believe the reason was because Sergeant Walter was occupying the bow of the boat.

Enroute from Puerto Cabezas to Colon, the sea was rather rough and as per usual, half of the crew was sick (to make matters worse, we had pork chops for dinner).

Private Worth who recently joined had been "just dying to go out to sea." He was seen hanging over the side, looking like a sick man. The wind blew and those watching took off aft, where the air was sorta fresh, Private Davis also had troubles along the same line.

Privates Meile and Hall are getting a special order discharge. Meile has already left us for the States and Hall expects to go soon. We wish them the best of luck on the outside.

Sergeant Noonan, Pfc. Stiles and Stamps lead in story telling this month, they claim that when coming back from liberty the other night, the car was doing 85 per. All got mad when the driver slowed down to 75 per on a curve. Such is liberty in Colon.

Private First Class Kallam got 15 minutes EPD the other day for wearing A-C-Mor skivvy shirt. Don't that beat you?

Sergeant Walter ripped his trousers the other day, after having the Top Kick thread the needle, he was seen sewing them. After sewing for some time, he lost all patience and swore, "This is my last cruise, wish I were home where the missus could help me out." Okay, Walter, we have heard them say it was the "last" before.

Sergeant New received a letter the other day. To you, it means nothing, to us—knowing that he says, he writes no letters and receives less—we are wondering if the Chief of Police has caught up with him.

Corporal Williams is stuck on the Nicaraguan Guardia and swears he will learn Spanish or die in the attempt.

Private Kledzike hasn't had time to render us any ditties of late due to the fact he is kept busy with a paint scraper. However, Private Case goes around singing, "Work, work don't bother me."

Zola Smith wants to know who put that frog in his locker box. If you must know, Zola, call out Private Perkins. He is the man for you—if there is any scandal—Perkins will find it. He (Perkins) must be congratulated as having the highest mark aboard at last Captain's inspection.

Everyone, or most of us, has been busy scraping the sides of our home. A \$5.00 prize is given each day to the man who chips the most. Private Hall walked away with the first day's prize, Private Levandoski won it the second day. At this writing, we still have half the ship to scrape. (No, we are not looking for sympathy). By the way, we believe we would be more effective with a hammer and scraper, should there ever be a war, a rifle is almost a thing of the past with us.

Corporal Darling is still with us and will soon be known as the man of many tattoos. Just a few more pay days.

Pfc. Moulson keeps the forecandle gang in good humor by singing popular numbers. Privates Z. E. Smith, Brewer and Diehl were promoted to the one-stripe. Congratulations.

Pfc. Cottrell who works on the bridge as a signalman, said it is a lot of hooey. He claims he is a janitor.

Pfc. Flatt couldn't wait until June to get Sandino. He is in Managua. We wish you a peck of luck. Maybe you'll need it. Nedball is lost since you left and wants to know, "Oh, where is my wondering Flatt tonight?"

Late news flashes: Private Farr went to the hospital, we hope you'll soon be out. Tpr. Blankenship, Private Mahaffey have been restored to duty well as ever. Pfc. R. M. Smith is on the sick list—nothing serious, we hope. We still have half the ship to scrape. Are we happy, why?

## IDAHO SPUDS

By W. C. E.

As this article goes to press our able and well-liked Commanding Officer, First Lieutenant Archie V. Gerard, may be seen hurrying here and there preparing to shove off for the West Coast. The men will hate to see him go but are glad to welcome First Lieutenant Ward E. Dickey as our new Commanding Officer.

There have been numerous changes in our little Detachment of late, heading them was the transfer of our 1st Sgt. Jeremiah Twohig, to Nicaragua. He was replaced by 1st Sgt. "J" Fred Turpin, who seems to be a regular fellow and is already well liked by the men. Next came the transfer of Pfc. Robert A.

Northcutt and Pvt. Charles Thompson to the Electoral Mission Detachment, bound for Nicaragua. Pvt. Carl Aultman was transferred aboard the U.S.S. "Maryland" for duty back on the West Coast. He certainly was one happy boy to get to go back to California and says he doesn't care to ever see the East Coast again. Wonder what he will say when the gunnery season starts?

During the last month we have been sending details to the Rifle Range at Port Eustis, Va. The boys say that the range is in fine shape and wish they could stay three months instead of just three short weeks.

By the way, Homeless Tilley has added five new members to the list of unemployed of this expedition. Most any time of the day they may be seen diligently waving their tails, in front of the butcher shop, as though they might be saying, "it's your depression" we won't move until "we're slumped." The crew takes turns in the care of the Tilley family and they seem to be doing real well considering everything, and for some reason or other they occupy new quarters.

Talkies have been installed aboard our home the Barracks Ship "Denebola." We get some late pictures and have a good location for the screen, it is located on the port side of the bow, for some reason on the furthest side from the NOISY City of Norfolk, it is hoped that certain blue-laws will not interfere with the smooth running schedule of these pictures.

That seems to be all of the late news of the "Idaho," we will try to keep you all advised about our welfare from time to time. Adios Amigo's.

## Schools

EXHAUSTS AND BACKFIRES  
MOTOR TRANSPORT SCHOOL

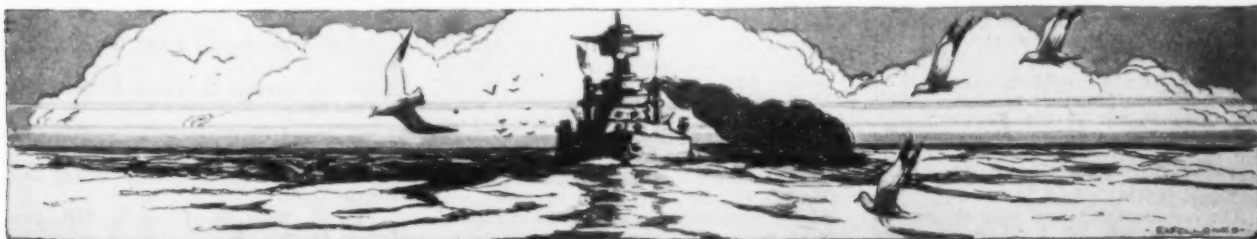
By Harry B. N. Nestlerode

Well, we guess it is about time the Motor Transport School came to life and let this Marine Corps know what it is all about.

We will start with Captain Robillard, our commanding officer. The captain was one of the first naval aviators in the Marine Corps, and a good one, too. Captain Robillard has accomplished much for Motor Transport, and he certainly deserves a lot of credit.

Our chief instructor is Staff Sergeant John J. Wood, who has about twelve years in the Marines; all with Motor Transport. He certainly knows his automobiles.

The present class consists of about twenty-eight men, coming from all parts of the Marine Corps. The course is five months, regretfully short. The school



is located at 1100 South Broad Street in Philadelphia, at the Depot Quartermaster.

The instructors include Wentzel, Gray, Nori, Lincoln, Schultz, Hameric and Herrell; the stockroom is held down by Acker. With these capable instructors and all the latest and most modern equipment, the school is one of the best in this part of the country.

Each man has a certain amount of work to do on the motor, battery, carburetor, and both the heavy and the light chassis. We have also just completed the first and only complete Motor Transport Company in the U. S. service. When we say first, we mean one composing of modern equipment. In this company we have machine shop trucks, wreckers, radio trucks and several other types of vehicle.

From the far-away shores of China we have "Alibi" Lica, Nestlerode, and "Kid" Browning, who is at present taking an Earl Leiderman course. From San Diego we have the well-known "One Sniff" Snell. Then we have the one and only native son, Duensing, from the shores of Olongapo. Corporal Price hails from Diego, and is to be remembered by his madman driving up and down the streets of Managua in a La Salle sedan. Two Smiths appear on the roster: W. R. Smith, who was at one time the pilot of the Parris Island school bus, and "Little" Smith, who has been quite the ladies' man since his arrival in the City of Brotherly Love. We also have with us Sherlock Collette of finger-print fame; and Green, who it seems was stricken by the tropical sun during his two trips to Nicaragua and has never quite recovered. From the land of Zero Hours we have "Skippy" Gladchenko; "Queen of May" Coleman and "Sideburn" Rayburn. From the halls of dear old Yorktown comes our gigolo Shiply; then we have Cambell, the boy from beantown. Ludascher and Kassavich hail from St. Juliens Creek; from Norfolk and points south comes Marint. New York is represented by Cox; and from the town of good liberties, "N'Awlens," comes Killenin.

Others are: O'Malley, Nevayda, Robinson, Alderman, and Burton. Nor must we forget to mention "Pop" Brant from Quantico, who, before his days in the "Old Corps," was pushed away from many a free lunch counter. We're trying to raise enough cash to buy the old boy a wig before we leave, because, really, if he had hair, Pop would have Clark Gable cryin' for help.

## BASIC SCHOOL GRADUATES

By W. Carmel Sparks

After a year of intensive study, thirty-five members of the Marine Corps Basic School, at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, were graduated June 16, to take another step forward in their military careers. Attired nattily in white, with appropriate music by the post Navy Band, and surrounded by their many friends and relatives, the young officers received their diplomas from Maj-General Ben H. Fuller, Commandant of the Marine Corps, who journeyed to Philadelphia especially for the presentation ceremonies. This was the initial appearance for the Commandant in this role.

The ceremonies began with an invocation by Chaplain W. A. Maguire, Navy



Maj. Gen. Ben Fuller presents diploma to 2d Lt. A. J. Keller, honor man of the class.

Padre, and was followed by addresses by Lt. Colonel W. Dulty Smith, Commanding Officer Basic School, Rear Admiral L. A. Bostwick, Commandant Fourth Naval District, Major General Ben H. Fuller and the benediction by Commander W. A. Maguire.

In the keynote position on the program, Lt-Colonel Smith impressed upon the graduating class to remember that they had an important place to fill in the Navy; that their opportunities were many and that they were just what they made them, but whatever came their way to play the game hard and fair. His closing remarks warned them that they had just made a start in their education and that only years of experience would bring home to them the wisdom of that remark.

Rear Admiral L. A. Bostwick followed Colonel Smith on the program. He told the members of the class that he valued the school highly and assured them that they had made a good start for their future and closed by remarking that he had never seen a "better-looking" group of young men, which brought a round of applause.

In an easy, informal manner, Major General Ben H. Fuller, recalled memories of 41 years ago, when he came into the Marine Corps.

General Fuller drew a thumb-nail sketch of life in the Marine Corps "way-back-when," and pointed out to the new officers the many pitfalls there are to avoid. He traced the newly created Basic School back to the days of the School of Application, which he attended, when an hour of instruction each day was all the guidance the young officers received.

The Commandant's closing remarks were directed to the traditions of the Marine Corps. He asked the members of the graduating class to retain cordial relationship with the enlisted personnel

of the Corps, for there, he said, lies the real traditions of the Marine Corps.

After receiving their "sheepskins" from Major General Fuller, the members of the class began preparations to "shove-off" from Philadelphia, with the possible exception of Second Lieutenant Nelson K. Brown, who has been assigned to the Marine Barracks, at the Philadelphia Navy Yard.

The members of the class and the posts they have been assigned to are as follows:

2nd Lt. Harry S. Leon, to MB, Boston, Mass.

2nd Lt. Robert E. Fojt, to MB, Hampton Roads, Va.

2nd Lt. Robert S. Brown, to MB, Lakehurst, N. J.

2nd Lt. Wright Taylor, to MB, Norfolk, Va.

2nd Lt. Frederick Wieseman, to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Clifton R. Moss, to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. John A. White, to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. George Shell, to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. August Larson, to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Henry T. Elrod, to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Edward B. Carney, to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Luther S. Moore, to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Lewis C. Hudson, Jr., to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Edward H. Forney, Jr., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

2nd Lt. Wayne H. Adams, to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

2nd Lt. Clifford H. Shuey, to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

2nd Lt. Austin R. Brunelli, to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

2nd Lt. John H. Cook, Jr., to MB, Washington, D. C.

2nd Lt. Albert J. Keller, to MB, Washington, D. C.

2nd Lt. Edmund B. Games, to MB, Washington, D. C.

2nd Lt. Harlan C. Cooper, to MB, Newport, R. I.

2nd Lt. Wm. K. Pottinger, to MB, Newport, R. I.

2nd Lt. Edward J. Dillon, to MB, Newport, R. I.

2nd Lt. James H. Brewer, to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

2nd Lt. Harold I. Larson, to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

2nd Lt. Norman Hussa, to Nicaraguan Electoral Mission (gone).

2nd Lt. Richard W. Hayward, to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Marcellus J. Howard, to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Bankson T. Holcomb, to Asiatic Station.

2nd Lt. Charles R. Jones, to MB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. Samuel G. Taxis, to MB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. Donovan D. Sult, to MB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. Robert L. McKee, to MB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. Billy W. King, to MB, San Diego, Calif.

# News from Quantico

## QUANTICO QUIPS

The Marines at Quantico are glad to get back to work after a three-day holiday. Five hundred Marines entrained at Quantico and proceeded to Baltimore to witness a thrilling baseball game between Firemen and the Post Team. Although, our team fought hard and fair, they lost the game. Better luck next time, boys. After the game, the Marines were authorized three days liberty. They always seem to be glad to go to Baltimore—I wonder—just wonder, why?

Not much doing in Quantico since the dances have been stopped but we are hoping that they will start again soon.

Still have the movies every night and we get all the latest pictures. We have one smoker a month. Our fighters are improving in every way. Zeher, Young and Turner are turning in the best fistic performances. Jimmy Hill is still giving exhibitions on "how it useta be done" in the by-gone days.

The new swimming pool, which is in back of the new brig is to be opened Monday. Here's hoping that it opens as planned, as these hot, sultry days of Quantico makes one wish and long for the ol' swimmin' hole.

## MIRRORS OF BROWN FIELD

Pvt. G. M. Nasium

Last month's issue brought word to you, my readers (both of you), that this column would be no more, but upon hearing some of the boys around the field talking that this anonymous writer had that certain something in his neck—well, it made my cheek blood.

This column, as said before, is for the lower grades of the enlisted men, the morons, written in your languages for your entertainment. Anyone that doesn't like something that is written in this column can sue me. If you can find out my identity. Everyone has been suspected—all except the right one.

To make this column more interesting, I am going to give my readers (both of you, again) a chance to guess at my identity by giving little tips. Tip number one and a startling development in this case, readers versus writer. You have always suspected an enlisted man of writing this column. If that isn't a good tip—and doesn't narrow the field to the one that writes this column, I will eat my Second Lieutenant's bars. That makes tip number two this month.

I heard that a staff-member of "The Leatherneck" was down here looking for Sgt. Parson. Evidently they, as everyone else has at one time or another, linked the name Parson and G. M. Nasium—and they think that they are the one and the same person. The dopes.

My identity is well hidden. I have had several narrow escapes and that was what prompted me to say that this column would be discontinued. The snoopers were looking and trying to hear a mysterious typewriter that would click-clack in the dead silence of the nights. They never heard of the noiseless typewriter, but to further insure my identity, from now on, and forever more, I am going to do my typing at a friend's home in

Washington and mail my copy in directly from there.

I will give you tip number three. I wrote this article over the week-end of July 9th. That should give you additional material to work upon.

This will be about all this month as I earnestly thought that this column was going to be discontinued and I did not prepare any notes as heretofore. If you want this column continued, write a letter to "The Leatherneck." Telling them that you enjoyed, or rather, you like to read this column and you wish it continued. The editor will do me a favor by inserting a notice in his rag the number of letters received asking for the continuance of my column. I am egotistical to think that there will be quite a few, and of course, it will ease my conscience a little to know that someone enjoys my dirty work—and when I die and go to hell—my work will not be all in vain. So let the editor have your letters and watch my head swell. Next month, I will be with you with scandal aplenty.

## MAJOR ROWELL TAKES COMMAND OF QUANTICO AVIATION

Major Ross E. Rowell reported on May 25, 1932, to Brown Field, Quantico, Va., from the West Coast Expeditionary



Major Rowell, commanding Brown Field

Force to assume command of the aviation forces at the Quantico Air Base. Major Rowell had made an enviable record consisting of 8,315 flights or 8,084 flying hours without a more serious accident than a damaged landing gear caused by a plane landing in soft ground.

Major Rowell made his entrance into Marine Aviation via the Quartermaster Officer route. He learned to fly "when somebody was willing to give him a hand." Major Rowell is recognized as one of the best pilots of the three services and one of the most efficient com-

manding officers in Marine Aviation. Major Rowell was born in the West and this is his first trip East as a Commanding Officer.

Men serving with him in the Second Brigade Aircraft Squadrons, Nicaragua are well acquainted with his ability as pilot and Commanding Officer. He makes it a point to know as much as possible about everything pertaining to aviation. He proves his knowledge of the various phases of aviation by asking the heads of the different units intelligent questions pertaining specifically to their departments. These questions leave no doubt to the questioned that he had made a profound study of that particular work.

He is an exacting master in many ways, but his thoroughness bears fruit in the extraordinary accomplishment of his organizations.

He won the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Distinguished Service Medal for his work in Nicaragua. His twenty or more letters of commendation during his stay in aviation bear out that his accomplishments are not of the ordinary calibre.

## QUANTICO SCOUT TROOP

By Heath

The Boy Scouts Troop 121, Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia, held a weiner roast and Court of Awards on 23 June, the Troop furnishing entertainment and stunts, and the Post Band assisting in the festivities by furnishing music, under the direction of Chief Marine Gunner Talbot.

Among the events comprising the "Show-Off" were boxing bouts, with the contestants blindfolded; the starting of fire by the aid of flint and steel; cock-fighting; pillow-fighting, with contestants astride poles, during which some of the boys were unfortunate enough to get tumbles from their thrones; hand-wrestling, and tumbling and acrobatics, which were put on by Hunter Reinberg and Albert McVey.

In the course of the fun-making, two scouts came into the camp-fire circle supporting a fellow scout on a saddle carry, presumably seriously injured. Immediately the members of the First Aid Team proceeded to patch the boy up—starting with artificial restoration for a drowning person, then bandaging him for a cut to the head, a broken kneecap, sprained wrist and ankle, splints for a broken leg and arm, and a dressing applied for a severe laceration to the hand. As soon as they had finished bandaging the patient, guests at the camp were invited to inspect their job, and the resulting praise was most gratifying to them.

The First Aid event was followed by the Court of Awards, at which members of the Troop were awarded Merit Badges in recognition of work done during the past year. The badges were awarded by Mr. McPeck and Mr. Kellio, both of the District of Columbia Council, Boy Scouts of America.

Life Scouts Allen J. Howes and Knowles Henley were advanced to Eagle Scout; Star Scouts Thomas Joyce, Jr., and Hunter Reinberg were advanced to Life Scout; Steve Poularis was made a

First-Class Scout, and Robert Davis, Jr., Albert McVey and William R. Clark were made Second-Class Scouts. As an extended honor, Allen Howes, Jack Persons, Knowles Henley and Thomas Joyce, Jr., were permitted to proceed the Quantico Marine Band in the 42nd Annual Reunion of the U. V. C. at Richmond, Virginia, on 24 June, 1932.

We are deeply grateful to the Post Band for the help in making the fair a success, and to the parents who have so willingly cooperated in any project advanced for the best interests of the Troop, as well as the parents and other officers who were kind enough to be present at the Court of Awards and help make it a success. The Boy Scout Committee has our deepest thanks for their help and support and we wish to thank herein all persons connected with the Scout Troop in Quantico for their assistance.



**D**ESPITE these torrid times business is as usual at Brown Field and if anything there is more activity than is to be expected during the hot mid-summer months.

The biggest job under way is the overhauling and painting of the Hell Divers for the Canadian Air Races to be held the 19th of August at Montreal and the Cleveland Air Races that will follow on the heels of the Canadian meet. The invitation for the Canadian specified 18 Marine Corps planes and that's something for the singling out of the Marine planes that always make a show. By their noses and tails you shall know them, for after a conference that lasted all afternoon the design that was adopted was hatched out by Major Rowell, First Lt. C. J. Chappell, Master Sergeant Blackwell and Second Lt. Smith. The design on the tails and nose cowlings might be the child of the minds of a futuristic, cubist, and pastel shade artist. The nose cowling and rudder is spread with a black gammon or old favorite "Acey-Ducey" board and the same color scheme is used on the wheels giving two maltese crosses on the wheel fairing. Three of the planes are out, one with a red and white design, one with a black and yellow, and the other green and white. The paint used takes the highest automobile polish and the crews are busy keeping the jobs shining. With the Navy gray for a background it is believed that the nine planes to make the two races will be the major part of the show. Major Rowell has mapped out a new idea in aircraft showing for mili-

tary planes and will actually give a military demonstration with miniature smoke bombs.

In V F 9-M Lt. Lawson H. M. Sander-son after graduating from the Company Officers' School in Quantico in June is skipper of the squadron as of old, with First Lt. T. J. Walker as operations officer. The squadron is still expecting the new Boenings that were promised early last Spring but have not arrived to date. The faithful F7's are still holding up for cross country and straight flying formations and the squadron has a Kingbird and a Fokker.

Major Geiger with Captain W. C. Farrell as co-pilot and Gunnery Sergeant Fitzsimmons took off for Managua in Ford No. 8273 on the morning of the 30th of June but a bad field at St. Julien, Cuba, resulted in the break of the lower longerons on a landing there. First Lt. C. F. Schilt took off with Master Sergeant Geer as co-pilot on the morning of the 4th and picking up Major Geiger the next day arrived in Managua on the afternoon of the 6th with Ford No. 8274.

Twenty-seven Reserve Officers from bases at Floyd Bennet Field in New York and Miami were given their two weeks active duty training here from the 13th to the 27th of June. Six others were given special camera, gun and bombing training later in the month in an effort to qualify them for Naval Aviators.

The eight year reserves that have been here for the last 12 months went on inactive status on the first of July and Lt. Frederick H. Smith likes Marine Aviation so well that he resigned his commission in the reserve and enlisted as a regular as a private. The dope is that he will be made a staff sergeant with a Naval Aviation Pilot's rating and that all the help possible and encouragement will be given him for the officers' school that is held in Washington yearly. He will have to do his other year as an enlisted man first in order to be eligible for the appointment. But as a certain breakfast cereal boast the "Cream of the Crop," "Smitty" was the cream of last crop of reserves. Everybody likes him and all want to see him get ahead in Marine Aviation. He is a graduate of New Hampshire University is a versatile pilot and an artist of the first water having contributed many sketches to "The Leatherneck" during his year here.

The one candidate that Brown Field has sent to the enlisted flight training course at Hampton Roads, Corporal Gaston Davis, has had his first few hours and from reports obtained from his instructor he may go ahead and pass the first elimination check. Private Harr is

standing by to report August first and Private R. K. Longanecker is here awaiting orders to report. The row is going to be a hard one to hoe and only the best are going to make grade according to the dope to be had at Hampton Roads.

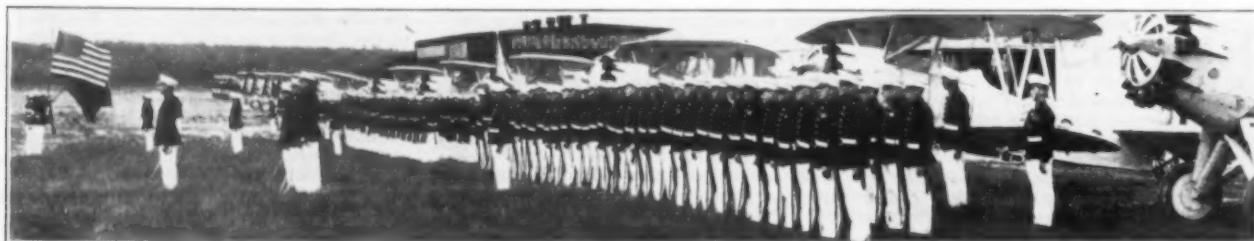
It is said that David played his flute while watching the flocks and that Nero played his saxophone while Rome was burning, but this one is the best. Hearing strains of discordance the other day on the apron during the hottest noon day sun the noise was traced from thought to be radios to the wind sock bearing on the hangar in an effort to trace down the "notes."

On nearing the parked Fokker and looking in there sat a bespectacled corporal of V F 9-M, floating in perspiration and assiduously following the printed notes of a correspondence course in mouth organ that were propped against the back of one of the chairs. It seems that the young musician has selected the retreat where there is privacy and is intent on mastering the instrument. It may be that he hopes to chase the "bugs" out of the engines or the like. And he was playing "At" the "Sidewalks of New York." Well, so did the backers of Al Smith for president.

There were two sergeants made on the field the other day and next to the Democratic nomination there was real lobbying around headquarters by officers with their candidates and a goodly number of enlisted men showing an interest in the ones to be picked. George C. Codding "Gig" and Troy A. Lawrence were the two picked from eight named for the rating. Codding is an old timer in Marine Aviation having started back in Santo Domingo days and has had his "ups" and "downs." "Gig" is one of the most capable riggers and all around aviation men in the service and is also an artist of ability. Everybody was glad to see Codding get going up again. Lawrence is the head enlisted man at the operations office and is a capable man. He lost out on the flight class but still has hopes of making the grade as he passed the highest mental examination taken here.

Quite a number turned out for the baseball game at Baltimore on the 27th of June when the Marines lost in 12 innings to the Firemen of the Maryland city. The reported distance on the order put out in advance of the game was that the march would be a mile and a quarter. From the actual distance clocked with an automobile speedometer, if the near beer around Baltimore is as opposite in distance as was this 1¼ miles, there would be no need of repealing the 18th Amendment.

"Farmer" Couch, Aviation's pitching



ace is bearing the wheel horse burden of the Quantico Baseball team this season. The big right-hander has lost but three games to date and has won his share of the 22 games won. Couch was looked over by Washington scouts last year and will probably get another invitation to get looked over again this Fall. He is a change of pace artist and is a horse for work. He got credit for the loss of the Baltimore game, but went in when the score was tied in an effort to stem the firemen after another pitcher has lost the game from all the observer's ideas about the fray. Eugene Bracci, a short stop, is also with the team and has a good record both in the field and at bat.

With all the depression and unemploy-

ment talk about on the outside we are mighty short of help hereabouts. There are not enough men for any of the shops due to the range details and the furloughs that come at this time of year. It is about like the two Irishmen that went different ways after death and during a conversation from "down-stairs" to "up" the two were telling of shoveling coal et cetera down below and the hanging out of the stars and moon up where the gates are guarded "by the United States Marines." When the man above was asked about the labor situation above and he stated that they were a little short of help. That is about the way it is in the service now it seems. Many are on the outside now looking in and back to their time in the Marine Corps and wishing they could come back now.

During these drab days it is a privilege to be in such a service as the Marine Corps and of course we naturally think that Aviation is the pick of the organizations.

\* \* \* \*

The latest aircraft on the field is a re-hashed Martin T4M-1 that has been fitted with a tank hopper and venturi for dusting mosquitoes in the swamps about Quantico. The tank is just to the rear of the pilot's cockpit and an ingenious ballast device consisting of a supply of shot located in the nose of the plane that can be transferred by gravity to the tail while the plane is in flight through tubes to equalize the weight of the dusted Paris Green and soapstone, is a new wrinkle in mosquito dusters.



#### FIFTH REGIMENT REPORTS COMPANY "D"

Since our last donation to "The Leatherneck" we have had some more new arrivals from the U. S. There isn't very much to say for them except that they are rapidly getting into the line of things here. Most of these men are new to the tropics, and have to get acclimated, so we have to overlook a lot of growls from them. But we are sure they will get into line soon.

A few weeks ago we pulled off an instructional demonstration for the native cadets of the Academia Militar de Nicaragua. These cadets who are future officers of the Guardia, are picked from the most intelligent men in the country. And the intelligent questions they asked in regards to the guns proved that. They were all very interested and after the demonstration they came around and asked lots of questions. It was really a pleasure to answer them due to the courteous way these questions were asked. Quite a few of these cadets spoke English and were able to interpret for the others.

The demonstration was pulled off by one Stokes Mortar, two 37 M.M. guns, and a battery of four machine guns.

The effect of individual fire of each gun and type was demonstrated, then the connected fire of all guns working together was brought out, which delighted the natives immensely due no doubt to the great noise produced. This fire was concentrated on targets anchored out in Lake Managua. Sgt. Dishman did exceptional work in the placing of his Stokes Mortar projectiles. He also showed how effective Mortar fire could be in routing bandits out of emplacements in the brush.

We once more proved our efficiency in the past month by winning the "Efficiency" pennant again, beating the rifle companies at their own game. These intercompany competitions have made quite a hit, due possibly to the fact that the winners have extended liberty for

the month. But they have brought a better spirit to the men.

Our Company Commander, Captain Ward, is one fine man and the men, liking him, are desirous of putting our company on top. In anything the Captain can be assured of the whole-hearted cooperation of the men under him.

All the men now are looking forward to the approaching electoral mission. Most of us really don't know what it is all about, but still we are talking about it and speculating. Of course it will be a great thing for some, and some will be disappointed, but that is to be expected. We can only hope that we are the ones that get the "breaks."

While writing this article we may as well bring in about a trip that eight men of this company made to Puerto Cabazas on the East Coast of Nicaragua.

Due to recent bandit activities near there, these men were sent over to reinforce the detachment guarding the aviation field. Going over by plane we passed over wild mountain country and on the other side of the mountains we passed large swamps, which really would be rather awkward to make a forced landing in. On reaching our destination we were agreeably surprised to find that the men there did not expect us, and were getting along fine. The field there is a clean, airy place, being on a small plain. Those men all liked their post and duties. Also their living conditions are considerably improved by the friendly efforts of the lumber company there. The men are all friendly with the residents of the town, and jealously guard against a break in this friendship. After leaving Managua and going to the East Coast, we seemed to be in another country. The houses are all built American style and most all of the people speak English. It really was great to be among people that speak your own language. This "Hablo Espanol" stuff gets tiresome after a little while. And also the people being friendly helped a lot. Sgt. Stawski, who is in charge of the detachment is a fine fellow and the

men like him. Through his efforts they have been able to have baseball games, billiard tournaments, and also tennis tournaments. The lumber company has a couple of tennis courts and the men are allowed to use them. Also the pool in the company's club as well as the dance floor are at the disposal of the Marines there. It did not take the men from Managua long to like the place, and then a destroyer came in with some Marines and the Managua Marines were returned home, or rather back to Managua. Anyway, though, we had no trouble with bandits, it was an enjoyable trip, and no one was very much disappointed.

#### COMPANY "B"

Lo Folks:—Company "B" sounding off again. Been a few changes in personnel since our last writing, and who are we to withhold information from our public.

Second Lieutenant Richard J. McPherson, who joined us toward the end of last month, was snatched away and detailed as Provost Marshal. Again our loss is their gain.

Our office force has changed a bit too. Private Coates having been relieved as Company Runner by Private Harrison. Coates, by the way, was one of the lucky ones, who sailed on the "Henderson" for the good old Estados Unidos. Harrison who has been all over the hills in his two trips down here, claims it don't seem possible that he would turn dogrobber. Miller, our erstwhile Company Clerk, was relieved by Pfc. Gordon. Miller went to the Brigade Headquarters for duty as runner. Gordon, late of the Pay Office, holds the record of having been in every company down here.

Gy-Sergeant Eadens was relieved from the Military police force by Gy-Sergeant Meldey. Eadens, even as Coates, sail via the U. S. S. "Henderson," for the United States. Meldey, known throughout the Marine Corps, as the "Iron Duke," needs only a magnifying glass to represent the proverbial Sleuth. Already has rubber



Old Mombacho is no longer active, but she has done her part in spewing forth many islands in Lake Nicaragua, especially Ometepe and Zapatera.

heels and a nose for snooze. News, I mean.

Due to lack of news, we'll have to sign off until the next issue of "The Leatherneck" goes to press, until then "Adios Amigos."

## MOTOR TRANSPORT, PORT AU PRINCE

By H. Shlafer

Having been extremely conspicuous by our absence in the pages of "The Leatherneck" for a long period, it is high time that once again, readers of this worthy magazine be kept informed of that small but potent organization in Port au Prince, Haiti. It is none other

than the Brigade Motor Transport Company. Our personnel is composed of two commissioned officers and sixty-one enlisted men.

First Lieutenant C. G. Meints is our popular C. O., and is assisted by Second Lieutenant B. C. Batterton, polo star of national repute (in Haiti). It is with regret that we inform the world that Lieutenant Batterton will soon leave these shores for the land of depressions, prohibition and Democrats. Such is the way of the Marine Corps, and I write sincerely, when I quote that what is our misfortune is someone else's fortune.

You, who have never been in the land of Haiti, probably will be interested to know that the Motor Transport Company is located in the north end of the

town, next to the golf course. First Sergeant Walker, Staff Sergeant Carter, Sergeant Cusick and Corporal Goodeman are profuse in their thanks for the nearness of the grounds, which allows them to pursue the sport of Bobby Jones.

First Sergeant, face wreathed with smiles, informs us that he will stay in Haiti for six more months. Tough luck, Rousseau, old man, but don't give up hope.

Sergeant Boshman, our personal encyclopedia, has charge of Quartermaster activities here. He is aided and abetted in his nefarious duties by our future Bill Tilden, Goose Goslin, that is, future Tilden, with the permission of Private Marut, who may claim the honor himself. Just a little more experience, Marut, that's all. Murat, better known as "Pollack," insists "That all Poles are not in front of barber shops."

Just by the way of adding a little weight to this narrative, you are informed that Little Nemo is a member of this organization (as if anybody cares). However, we are real thankful for that, as it has helped to curb the famous and exaggerated tales propounded by our Gigolo, Corporal Wright. Attabo, Nemo. Nemo says, "I can beat Wright in anything except gigoloing." Is that a word?

Privates Huck, Novitske, Bailey and Espeland are the pinochle players of this company, and as this goes to press, Bailey and Espeland were still struggling valiantly, but futilely.

Gosh, almost forgot the most important thing of all, Sergeant Lamusga is our Mess Sergeant. Is that important! Yum! Yum!

Corporals Botti and Wren, who have left our happy home, are gone, but not forgotten. We are constantly reminded of them.

That's all. More next month.

# News From The West Coast

## SOMETHING OR OTHER

By H. S. Griffin

Gentle reader, forgive us for we know not what we do! With all these transfers, parades, drills, and other such annoyances occurring daily, we have not been able to get around and get much copy for this issue. Turch and "Cy" Perkins being on their way to China; "Murph" Galaziewski paid off; and Jimmy La Rue still on furlough; our little column is rather shot for outstanding copy and personalities. However, with apologies to none and sympathy for the nitwit that tries to write this, we will do our best for the nonce.

A glance around the Base seems to transport one back to the East Coast—former mates and pals have taken possession of San Diego in a big way while waiting transfer to the Far East. Hooker, Smithberger, and Alterson from Parris Island; Roderiguez, former quartermaster growl from Washington; and Wright, graduate of New York's Sound School, are in the lead. Most of the "Lost Battalion" stopped here overnight and said hello; Davison, Smith, Vautour, and McKenna, and Bell, leading lights of East Coast football, all have come

and went, as our Roman ancestor so aptly put it.

Speaking of "Dick" Hooker, one of the first remarks he made upon arrival was that "Doc" Otis, our contemporary in "Giggle Gas," would probably be "s.o.l." for copy since Dick left the South. Never fear, "Doc," your work will be carried on and Hooker will be taken care of in a big way. We already have our foreign correspondent on his trail. His first report is that Hooker is well qualified for a Mexican campaign medal for excellent work at Vick's place—in fact, just one more sally will earn him his first bar. Nope, you're all wet, we mean a qualification bar, not the kind you are thinking of.

The ball season is over and the stars have either gone to Mare Island or are resting for football. In fact this is the slowest month on record for sports. We know darn well the command thanks the boys for their excellent work and trusts they keep up the play at Mare Island. Our one regret is that Rose and Sonnenberg could not make the trip and give the Frisco fans a treat. These two slugging outfielders are the cream of the crop. Rosy probably would have fallen off a bit due to the extensive running he did in the last few games

while "Sonny" concentrated on hitting. One of the best bits of the season was the May Pole dance Rose made in left field while chasing a line drive.

Many of you fans have read of Chicago's "Secret Six"—a syndicate whose mission is chasing down crime. Well, there seems to be something of that sort on the Base. Whether their efforts will become known or not, San Diego's heroes are called the "Seven Sinners." Our spies are not sure what these men are doing, but he does know that they must be chasing down crime here since they are seen at the best (or worst) places. They come from all walks of life, and we mean real hikes. It is our opinion that they are real hunters or woodsmen because of the trailing done up and down the canyons around town, with a few stops every now and then to bay at the moon and stars.

Have we informed the outside world that we have a real hero in our midst? 'Safact, we really have—"Crusher" Hart single-handed captured an escaped man and made it look easy. Old "Two-fifteen" Heinzel says he wishes he could have been there first. Step right up, folks, and meet "Two-fifteen"—a real man's man. His cognomen was tacked upon him the time he went to great

lengths and trouble to procure jawbone coffee for five of his pals. While he was engaged in an animated conversation, his friends ordered steaks and coffee to the tune of \$2.15. Heinie got the bill later and collapsed. Not that we blame him. P. S.—The funny part of all is that he paid it all by himself. Wattaman!

To "Charlie" Cram, who incidentally is now risen to the exalted rank of corporal, goes the purple tinted peach pit for the best story of the month. It seems that he was doing guard duty with a recruit fresh from "boot-camp." The officer of the day made his nocturnal inspection and approached Number Four post where our hero was pacing up and down. "Halt!" rang the command, followed by at least two minutes of complete silence. The "OD," an officer of the old school, fidgeted for the while and finally barked, "Well, are ya goin' to keep me standing here all night?" Imagine his surprise when the boot snapped out of his lethargy and said, "Stand at—ease." All right, beat it if you can. Next month we hope to continue this short, short story with a tale about a button. Why not mail your first story to the Tale Inspector and Ink Eradicator, care of this magazine? A prize worth millions is given away free with each purchase.

Scandalous is what we call it—can you imagine a paragon of virtue being caught in a den of iniquity where pop and soda is sold? While wandering around the high spots of Diego, whom should we see but our esteemed fellow "rojo" Callahan! Since Cummings went to the hospital, "Red" has been alone sorting our mail and sending it back and what not, so that probably accounts for his slip. To be serious for a change, we just happened to think that "Tiny" Cummings will probably not play football this fall. The loss of a pillar of strength such as "Tiny" is no mean handicap to start the season with. We all trust that he will recover in time to don the old moleskins and come thundering down the gridiron once again.

While on the subject of football, we San Diegans take this chance to welcome "Jerry" Stuckwisch and Lee Popple to our midst. Both these men are bang-up linemen and should aid greatly in helping Diego smear the other services this year. Lieutenant "Joe" MacCaffery, one of the smartest quarterbacks to ever play service football, is also on his way to lend his experience and knowledge to the team. After glancing at the schedule for this fall, we appreciate the fact that the boys will have to put out to jump all these hurdles with nary a spill. After the season there should be no question in anyone's mind where the football strength of the Marine Corps really is.

Our old friend "Proctor & Gamble" Wilder has left the Prison Guard and is dishing out soft drinks and the like at the new post exchange fountain. "Pee Gee" is aided in this work by that sterling silver sheik of La Jolla, Jimmy Palmer. Jim got all excited about going to Nicaragua with the Electoral Mission and is slightly peeved because the detachment was disbanded. That's all right, Jimmy, take it easy on the first hitch and don't attempt any more catches of wet punts on your goal line.

"Rugged" Oakes had a birthday, got a car, and went to the range all on the same day. However, he has recovered



Maj. Gen. Logan Feland, USMC.; Capt. Joseph P. Sproul, USMCR.; and Frank F. Merriam, Lt. Governor of California.

from the strain and is now burning them up. Our one complaint is that George makes us ride too many horses in the dark. His buddy, Hart, is almost as bad with his firecrackers on the seat. was our dignity injured, and how! Whoops m'deah!

Freddie Bengal, whose resemblance to Richard Dix is putting us all far in the background on parties, went for an airplane ride on the Fourth of July. He was feeling good when all of a sudden the plane went a trifle haywire and started to slip. After a power dive, Freddie grabbed our arm and pointed to a book that had slipped from under the pilot's seat and gasped, "Ain't it the truth?" The book was Pearl Buck's novel, entitled "The Good Earth." After that one, we are convinced that it is time to quit, so we bid you all a fond farewell and go get a cold one, for we have an awful cold.

### MAJOR GENERAL FELAND HONORED

Major General Logan Feland, USMC, Commanding General of the Department of the Pacific, was tendered an honorary membership in the new Army-Navy Club of Los Angeles. The presentation of the membership was made to him at a banquet for the combined services, which was sponsored by the Marine Corps Association of Los Angeles. Captain John J. Flynn, USMCR, is the present president of the Association. Lieutenant-Governor Frank F. Merriam of California was present at the ceremonies when Captain Joseph P. Sproul, USMCR, Secretary of the Association, made the speech of presentation.

The dinner was one of the most successful ever held by the combined service organizations. High ranking Army, Navy and Marine Corps officers as well as leading public officials of Los Angeles attended the banquet. Captain Sproul served as toastmaster.

### LOS ANGELES RECRUITERS

By Madison C. Whiteside

The Los Angeles Recruiters have gone "Hollywood." First, Lieutenant Owen E. Jensen of Company "B," First Battalion, 25th Reserve Marines, and Sergeant L. Coleman of this recruiting personnel, arose bright and early on a certain Sunday morning in May and went out to the Radio Station KNX in Hollywood, to meet and interview before the mike, Jackie Searle, the popular juvenile movie star.

Amidst much pomp and ceremony, Jackie Searle was interviewed by Sergeant Coleman and in due course, was made the official mascot of the First Battalion. Incidentally, Sergeant Coleman exhibited considerable radio "IT." All members of the Reserve having radios, tuned in on the above program, and agreed that the Sergeant is on par with America's best radio announcers.

Secondly, on the night of May 25th, the Rainbow Division of Los Angeles made Miss Ann Harding an Honorary Colonel in their division. The reason for bestowing this great honor upon Miss Harding was because her father, Brigadier General George Gately, served with the division, commanding it overseas and later taking them into Germany with the Army of Occupation.

Colonel William Fairbanks and Major Walkup of the U. S. Army Reserves, and Sergeant Whiteside of this recruiting personnel, conducted Miss Harding to the Shrine Auditorium of this city, where she was given her Eagles in the presence of an audience of about 25,000 people. Prior to this ceremony, the Legion of Valor led the parade to the auditorium. Their color bearers were Sergeants Bryan and Coleman of this personnel. It was the opinion of all, that this ceremony was very impressive.

The reserve battalion of this city has received the devoted attention of the entire personnel of this station during the past week in preparation for two

weeks' active training at San Diego, California. In addition to aspiring for full complements in the 25th Reserve Marines, considerable effort has been made to recruit a Marine Corps Aviation Squadron at Naval Reserve Aviation Base, Long Beach, California, up to authorized strength. This new organization is known as "Fighting Squadron Four," and has its Commanding Officer Captain L. B. Stedman, Jr. Captain Stedman reports this organization progressing satisfactorily. It should, for Aviation in these parts is most popular with the youths.

After an arduous two weeks' preparations, on June 12th the First Battalion entrained at Los Angeles for San Diego. The battalion on leaving here boasted of a strength of about one hundred and fifty men and officers, which required three passenger coaches for transportation. Their departure was witnessed by a large crowd of parents and admirers.

We have visions of a special train being pressed into service in transporting this battalion to the training camp next year. Here's hoping, for this battalion is an honor to the regulars in every respect.

### HAWTHORNE SAND AND SAGE

With summer here at last the writer will try to shake off an attack of whatever it is that makes one lazy, long enough to let the world know what's taking place in Hawthorne. The past month has brought many new faces to N.A.D. and many have left us. Captain R. J. Bartholomew and 1st Sergeant F. Skwiralski are our CO, and top kick, and due to their efforts this post is fast becoming one of the best in the Corps. For proof we offer the following: Recently a call came from the Department of the Pacific, for men who would extend their enlistments the required number of years to go to Shanghai. Short timers galore rushed to the officer and it looked as though the next transport to the Far East would be well filled with ex-Hawthorne Marines. When the first rush was over and the men had thought it over, every Mother's son then was sorry and now vow that they will not extend for Shanghai but want to stay at Hawthorne. It may be the new waitress at the Nevada Club or the girl from Texas, but we are satisfied that its just a desire to stay on in Hawthorne.

Among the men leaving, we have Private A. L. Knight who goes to the Elections in Nicaragua. Private First Class Shell left us by train to Jersey City, N. J., to accompany the body of Private

Ernest E. Ruede who was fatally shot while hiking in the hills. Ruede was a square shooter, a good shipmate and the entire post was saddened by the news of his death. When his duties are over at Jersey City, Shell will report at Brooklyn Navy Yard, but he says he's going to extend two years for Hawthorne. Private G. B. Howard recently left us for the East Coast where he will soon be discharged. Corporal Herman D. Keller expects to leave soon after the grand and glorious fourth for San Diego. Reason, lack of dental facilities at this post.

Newcomers consist of Sergeant Oscar W. Cargile who will take over the duties of post Quartermaster's clerk upon transfer of Corporal Keller. Privates First Class C. O. Parrish, P. E. McClure, E. A. Chapman and Privates J. W. Kristoff, F. P. Papalegis, R. W. Randall and F. D. Rayburn. They came from China, Battleships and civilian life. Poor fellows, when they leave they too will be incurable desert rats. It gets all of us.

There's a Carnation Can look over the face of Private First Class J. F. Yackley, our stable sergeant. The alfalfa is all cut and safely in the hay mow. Nothing to do now till the next crop. The horses too are taking on a sleek fat shape and may be seen standing in the corral, gazing up at the loft. They know that the hay and the man that gives it to them are both there. And, here's a bit for you, Joe. While showing visitors through the depot a few days ago I heard a lady say, "The stable is clean enough to live in isn't it?" Here's something else about our groom. He has been seen recently trying to fly a kite during the evening hours in the company of Corporal P. P. Compton and Private First Class E. L. Davis. They plan on writing an almanac next. But that's not nearly so bad as Corporal M. W. Craig our big brawny Post Exchange Steward. While in Craig's room lately the writer found a crochet hook, No. 7. Max says he used it to mend a gladstone bag which was slightly worn. Private D. H. Mason, former two gun constable of Teton Basin, Idaho, is looking for the receipt of a tear gas gun lately purchased through the U. S. Mail.

With the swimming season at hand a convenient arrangement has been made to keep the Navy Beach well supplied with life guards and the fairer sex during the summer months. Corporal H. C. Coslet and Private P. H. Perser will alternate between the beach and the duties of M. P. at our fair city. While on M.P. duty all the dates can be made which ought to flock the girls around them the next day while on life guard duty.

Private First Class Thrash, sheik deluxe and apple knocker extraordinary, is reported to be green-eyed with jealousy at not being given such a job. Corporal King, W. E., is snapping in at the laundry so as to be able to assume full management at the discharge of Private O. J. Dragge, our present big soap and starch man. Private Rosemark, post projectionist who wanted to go to the East Coast has changed his mind and now wants to stay in Hawthorne. He's studying hard to pass a radio operator's examination and plans to install an amateur transmitting station here. Private Roscoe Mills of the California Mills is burning up the road between Hawthorne and Mina, Nevada. Roscoe swears that the latest one is the only one he's ever loved. Are you going to extend two years for Shanghai, Roscoe? Sergeant E. J. (Paddy) O'Connell says he has swam Walker Lake in two hours and forty-five minutes, thereby bettering the old record some thirty minutes. Men who were at the beach on this particular day give conflicting reports but they all agree that Paddy never waded out above the hips. Private L. L. Klingler, of the mounted, plans on becoming an accomplished pianist with the help of Major Chord, Station XEL, Del Rio, Texas. Klingler who is better known around N.A.D. as Dunkie, has set his goal higher than Paderewski's. Good luck, Dunkie! If everything goes well Private R. F. Barkley will spend the next thirty days with folks in Kansas. Because of the fact that he can shock eighty acres of grain in six hours he ought to be a big help during the harvest. The past month has found the rifle range again occupied and the following men have qualified as expert riflemen: Cpls. W. H. Rubin, G. E. Elchinger and L. Leslie, Pfc. P. McClure, Pfts. T. S. Tickle, O. J. Dragge, and F. D. Rayburn. Sharpshooters we have Pfc. C. O. Parrish, Pfts. J. Kristoff, D. Ricci, J. Hardy and L. Thorson. The firing starts at three thirty in the morning and makes necessary the calling of a small butts detail, which brings forth the usual amount of grumbling, but is promptly forgotten in the siesta hours.

Pfc. L. Leslie has gotten his just rewards and now may be seen at the non-com's mess proudly displaying two stripes. Leslie extended two years the day before he received his warrant which makes us believe that someone put a bug in his ear. Congratulations, Lornie, you've earned it and we don't mean the bug in your ear.

At present plans are being made to send a truck to Reno the fourth of July for the benefit of those who wish to see the Butcher Boy and Kingfish Levinsky battle it out. The Company Clown says if this stuff isn't in soon he won't type it before he goes, so we must rush it in. Just one more thing: Don't miss the letter in the first of July issue of "Our Navy" which is signed by a Harvard graduate. We were surprised to see that we were not supposed to put on a bit of front. It still rankles in our manly bosoms.

We'll let you know all about the Baer-Levinsky fight next month, Mr. Broadcaster, and until then, N.A.D., Hawthorne bids you all farewell.



MARINE BARRACKS,  
PUGET SOUND

West. Div. Rifle Champs, 1932.  
Ch. Marine Gunner Harrington and  
his black busters.



# Parris Island News

## HISTORY OF PLATOON A-11

By J. O. Taylor

On June 1, 1932, there was a great change in the lives of twenty-nine young men when they enlisted in the Marine Corps. A few days later a ragged bunch of recruits reached Parris Island, some looking rather dejected and homesick already, while in the eyes of others a faint ray of hope shone forth. Not one had any idea what was in store for him. However, only a few short days of drill were necessary to convince all that they had a hard road to follow.

Seven States are represented in Platoon A-11, coal-miners from Ohio, Georgia "Crackers," "Cajons" from the swamps and bayous of Louisiana, cotton farmers and flat-boaters from the Mississippi Delta, "Rednecks" from Alabama, and "Hillbillies" and "Tarheels" from the Carolinas.

The period of close order drill was hard on both instructors and recruits. It was a "toss-up" as to who would last it out. However, the patience of our drill instructors, Sergeant Cary and Corporals Wilson and Mikell proved everlasting. How they stood the strain is a mystery, Sergeant Cary's only regret was that there was no one in the Platoon from Arkansas. According to him all good soldiers come from Arkansas. One look at the Platoon in action will convince anyone that he is right. But due to his patience, endurance and wise guidance, Platoon A-11 has made the grade, thus far, safely and, without serious mishap.

The goats were separated from the sheep on the bayonet course. Only a small percentage were among those who fell by the wayside. At present A-11 is going through the ordeal of "snapping in" on the rifle range. All are hoping for the best and praying for the end to come soon.

Although we have had no taste of actual warfare our scant training has thoroughly convinced us all that Sherman's classic remark is absolutely true.

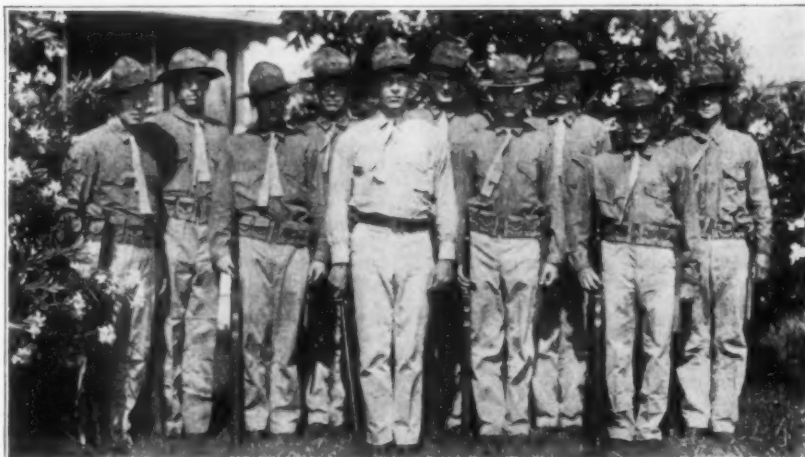
In a very short time the members of Platoon A-11 will be scattered to the four corners of this planet we call the earth, and they will go on duty as full fledged Marines. Never again will they be together in one body but they will all take with them memories of hard work, good fellowship and cooperation.

With sincere admiration and respect for our instructors and officers we bid them farewell at the end of "boot-camp." May they carry on-

## B-12 BOOT BROADCAST

By H. L. Akers

June 20, 1932, a conglomeration of now nondescript humanity accumulated at the Parris Island Training Camp. The Marine Corps entrusted this collection to the care of Sergeant Watson, Corporal Fields and Corporal Smith. This trio started out to make it into some semblance of a military outfit. Considering the material, they have done rather well.



Company C-8, instructed by Corporal Cain

Since then we have drilled, learned the manual, worked like madmen, and had plenty of fun. I'm sure some of us didn't know we could walk so much. We are from all walks of life, and squads right, squads left, right shoulder, left shoulder, heavies and extended order is all new stuff to us. However, we have received wonderful training in this and we all like it.

Private Palukis, an old Army man, is standing up fine in this better branch of service, but his feet protest loudly. Private "Cat-Fish" Covington lives up to his nickname by keeping his big mouth going at all times. An ex-pug, Private Hicks, entertains us with animated lectures on the manly art of self-defense. Private Griffith, an ex-Marine, is a kind of father to us all, and has helped no little in keeping us straight.

Private Wilson seems to have a hard time getting rid of the swinging walk acquired by having a girl on one arm, or both. Private "Mack" McMillen, another ex-Devil Dog, keeps us all awake with his antics and bright cracks. Private Runkle is the runt of the outfit and our only Annapolis hope. Our playground ball catcher, Private Pittman, is getting better, but there is still room for improvement. Private "Beck" Fordham still blushes when he gets a card or letter from Ann. The mosquitoes haven't a ghost of a chance when "Chow Hound" Ashburn gets his towel around his head, Mahatma Ghandi style.

"Ski" Yablonsky is another ex-Army man who reformed to the Marines. He wants to be a "pile it." Private Lloyd has found out that there are two "L's" in his name after all. A wire from his dad confirmed this point. "Red" Thaxton is our hope for the N. C. O. School if he can get his mind off a certain number of the weaker sex in Savannah. Private "Chick" Aldridge is our radio bug and is also the fastest man in the outfit.

"Chi" Mellin has turned about three shades darker since leaving Chicago, but he doesn't like the sun and is always dreaming about snow and ice. My bunk is next in line but the less said the better. Private Bumpus from the Navy and Buzzard's Bay wants to get back to his old pal, the ocean, by going to Sea School. Private "Fat" Doughty is rapidly cutting the waist line at the expense of his feet. He wonders if it is

worth while. Last but not least is Private "Grandpop" Hastings; he is another ex-Gob gun-pointer, and is a Sea School bound Marine.

Well, in four weeks we will scatter to all four corners of the world and B-12 will be only a memory. You will hear from the members of this gang for four years. Watch for them.

## NOT MENTIONIN' NO NAMES

"And the waters prevailed exceedingly" upon Parris Island, for forty days and forty nights. Even the golf course was flooded. And Marines and sailors were out there playing in their rubber boots and flat feet (beg pardon, we mean bare feet!). The frogs in the pond that used to be the first green were so delighted with the lost balls that fell to their lot that, all night long, one could hear them calling, "Fore! Fore! Fore!"

Riding majestically through the cloud-bursts came not the Ark but the Akron. We had hoped on account of the bad field and weather conditions that the Akron would pass us up on this trip. But so soon as it became known that she would be forced to land here for refueling, a landing detail, including our very heaviest Quartermaster Sergeants, was organized and instructed. With the result that, when the Akron left here, she radioed a "rising" vote of thanks, and complimented us on the excellent assistance that had been rendered her under trying circumstances and adverse weather conditions.

With the flood came also the tall grass and mosquitos. Together with a general breakdown of all the lawn mowers in the Police Shed. Those who wanted to have their grass cut, and could afford it, bought cows. The others bought cow bells. And hung them on their children to keep them from getting lost in their own front yards. However, we got a new major in, even if we didn't get new spare parts for the lawn mowers. And the grass is being cut. All activities in the post are shut down, four afternoons a week, in order to do it. Old scythes, swords, bayonets, decrepit sickles, and one-wheeled lawn mowers are being pressed into service. More ditches have been dug here lately than trenches were dug during the late

war. And the Mosquito Fleet is engaged daily in Battle Practice.

Not so long ago there was a fellow here who wrote a big spread for the Savannah Morning News about Parris Island being the Garden Spot of the South. As our friend, Chic Sales, would say, "It must have been the spot where old Dobbin stopped to take a rest." At any rate, the fellow left the country shortly after the article appeared. So nothing can be done about it. In fairness to him be it said that he spun his fairy tale before Reveille was shoved up to 5:30 a. m., with Police Work following Troop Inspection at 6:30 a. m., daily except Sundays and holidays. Also before Marine Corps Order No. 41 was sprung on a peaceful community with the threat that occasionally "enlisted men of all other ranks" not specified in the Order would be required to attend drill. That is the clause that would have changed his tune, perhaps.

Leaving a nice, cool office, or a soft bunk on the shady side of the barracks, four afternoons a week, to go out in the hot sun and try to cut wire grass with tools that never did and never will cut anything, is no sinecure. In fact, we've heard it said that the only fellows on the post who still enjoy freedom from drills, heavies, hikes, intensive police work, early rising and other unpleasantness, and can enjoy a leisure hour or two in a recreation room are the Boys in Gray. If all we hear predicted comes true, gray will soon be the fashionable summer color worn by the Parris Island Smart Set, or Leisure Class.

As for us, we are content to doff our sweaty dungarees and don a bathing suit whenever the tide permits, and wash away our sorrows in the Dry Dock, or in the faster moving waters out at Aviation. There one may see most anything in bathing suits, ranging from the modest knee-length suit of 1898 to the backless, legless, shameless suit of 1932. May we pause here to correct a rumor to the effect that the bathing suit worn by our venerable chaplain is the one he

was issued when he joined the Navy? Because it isn't. It's the one he wore when he won the High School Swimming Tournament.

Next to swimming, golfing is our most popular sport. Our golf enthusiasts are out there every day, usually soaked to the skin, either by rain or by perspiration, or by both. Our local Secretary of the Treasury, playing for a jitney a hole with our Adjutant General, finds golfing a constant and lucrative source of income. One of these days he will be able to turn in that old Model A on a new V-8.

By the way, have you noticed the epidemic of new cars on the Island? It hit here just shortly before the end of the fiscal year. Making hay before it started raining pay cuts. Since then, one high-ranking officer who used to take his two white fluffy dogs out for an airing, twice or thrice daily, in his old car,

### SEND IN THE NEWS OF YOUR DETACHMENT TO THE LEATHERNECK.

either leaves them at home now, or gives them a bath before he takes them out in his new car. A genial old doctor, whose wife is said to be rather jealous of him, is burning up the concrete with a shiny, new, black car of magnificent proportions. Another officer, well known as a disciplinarian and wrestler, who had been violating the Parris Island stillness for years with a Hudson, late 1901 Model, is now the Proud Papa of a silent, speedy, new V-8. We heard, on good authority, that the dealer allowed him ten dollars on a trade-in on the old car, provided that he tow it along back home with him. Which, to avoid an argument, he did. One of our QM Sergeants has recently purchased a car that is the spitting image of "Aunt Eppie" of Tooner-

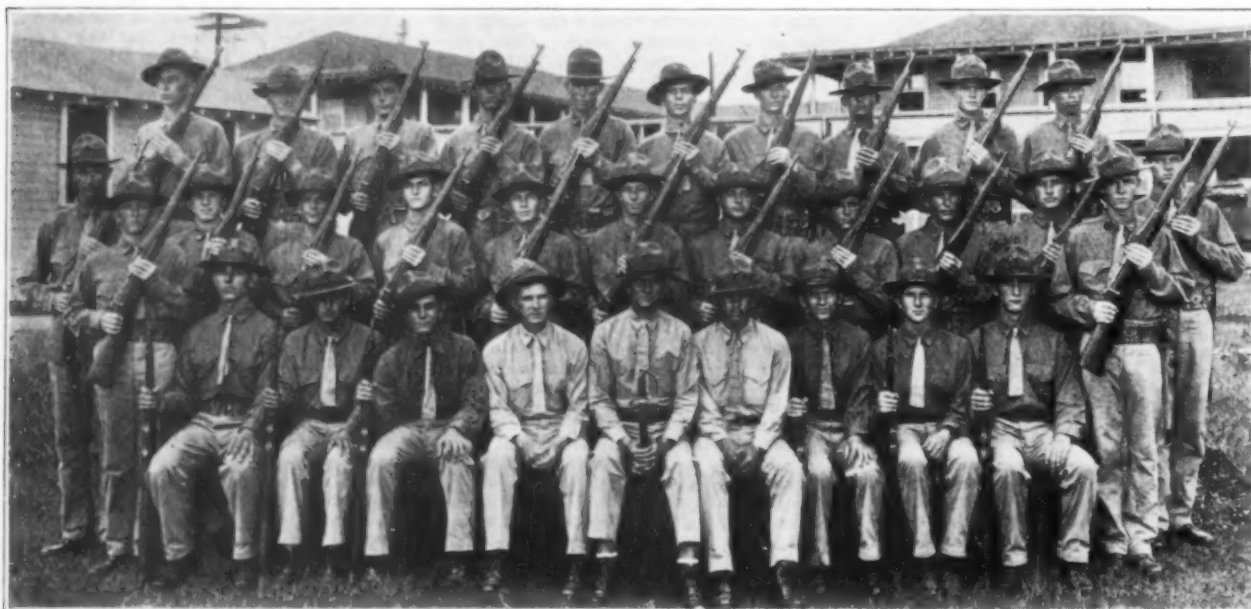
ville fame. Another QM Sergeant had his mind made up for him (by whom, we wonder!) to trade in his old Chevy on a new one. A member of the Post Band, "remembered" by a late lamented and almost forgotten uncle, has invested in a new V-8.

But, alas! "What price glory?" All cars, new or old, whether owned by officer, enlisted man or civilian on the Island, have to withstand the rigid test of our husky Safety Engineer, whose motto is "Shake well before certifying." If the car didn't rattle before the test, it will rattle after the test. No foolin'! We've heard it said that he shook one car and its lady occupant so hard that the lady lost and broke her plate of artificial teeth. But the report was exaggerated. The plate didn't break.

We have lost quite a few officers lately, by transfer. The list includes two highly-respected and well-liked officers of considerable rank, our portly and popular Recruiting and Police Officers, and equally popular officers of junior rank. But we have already joined more officers than we have lost. With still more to come. And we're waiting also for our two Sergeants Major who seem to be a long time on the road. We got along at first with an Acting Sergeant Major. And now we have an Acting Sergeant Major who takes his job very seriously—and himself, too. But what worries us is this ominous gathering of the clan of first and second lieutenants. Looks like we're stocking up in readiness for this new preparedness fan-dangle. We used to crack jokes about "More work and less pay," but I'll be darned if it isn't becoming a reality! And here I sit, writing this drool, when I should be thinking about getting up at 5:00 in the morning, to march to the stirring strains of:

You're in the Army now;  
You're not behind the plow;  
You'll never get rich  
By digging a ditch;\*  
You're in the Army now.

\* This line subject to variation.



Company A-11, instructed by Sergeant Carey, Corporal Wilson and Corporal Mikell.

## Around Galley Fires

By "Doc" Clifford

Since my last "Notes" were despatched I have been informed of my election to the post of National Chaplain of the Second Division Association for 1932-1933. This was an honor entirely unexpected and I appreciate very highly the opportunity of serving the men of the Second Division in the best way I know how and can only say that I will use my best endeavors to carry on in the Spirit of my Master Who said "I am among you as he that Serveth."



Dawson Photo  
"Doc" Clifford

Father Francis P. Duffy the beloved Chaplain of the 42nd Division was called home in June. The Chaplain was loved by every person who had the privilege of meeting and becoming acquainted with him and especially by the men of the old 69th Regiment of New York. A special service was conducted in Chicago at the Holy Name Cathedral when Mass was celebrated by Father Harris Darsch of the Second Division; this taking place simultaneously with the funeral service in New York. To have known Father Duffy and to have him as my friend was to me a great honor.

Another friend whom I had visited a few weeks ago Major Thomas R. Fleming of Brooklyn's 13th Regiment and an upstanding veteran of the Spanish-American War has also passed to his reward.

Fleming was real Scotch of the highest type and of both these men I feel that the following poem speaks truly,

He'll ne'er be dead, this friend of mine,  
Who's crossed the great dividing line.  
'Tis true, the house he occupied,  
His home for years, is laid aside:  
The house was not my friend, you know;  
'Twas only where he lived, and so  
I'll look beyond the house of clay  
To his new home across the way.

And when he went he left with me  
Of his loved life the master key  
That unlocked hearts and brought good cheer

To souls along his life road here.  
Unselfish service opens the gate  
That leads to happiness' estate.  
This key he bade me give to you,  
As he has done that ye might do.

The house he lived in, worn and cold,  
We laid within the earthy mold;  
But that was all: 'Twas nothing more  
Than where he lived in days of yore.  
I would not, could not say, "Good-by,"  
For lives like his shall never die;  
The key of his unselfish love  
Unlocked a home with God above.

New York State Convention of the American Legion is being held August 25, 26, 27, in Brooklyn when the Legionnaires will be the guests of the King's

County Comrades. New York has Sixty one Counties with 86,000 Legionnaires of whom a very large number will be in the city during the three days above mentioned. One of the leading and most energetic men in securing this gathering is Milton Solomon who is also a Marine Veteran, a member of the Marine Corps League and one of Brooklyn leading attorneys. Angelo J. Cincotta the M. C. League's splendid Commandant is the General Secretary.

Chaplain Paul F. Howard retired Marine, the County Adjutant, while on the Executive Committee are no less than fourteen active Marine Veterans.

### MANLIUS GRADUATES

Charles Frederick Berthold Price, Jr., son of Lt. Col. Charles F. B. Price, U. S. M. C., was graduated from The Manlius School in June. Price attended Manlius three years during which time he was active in all branches of Cadet life. He was a sergeant in C Company, a member of the School Rifle Team, and played on many of his company's intramural athletic teams. He was an extremely proficient student, being gazetted a Companion of the Order of the Phoenix for high academic standing during the past year, and won the William Paige Hitchcock Memorial Trophy awarded annually to the Cadet attaining the highest standing in the Science Department. Price will enter Massachusetts Institute of Technology in September.

With the graduation of Robert L. Denig, Jr., from Annapolis, in June, The Manlius School has now two father-and-son combinations in the Marine Corps.

Lt. Col. Robert L. Denig attended Manlius 1899 to 1901 while his son, recently commissioned a second lieutenant in the Marines, was a student at Manlius from 1923 to 1926. Colonel Richard M. Cutts was at Manlius from 1895 to 1898, while his son, 1st Lt. R. M. Cutts, Jr., attended School from 1916 to 1918.

Colonel Denig's youngest son, Jimmie, will shortly enter Manlius; being the third son to wear the Cadet uniform.

### APPOINTMENT TO THE NAVAL ACADEMY AS MIDSHIPMAN

By Lillian C. O'Malley

In addition to the midshipmen appointed by Members of Congress, Vice President and The President, the law authorizes the appointment each year of one hundred enlisted men of the Navy and the Marine Corps, who are not more than twenty years of age on April 1 of the year it is desired to enter, and who have been in the Navy or Marine Corps one year by July 1 of that year. The enlisted man must have had nine months' sea duty in a ship in full commission by the date of his final transfer to the Naval Academy. The competitive examination is held throughout the Naval Service on the third Wednesday in April and the mental and physical requirements are the same as for other candidates for midshipmen. Enlisted men who fulfill the requirements as to length of service and basic education should make application to their commanding officers to take the examination. It is not necessary for an enlisted man to be recommended by any one else.

At the Naval Training Station, Hampton Roads, Va., there is convened



Milton Solomon

each year on November 1, the Naval Academy Preparatory Class and the preliminary examination for assignment to this class is held in September. This class offers an enlisted man an excellent opportunity to prepare for the entrance examination to the Naval Academy. However, the sea service requirement also applies in this instance, and to be eligible to enter the Preparatory Class it is necessary to have completed the nine months' active sea service on board a naval vessel in full commission.

The requirements for enlisted men of the Naval Reserve and Marine Corps Reserve are similar to these, with the exception that reservists are not required to have completed the nine months of active sea service before being eligible to take the examination on the third Wednesday in April each year. However, they must have completed the regular drills, have good records, and be recommended by their commanding officer. The examination of reservists is also competitive and is the same as is given to all candidates.

In April, 1932, seven enlisted men of the regular Marine Corps took the competitive examination and two were found qualified to enter the Naval Academy. They have been ordered to Annapolis and if they pass the final physical examination will be discharged from the Marine Corps to accept the appointment as midshipmen. Their names are Privates Lester N. Brooks and William F. Kramer. This year there were no enlisted men of the Marine Corps Reserve who took this examination.

### SOLOMON SUCCEEDS IN GETTING CONVENTION

Milton Solomon, an old-time Marine, has, through his persistent efforts, obtained the State Convention of the American Legion for Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Solomon is the General Chairman of the Brooklyn 1932 State Convention Committee.

Angelo J. Cincotta, an ex-Marine and present Commandant of the Marine Corps League, is the General Secretary of the Convention Committee.



No poem this month. Why? How can a guy be poetical (even with a pair of scissors) when he is restricted to the barracks every other night. Now! Now! I pay my bills—if you were at this barracks, you'd be restricted, too.

To give you an idea of how I rate around here, the CO is going to requisition a horse and sabre for me so that I can charge the targets on the range this year. They added my rifle and pistol scores together last year and I still needed three more to qualify—on the pistol.

### Things You Never Knew Till Now —Neither Did I

The boys along the East Coast are doing day on-day off and are they kicking? Marines at Newport must chow with the Navy. First Sgt. Thomas W. Murphy of the Galveston and Nicaragua fame is now a Marine Gunner. First Sergeant Smith (Crappy) preferred Sea-going to Nicaragua—he gets the "Indianapolis." Visited the NP at Portsmouth recently—was like "Old Home Week." They disbanded the Nicaraguan detail (for the elections) as the MGC knew that he wouldn't need any additional men after sending Private Wolfgram of this office down there. Ask Wolfgram if you don't believe me. Sgt. Buckley—the drill-field Buckley—joined the Marine Corps because he stole a cigar from his Pappy's store and was afraid of getting his pants warmed. Corporals at Quantico can't drive private cars on the post unless they are Sergeants. Sgt. Fleming of the 413th Co., USMCR, may soon be a regular. A recruit in his company, at a recent examination, claims that a Major wears a clover leaf and a full Colonel a silver eagle with a gold beak. Our CO has decreed that there shall be no more "cussin'" around the barracks. We must say "Dod Gammit" instead of (—). This rule is invalid in case we bump our shins.

### More of the Same

Several merchants in Newport will have to close their doors if the fleet doesn't get back from the West Coast this summer. The United Service Club at Philadelphia shut down for the summer months—first time in history. The William Sloane House in New York does not permit its tenants to visit in each other's rooms—if they talk, it must be in the hall. It costs \$60,000.00 annually to operate the Soldiers and Sailors Club in New York. Lou Wylie, our columnist, vacationed this summer with Captain Harris (and wife) at Fort Hamilton, N. Y. "Doc" Clifford is at present doing missionary work in Brooklyn. A Lieutenant at Newport was ordered to Nicaragua the day that he was spliced—the same thing happened to another Lieutenant at Quantico. A cook at the Boston Navy Yard thought that I was an A&I inspector when I visited there. Imagine! The Admiral at the Navy Yard,

New York, has 12 orderlies. Sgt. Maj. McFellin, New York, bought a new car on Friday; wrecked it on Saturday. A barber in New York tried to soak me \$18.00 for a hair cut. The dunce, Walt. Winchell's stenog, Ruth Cambridge, actually writes the column: "A Columnist's Secretary Jots Down a Few Notes." Warning to the weaker sex: Sailors, like snakes, always travel in pairs. 1st Sergeant LeGasse at Dover is the champion cribbage player at that post. Anyone who defeats him goes in the mess-hall.

When in New York don't fail to visit their nudest Colony (the Hollywood Night Club). See Faith Bacon and Vivien Martin in nature's finest. Incidentally, go on the day that the eagle does his stuff and take it all with you—you'll need it. While I think of it, can anyone tell me what Congressman manufactures the razors that they hand you in Boot Camp.

"And, Uncle," says my modern 4-year-old nephew, "the next time that you tell me a bedtime story, leave out the cheap gags." Then there's the one about the little boy wandering about the depot, crying. A kind old lady steps up and asks: "What's the matter, my little man?" "My mother lost me," he sobbed, and then, angrily, "I told the damn fool she would."

Which reminds me. We recently forwarded a copy to one of our subscribers and it was returned with the notation, "Mr. Blank deceased." Through a clerical error another copy was forwarded to the same man and again it was returned, this time with the note, "Mr. Blank still deceased."

I was standing in the Grand Central Station in New York the other week and noticed a woman holding two babies and trying unsuccessfully to open her purse to purchase a ticket. Feeling gallant for the moment, I proffered my assistance, which was accepted, and I was handed the child in her left arm. Upon returning, I asked the lady what she named the children. "I call one Hoover and one Smith," says she. A glance at my vest indicated that I was holding Smith.

Was in a restaurant the other day which boasted only one waitress. Waited five minutes. No service. The manager comes in. He notices the situation. Walks over to the waitress. "I leave you alone for five minutes," says he, "and you can't even wait on one 'lousy' customer."

In the old days it was news when a dog bit a man. Now it is news when you hear of that same man biting a sandwich. Learned to play pedestrian polo in New York. If you hit a child it counts one, a woman two and a man three. If you hit either of the three and knock them in a sewer, it is a hole-in-one.

### Notes From My Stenog

Jim Levey was in but, as usual, you weren't here. He talked baseball, of course, which reminds me: Do you remember playing baseball in a cow pasture on your last trip to S. C.? And then in the third inning you slid into what you thought was third base and had to retire from the game. Heh! Heh! How I did laugh. And while I think of it, Hymie is down at the hospital (his wife is having an offspring), trying to find out whether he is a father or a mother.

## Giggle Gas

By F. G. Otis

Times have changed here at Parris Island. Heretofore Parris Island golfers used to be out on the course before dawn to get an early start. When you see them on the course that early now they are on their way to morning roll call.

Our friend Corporal Billingsley has informed me that "Reason is the hot potato of passion left in the ice box."

A scientist says that mosquitos can fly fourteen hours without alighting. I have found two places where they don't—Bloomingdale and Parris Island.

Eddie Koehler has finally discovered that a woman's "No!" is merely the cork in the champagne bottle of her "Yes."

Governor Roosevelt still insists that something must be done about the forgotten man. Some of us wish he would whisper that in the M. G. C.'s ear—sort of confidential like.

Bobby Gotko says he joined the Marine Corps because his father couldn't afford to send him to the football games!

It happened in front of the Post Exchange. Corporal Carey and Private Peasley were chewing the rag.

"What are you doing tonight?" asked Carey. "How about going to the movie? It'll take our minds off the 'depression.'" "Sorry, old man," was Peasley's reply, "but I can't make it. I've got a bridge date."

"That's okay, too," was Carey's retort. "I'll go down to the causeway and jump off with you."

A Marine stood at the pearyl gate, His face was worn and old; He meekly asked of the man of fate Admission to the fold. "What have you done?" St. Peter asked, "To rate admission here?" "Oh, I ran the Giggle Gas column At Parris Island for a year." The gate swung open sharply As Peter touched the bell. "Come in," he said, "and take a harp; You've had enough of—er—trouble."

### CIVILIAN FALLACIES

By John S. McVay

The civilian who "knows it all" is of the opinion:

That in the Army, "fatigue" means a state of physical exhaustion.

That the characters in the photoplays "Cockeyed World" and "Women of all Nations" typify the only kind of man which is to be found in the Marine Corps.

That every sailor should know his uncle's cousin, "Jimmy Smith, who is in the Navy."

That a private in the Army possesses the mentality of a two-year-old child, notwithstanding the fact that he might have just entered the service from civilian life.

(Continued on page 43)

# The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

## FROM THE SHORES OF FIFTY-SECOND STREET

By William McK. Fleming

This alleged article is meant to convey to you a synopsis of activities at Camp Cross, Niantic, Conn. in June when the 19th Reserve Marines encamped for the annual tour of duty. We shall confine our penned observations to the First Battalion and particularly to the 413th Company, of which we are proud to be a member. The account that follows is brief. We hope you like it and Hope is a virtue. Therefore, we virtuously report:

Churchday Morning, 12 June, 1932—6 bells—The 413th Company falls in, sleepy and tired after a night of none-of-your-business. Sgt. Cafferty is assigned as acting gunnery sergeant and starts bellying immediately because someone sasscheted his whistle. Lt. Mark F. Kesenich, Commanding Officer, wishes the men good luck and turns the company over to Lt. John S. Barrett, acting C. O. for the tour. The outfit marches to the subway and shoves off for Grand Central Station where it joins the already assembled 19th Regiment, Lt. Col. James F. Rorke, Commanding. 1st Sgt. Stenhouse gives the men ten minutes of "unsling equipment" and the body falls out for a Coc, some hand-shaking and listening to the regimental Band, 1st Sgt. Berandts, conducting—or is it leading? Following in their order comes boarding train, bunk fatigue, getting under way, picking up the New Rochelle command, New Haven—and Niantic. A host of gold braid awaits the regiment and looks on as only gold braid can orb. Company 413 proceeds to gain individual glory by having one of its sergeants assigned to the Color Guard. The reservists march to the camp area where Lt. Col. Rorke informs them of the plans at hand. Billets are assigned and the outfit commences to dig in and settle down for "two weeks of, etc.!" Six hundred and some odd men chow, are examined by no less than six medicos and snore away the rainy night. Taps sounds but is not heard. . . .

First Monday—Reveille at two bells. Acting Gy. Sgt. ("Sea-Faring") Cafferty insists upon everyone participating in "phiss-i-kill" drill and the twelve new recruits realize that Uncle Sam demands performance for pay. Policing company street, chow and troop inspection by Lt. Barrett follow. Mother Nature deigns

### RESERVE PROMOTIONS—OFFICERS

The following-named officers have been promoted to the grade indicated:

Captain Charles H. Cox.  
Captain St. Julien R. Childs.  
Captain Howard S. Evans.  
1st Lieut. Charles J. Schlapachi.  
1st Lieut. Francis T. Eagan.  
1st Lieut. John J. Carter.  
1st Lieut. Frederick W. Lindlow.

### RESERVE PROMOTIONS

Pvt. Frank B. Allen—to Corporal.  
Pfc. Raymond M. Asprison—to Corporal.  
Pvt. William Avery—to Corporal.  
Cpl. John E. Bailey—to Sergeant.  
Cpl. Russell O. Baker—to Sergeant.  
Pfc. Stanley V. Baldwin—to Sergeant.  
Cpl. Charles M. Barry—to Sergeant.  
Pvt. Herbert O. Beim—to Corporal.  
Staff Sgt. Stanley Beneset—to Gunnery Sergeant.  
Pfc. Stuart B. Bergen—to Corporal.  
Pfc. Richard A. Bertolotti—to Corporal.  
Pvt. Ralph W. Bohne—to Corporal.  
Pfc. Emerson L. Bowen—to Corporal.  
Cpl. Horace D. Brook—to Sergeant.  
Pfc. Joseph K. Byrnes—to Corporal.  
Pfc. Earl C. Card—to Corporal.  
Pvt. Charles G. Clark—to Corporal.  
Pvt. Charles G. Colomb—to Corporal.  
Cpl. Clarence W. Collie—to Sergeant.  
1st Sgt. Jack Comer—to Sergeant Major.  
Pfc. James W. Cooper—to Corporal.  
Pfc. Walter F. Costello—to Corporal.  
Pfc. Walter C. Davison—to Corporal.  
Pfc. Ramon T. DeCosta—to Corporal.  
Pfc. Caesar Delogatis—to Corporal.  
Pvt. Louis E. Dracut—to Corporal.  
Cpl. John W. Duffy—to Sergeant.  
Cpl. Wallace C. Erickson—to Sergeant.  
Pfc. Maurice J. Farugia—to Corporal.  
Pfc. Rudolph G. Fear—to Corporal.  
Staff Sgt. Alfred H. Freimark—to 1st Sgt.  
Cpl. Lewis T. Graves—to Sergeant.  
Pvt. John B. Hincley—to Corporal.  
Pvt. Max Hochman—to Corporal.  
Pfc. James F. Hunter—to Corporal.  
Pvt. Arthur F. Johnson—to Corporal.  
Pvt. Harmon Johnson—to Corporal.  
Pvt. William A. Knoppel—to Corporal.  
Cpl. Russell J. Lux—to Sergeant.  
Pfc. John W. McLaughlin—to Corporal.  
Pvt. Casper K. Naumann—to Gy. Sergeant.  
Pfc. Frederick A. Nichtingale—to Corporal.  
Pvt. Charles E. Pinero—to Corporal.  
Cpl. Ernest R. Reed—to Sergeant.  
Pvt. Gideon L. Rice—to Sergeant.  
Sgt. Joseph Spudick—to Gunnery Sergeant.  
Pfc. Robert A. Terry—to Corporal.  
Sgt. Earle S. Tomlinson—to Gunnery Sergeant.  
Pfc. Clarence M. Unger—to Corporal.  
Pfc. Elva L. Vance—to Sergeant.  
Cpl. Howard T. Walton—to Sergeant.  
Pvt. James Ware—to Corporal.  
Pfc. Howard F. Willenmann—to Corporal.  
Pfc. Eugene C. Wise—to Sergeant.  
Sergeant James L. Wise, Jr.—to 1st Sergeant.  
Cpl. Aloise Zalusky—to Sergeant.  
Cpl. Harry J. Zimmer—to Sergeant.

to emit copious tears forcing activities to begin in the mess hall—Gy. Sgt. Fitzgerald of the 303rd proving he can lecture on nomenclature, besides other things. The afternoon flits by with Regimental Ceremonies and Battalion Parade becomes the dinner's hurried dessert.

Cpl. Samuelsen smiles as heavy fog appears. "Reminds one of London, don't you know." McCormack grumbles about the weather and sends cards home saying, "Wish you were here. . . ."

First Tuesday—2 bell reveille, physical drill and troop. Rain again and the companies assemble in the Victual Dispensary Auditoriums once more. . . . School of the Soldier and more nomenclature. The atmospheric conditions prohibition-up sufficiently to permit battalion drill in the afternoon and Evening Parade after chow. . . . Members in sergeants' tent adopt nocturnal song called "Good Evening to You" and wind up the damn thing with the loudest, most inane and annoying bugle call that terminates with a roaring "BOOM." For some reason, the entire first battalion, after hearing it, join in the spirit of the thing and from then on, everyone has a boom of a time. . . .

First Wednesday—Same reveille (just a trifle more sour, though). Physical drill becomes "under arms" and the men learn the finer points of rifle cleaning. Because of the lack of ponchos, the men utilize blankets for protection against the inclement weather. The sight of full-grown men walking around with blankets over their shoulders presents a picture of the early Americans and so another by-word is adopted, "How." Later on "Ugh" is also heard. . . . The battalion executes The Squad (does sound funny, doesn't it? Well, what do you want, Capt. Thomason to write up the camp?). . . . Battalion Drill. . . . Evening Parade in blues with half the populations of Niantic and New London looking on. . . . The guard-house is literally covered with liberty lists and the men go to Ocean Beach just to have their pictures taken or flirt with indigestion over a tepid dog.

First Thursday—the rain cannot drown the trumpeter so reveille blows. Lts. Ahern and Barrett deliver lectures on Military Courtesy. Sgt. Cafferty explains Rifle Fire and Snapping-in so thoroughly that five men fall asleep in the midst thereof. . . . We have the pleasure of meeting "The Leatherneck" columnist, Cullen. . . . The men return from noon chow and leisurely indulge in smokes, when, like the waving of the swabble flag instead of an anticipated immaculate white disc, we are told to roll a heavy with gear for five days and fall in on the double. Fifty big boys from the 1st Battalion assemble and pictures are



Company A (413th), 19th Marines, Lt. J. S. Barrett, USMCR., commanding.

—Horen Photo.

taken, bids are made to swap places with the lucky ones, who, the rumors have, are going to quell a riot in New London, are going to Washington, to a flood or what have you? Trucks are loaded with men and supplies under Capt. Dolan and 1st Sgt. Stenhouse and the wheeled caravan rolls 25 feet and stops. We fall out and are "introduced" to Col. Miller, USMC, inspector of the camp who inspects the men, equipment and food. He informs the excited and enthusiastic youths they took 30 minutes in lieu of twenty and that the stunt may be pulled again some A.M. in the wee hours. We realize it is all a "problem" and dreams of wearing a new-colored campaign bar are shattered. . . . Snapping-in. . . . Evening Parade in the West Point manner. . . . Sgt. Regan spends an hour "crumbing up" for special liberty and then heads for the Old Maids' Tavern where he drinks a cup of coffee and exchanges rumors from the head. . . . Jones breathlessly relates an account of Office Hours he received from Regtl. Sgt. Mjr. Maus. . . . Ginsburg complains of toiling from 5:30 A. M. until 8:00 P. M. and is temporarily pacified by being told to fill out an overtime slip. . . .

First Friday—Reveille at the same unearthly hour, physical drill and troop. . . . Close order work. . . . Extended order. . . . Battalion ceremonies. . . . Evening Parade. . . . Dickson of the 301st and Sgt. "Scribe" still discussing those posters. . . . Jones and Kent quietly salted down. . . . "Radio" Oppenheim passes the words "Cpl. of the guard" from his post to the next but it skips the other posts and reaches the guardhouse on one call. . . . With the next day bringing extra liberty, the gigantic sick-bay list suddenly dwindles to what it should be. . . . All quiet.

First Saturday—Reveille, physical drill and troop. . . . The entire regiment shoves off on a five-miles march through the neighboring vicinity to emphasize importance of security in a hostile country and the observing of fixed points. Lady Godiva is not seen but her white horse makes his appearance and performs circus tricks for the winding audience. . . . A captain of the street who actually stays out in the street is discovered—Stanick, a good Marine. . . . Noon and furlough. (If the typesetter will leave a space, each leatherneck can fill in his own activity here. But perhaps he wouldn't, anyway, so belay it.)

Second Sunday—Bunk fatigue. . . . Visitors. . . .

Second Monday—After revelry comes reveille . . . physical drill . . . troop. The day is divided between battalion drills and lectures on hygiene and health by Col. Miller (and swagger-stick) and a medical officer. Part of the battalion commences practice fire on the .22 course range in all positions, including the new one—"Pro-wing." Cpl. Samuelson and Pfc. Terry are assigned to the range and for the remainder of the camp every one is acquainted with the tremendous work involved. . . . Cpl. DeCosta is still being told what a good gyrene he is because missing the train couldn't deter him from making Niantic. He came up alone and part of the itinerary included a taxi. Some suspect he missed the train on purpose because "Gentleman" Ray likes to travel in style. Don't believe it. . . . Kahn scrubs ALL his gear but the



DISCUSSING A PROBLEM  
Lt. Col. Rorke and Capt. Bettex

weather doesn't cooperate. . . . Chow and Evening Parade with 1st Sgt. Berandts threatening a slow musician with "No permits for you tonight." . . . Bunks are appreciated.

Second Tuesday—Reveille blows in the sunshine and physical drill switches to the goose-step, yah, yah. . . . Troop. . . . Range for practice and record. . . . Cpl. Terry just coming out of extended-order-of-countenance due to his cpl. of the

guard billet all Sunday. . . . Evening Parade. . . . 1st Sgt. Stenhouse enacts the role of "The Shenerell" and imposes punishment for the vague misdemeanors of the boots. In other words, Kangaroo Court is held. Breen ascends to the heavens so high that men in company streets 50 fathoms away come to the 413th Company asking what went up in the air. Oppenheim rolls some head-pulp with that nose; Eicholz pays homage; Lynch "announces" to the regiment he's a Marine; Grant goes through the mill; Ginsburg laughs at it all; Lopez et al are lashed to the mast, etc., etc. Good fun and no casualties. . . .

Second Wednesday—Reveille at 2 bells. . . . Troop. . . . Rain. . . . Bayonet work. . . . Skirmishes. . . . Evening Parade. . . . Informal assembly in the Old Maids' Tavern with singing that the proprietors just don't seem to appreciate. Three Marines come in shaved, order coffees dark and make their exits looking like Santa Clauses. . . .

Second Thursday—Reveille, physical drill and troop. . . . Inspection of camp by Lt-Col. Rorke and staff. . . . The entire regiment passes in review with fixed bayonets in Pershing Square Formation before Rear Admiral Pettingell, USN, Commanding Officer of the Submarine Base at New London and Maj. Gen. Bissel, USAR. . . . Evening Parade. . . . Cpl. Harrison shines blues for liberty and walks into a storm. . . . Q.M. Sgt. Ahern, assisting Warrant Officer Jacobs with the Regimental Show and Bouts, endeavors to stop gale, saying "The show must go on." The show goes on—for ten minutes. . . .

Second Friday—Reveille, physical drill and troop. . . . Regimental ceremonies. . . . Review of regiment by Col. James Meade, USMC. . . . Evening parade in khaki. . . . Maj. Melvin Krulewitch, C.O. of the 1st Battalion presents the coveted trophy, a beautiful loving cup for military efficiency, to Lt. James Christie, Commanding Officer of the 416th Company. . . . Pvt. Meyer of the 303rd Company noses out our own Pvt. Meyer for the plaque as the best private. Physical Examination and pay. . . . Cpls. DeCosta, Terry and Pfc. Terry and Jesinsky mount horses and disregard "Horse Marine" taunts. . . . Everyone takes liberty so as to be sleepy coming home on the morrow. . . .

Second Saturday—Reveille but no physical drill. . . . Striking of tents.



Companies "A," "C" and "B," 25th Reserve Marines. The

battalion

The battalions cheer the Boston and Portland outfits which leave ahead. . . . Col. Miller addresses the Reserves and tells them to go home and truthfully call themselves not "Marine Reserves"—but "Marines in Reserve," than which there could be no higher compliment. . . . The contingent shoves off at two P. M. and the band strikes up "It Ain't Gonna' Rain No More." When the last note is sounded, it rains like hell—proving again that two negatives always make an affirmative. . . . The regiment disbands at Grand Central Station and Lt. Barrett marches the 413th Company to the Armory where he is sincerely cheered and the sergeants are politely told of a nice place to stow their whistles. . . . A plunge in the pool and some more handshakes and the 413th outfit unanimously opines it was as advertised. "Two weeks, etc., etc. . . ."

### 301ST RESERVE COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

By John B. Hinckley, Jr.

Another active duty training period has been written into the records, and it seemed that Niantic, Conn., refused to be outdone by the recent activities at Chicago, and so declared a wringing wet platform of its own with "Old Jupe Pluvius" at the helm as general chairman.

All the delegates arrived in camp spirited with the belief that their candidate "Old Sol" would play the principle role, but were sadly disappointed to find that he evidently missed connections between there and the equator.

With work to be done, and Marines on the job "rarin' to go," who would not believe that the situation was well in hand? In short order the camp was as busy as a bee-hive, and the usual daily routine was being as closely followed as the inclement weather would permit.

It might be well to take this opportunity and clear up a few thoughts in the minds of many afflicted with a wanderlust to pay frequent visits to the abode of Top Sergeant Hoeppner and Corporal Johnson—and pardon my error, I almost had forgotten "Lolypops" —.

As I receive the information, I understand that the cause of all this undue commotion resulted from a little "green jug" which temptingly adorned the top of the field desk in the above mentioned quarters.

The report on the whole affair seems

to bear out the theory that everybody's curiosity can be set at ease; because Lieutenant Orr's mind which seemed to be troubling him along the same lines, sampled the contents and promptly verified the tonsil refresher beyond doubt, by remarking, "H—, this ain't spring water, it's well water." In fact it was so well that it reminded "—" Keenum (are you following me?) of that famous "Alabama Panther Dew," with the outcome that he became dreadfully homesick, and at this time is paying a visit to his folks in Birmingham. We are all hoping that Ray will not establish a permanent mail address in the city of his birth, because he is one of the most popular members of the Boston outfit and every inch a model Leatherneck.

The only serious business undertaken since the return from camp, was a council of war for the non-coms called to order by Captain Grafton. Procedure for the ensuing year furnished the main topic for discussion. Lack of interest will not be tolerated from the men this year, and those who feel inclined to be subject along that line of thought, will quickly wake up to the realization that there is "standing room only" as far as the 301st Company is concerned.

Boston does not insist that everyone be a champion, but it does demand that her representatives put forth their best efforts in whatever line of endeavor in which they indulge.

### 303RD COMPANY, RESERVES

By Joe Prone

Handicapped by being able to muster only twenty-six men for its annual encampment at Niantic, Conn., the 303rd Company, however, made an enviable record for itself. Our company won the distinction of having the highest shot in the Regiment, and a Blue Ribbon Marine in its rank. Lieutenant Richard Ahearn temporarily relieved Lieutenant William Donovan as Commanding Officer of our unit.

Corporal J. A. Cooper won a five dollar gold piece, presented by Lieutenant Long, Range Office, for shooting a high score of 321 out of a possible 350. Private A. H. Meyers, who resided for twelve days in the New London sick bay last year with a case of diagnosed mumps, was the happy winner of a bronze Marine emblem for being the most soldierly person in camp.

Low attendance (babies, depression, etc.) early eliminated all chances of winning the silver cup presented by Major Krulevitch to the company the highest in military efficiency. The rest of the 303rd Company were highly commended as a reward for their diligent use of blanco, shining-gear, shoe-polish and soap. Purveyors of the above mentioned necessities have accepted Jupiter Pluvius as a mutual comrade.

Back on board the "Illinois," praying for high tide and breeze, the 303rd has resumed its labors.

"Why in the hell," groaned the bucks. "You do, you know," pipes Gy. Sgt. C. I. (Whusky) Fitzgerald, and the old grind is on.

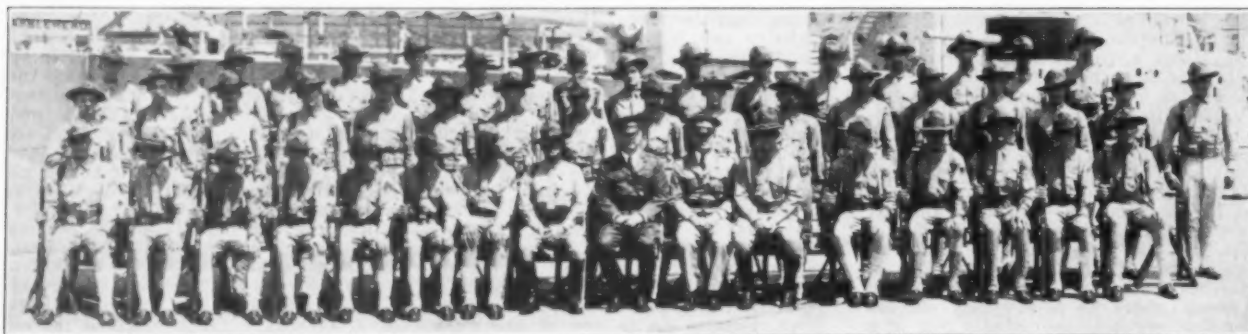
Still the Company is glad to see Top Sergeant Friemark and the Gunnery Sergeant back with both ears and unblemished sabers.

### SALVO FROM CANNONEERS' CAMP

"The cannoners have hairy ears"—and all the rest of it. The 21st Reserve Marines (Artillery) moved into camp on June 12th after a long and tiresome journey, going all the way from their homes in Philadelphia to report for duty at the Philadelphia Navy Yard in south Philadelphia. One Battalion of husky red-necked and dungareed section chiefs, gunners, instrument men, recorders and number fives came in on the train all ready for the big bang-bang of the 75's and whatever surprises awaited them. They got not a single bang-bang—but plenty of surprises. The first "Prepare for action" was brooms, mops and scrubbing brushes; combat principles on walls, floors and windows in No. 2 Barracks in the Navy Yard. The first drill period consisted of a de-cosmoline attack directed against a strange enemy which some old timers told them were called Springfield rifles. Only a few of our good Marines had ever met up with them before. Long and bloody was the battle but by the end of the day the cosmoline situation was well in hand and hair and eyes and just about everywhere else. It was then discovered that for two weeks the artillery work would consist of squads east, as skirmishers, present arms, form company square, pass in review, man the life boats, dig in, as you were, about face, abandon ship, and—"Hey! You with the two left feet." At any



battalion is commanded by Capt. John J. Flynn, USMCR.



301st Reserve Company, Boston, Mass. Captain Harry C. Grafton, commanding.

minute some hard working non-com might squall "Prepare for action." "Cannoners Post" instead of "Platoon, right by squads" or "To the rear of your pieces, fall in" instead of "Halt, stack arms." However they finally unscrambled their artillery and infantry and mastered the mysteries of Formal Guard Mount, Battalion Parades and Inspections, etc. A victory in a "Shelter Tent Drill" demonstration by "A" Battery was robbed of its joys when a heavy shower broke and they dove for their tents and watched the "B" battery boys head for more secure shelter in the Barracks; they apparently enjoyed the security of the tents but this pleasure was also short lived as an unexpected wind sent half the tents scurrying down the parade ground and collapsed the remainder on the occupants. Just one of those things.

All things considered, however, the new schedule of training was a howling and swearing success. Two camps with the big guns have sold us on artillery 100%, but this interlude of infantry, in the name of economy, was a good thing to straighten our shoulders, brush out the mental cobwebs and give us something new to think about.

The staff of officers had so much study, practice and argument to go through every evening that it ruined those diversions a Marine is wont to indulge in in his spare moments. Many were the battles on "guard mount," "Guides Out," "Section Columns," etc., worked out with match boxes, cigarette packs, poker chips or what have you, until far into the night.

An opportunity was at last afforded to see the officers perform with their swords, something we had been looking forward to for years, but when functioning as an artillery unit they left them at home. The august Adjutant did a neat bit of hand to hand juggling during a Battalion review, one of the Captains used his to point out slack buttons, shoe laces, and various points of interest in the surrounding country, and the latest joined shavetail was seen to surreptitiously daub his right ear with iodine. Live and learn.

The Major General Commandant visited and inspected men and quarters and was pleased to compliment the command on their appearance and progress in training.

The 1932 training period sized up in a half-dozen words. One week of rain. One week of blistering sun. Long hours of work from 6:30 A. M. to 6:30 P. M. Three square meals of good food. Scrub and wash clothes every day. Clean that d— rifle, shine them shoes, mop up the

head, and lay off the booze. After recall, free movies and a million mosquitoes. Week-end liberty and stewed chicken dinner for those who had sense enough to stay in the yard and take it easy.

In two short weeks the men who as civilians are clerks and mailmen, railroad brakemen and bankers, private detectives and cops, salesmen and accountants, office managers and newsboys, the gas-house gang and the white collar wilies, all seem to melt and run together into a composite group who settle into

uniform, throw back their shoulders, tuck in the chin, and look the next guy straight in the eye. We learned a lot, we got a kick out of doing it and we forgot entirely for fourteen days that there was such a thing as a Depression hanging around just outside the Main Gate.

"Oh! The Infantry, Artillery—the lousy Engineers

They couldn't lick the Leathernecks in a hundred thousand years."

"Pipe down, you Boots. Taps has went."

## 1932 Training Camp of the First Battalion 25th Marine Reserves

By Lieut. Owen E. Jensen, USMCR.

While ordinary mortal citizens of Los Angeles, Pasadena and Inglewood, California, slept through the peaceful Sunday morning, over 150 officers and men of the First Battalion of the 25th Marine Reserves were busy squaring the rigging for a two-week cruise to the annual encampment at the Marine Base in San Diego.

The quiet of Los Angeles street at the Naval Reserve Armory was broken by shrill cries of members of Company "A" and Company "D" getting packed and last minute policing of uniforms and equipment. Way out in Inglewood, Lieutenant Horace W. Card was breaking the traditional quiet of the town library which serves as an armory getting his men through a last minute inspection, while the placid countryside echoed the "click"—"click" of triggers.

All was not serene in Pasadena where Company "B" holds out in its armory at the City Hall. 57 men were busy packing sea-bags and re-packing suitcases, adjusting cartridge belts and asking a thousand and one questions such as only Marines can ask. In this city the Junior Chamber of Commerce had prepared a ceremonial send-off consisting of the presentation to the unit of a company guidon while the 30-piece band of the Veterans of Foreign Wars sounded off. The Chamber served a delicious luncheon on the steps of the city hall while several hundred fond relatives and friends looked on. It was all great fun. Presently, the company got down to the serious business of shoving off in trucks bound for the Santa Fe depot in Los Angeles, where the entire battalion assembled at 1 P. M. under the command

of Captain John J. Flynn, USMCR, who had been designated battalion commander. Newspaper reporters and news cameramen were busy getting the dope on the first battalion of Marine reservists Los Angeles had ever sent to camp.

The entire command assembled at the depot and only one important personage was still unaccounted for. He was Captain Joseph P. Sproul, USMCR, battalion "exec." Captain Flynn paced to and fro and heaved a sigh of relief as the "exec" hove into view escorted by Mrs. Sproul, his former secretary, Miss Sophie Leavitt, a brother and other relatives who wanted to be sure that "His Honor," as he is known to thousands of Angelenos in his capacity of Superior Court judge in civilian life, would get away to a good start.

Promptly at 2:15 came the inevitable train conductor's classic, "all aboard" and the battalion was under way, full steam ahead, in three special cars led by the baggage coach.

Factories, orange groves, green fields and ocean front soon whisked by in rapid succession and at 5:15 P. M. pulled into San Diego's famed patio railway station, probably the best known in the world, having served in countless films, notably in "Tell it to the Marines" showing Lon Chaney as a Marine sergeant pacing up and down the platform to ensnare Bill Haines as a recruit.

Under the leadership of Captain H. N. Stent, USMC, a detail of regular officers were on hand to welcome the battalion and to expedite the trip to the base where a typical Marine Sunday chow was served, consisting of sausage, potato salad, jam and coffee. Most of the mem-

bers had been too excited to eat breakfast and the sandwich lunch and coffee served in Pasadena didn't quite last through the sausage supper. What a ravenous bunch the next morning! The mess sergeant got into bad repute immediately and stayed there for five days.

Getting squared away was an exciting part of that evening. It was the first military experience for most of the reservists. Reveille next morning blew at 6 A. M., hours after most of the battalion were up, too excited to sleep the whole night through. What a difference a few days make! The following Friday they couldn't be gotten up with a hundred musics blowing their ears off, five minutes before reveille.

Troop inspection and close order drill were first on the program. But let's not get too fast. Here's the way the organization lined up; Captain John J. Flynn, USMCR, battalion commander; Captain Joseph P. Sproul, USMCR, executive officer; Captain Chester H. Knowles, USMCR, battalion adjutant; Lieut. Glenn G. English, (MC) USNR, battalion medical officer; 1st Sergeant Chester Salazar, acting battalion sergeant major; Captain Allan I. Schmulian, USMCR, commanding "A" company; 1st Lt. H. W. Card, USMCR, commanding "C" company, with Marine Gunner James F. Whitney, USMCR, as j.o.; 2nd Lieut. Owen E. Jensen, USMCR, commanding "B" company with 2nd Lieut. Peter Altpeter, USMCR, as j.o., while "D" company, minus machine guns, fell in with "C" company for the period of camp. This outfit normally belongs to Captain Knowles and Lieutenant Altpeter.

"Top-kicks" were 1st Sgt. Franklin Adreon, Jr., of "A" company; Gy. Sgt. Bennie C. Dale, of "B" company, relieved during the last few days for the purpose of giving senior sergeants a chance to act as "Top" by Sergeants Robinson, McQuilling and Bailey; 1st Sergeant W. F. Whittaker of "C" company, formerly with the old 307th Company and Acting 1st Sgt. Rice of "D" company. The inevitable battalion music was drafted from "B" company in the person of Trumpeter Watson, an embryo music, never there when wanted, withal a willing slave.

The heavy schedule charted by regular officers under the supervision of Colonel Harry Lay, USMC, Chief of Staff, was followed minutely throughout the period of camp. It afforded the most beneficial and worth-while camp ever attended by the reserve officers, a unanimous opinion of all hands. The highest words of commendation and appreciation were expressed when the last whistle blew on June 25.

All instruction with the exception of infantry weapons was given by the battalion's own officers, a novel innovation that provided the principal reason for the benefits derived from the training schedule, in as much as the officers had a real opportunity to get practical experience under the supervision of regular officers assigned each company as observers and advisers. They were most helpful and sincerely entered into the spirit of the reserve training. These officers were Captain Stent, 1st Lieutenant Wulbern and 2nd Lieutenant Shapley. Captain James E. Snow sustained his reputation on the rifle range by working the men through the various firing courses and feeding the men well.



RESERVE OFFICERS AND CHIEF INSTRUCTORS OF THE 1932 TRAINING CAMP IN SAN DIEGO

Reading left to right, front row: Captain Chester H. Knowles, USMCR, adjutant of the 1st Battalion, 35th Marine Reserve; Captain John J. Flynn, USMCR, battalion commander; Captain James E. Snow, USMC, commanding officer of the rifle range; Captain Howard N. Stent, USMC, Director of Reserve Training for the 1st Battalion; Captain Joseph P. Sproul, USMCR, battalion executive officer, and Captain Allan I. Schmulian, USMCR, commanding Co. "A" of the battalion. Standing, left to right: Lieut. (Jr.) Glenn G. English, (MC) USNR, battalion medical officer; First Lieutenant Horace W. Card, USMCR, commanding Co. "C"; Marine Gunner James F. Whitney, USMCR, junior officer of Co. "C"; Second Lieutenant Peter Altpeter, USMCR, junior officer temporarily attached to Co. "B" and permanently attached to Co. "D," and Second Lieutenant O. E. Jensen, USMCR, commanding Co. "B."

To a man, the battalion bore out the famous assertion that good soldiers march on their stomachs. Marine Gunner Stamper ably directed the qualification firing, assisted expertly by Gy-Sgt. Anderson and Sgt. Johnson.

Thorough-going lectures and demonstrations on the machine gun, auto rifle, Thompson sub, .45 pistol, hand and rifle grenades, Stokes trench mortar and 37 mm. rifle captivated the interest of all hands, but the most outstanding event of camp, causing more hullabaloo than anything else was the bayonet course. Many were called, but few chosen—to qualify. Lieutenant Altpeter established the high mark of the event with a score of 92% and he was immediately named battalion bayonet instructor by Captain Flynn. Even Lieutenant Berglund, a casual reserve officer ran the course, how, we won't say at this time.

Although the writer claims "B" company as his bailiwick, readers will pardon his mentioning the fact that two "B" company members were the only ones in the entire battalion, officers or men, to qualify as experts with the .22, .30 rifle, pistol and bayonet. They were Gy-Sgt. Bennie Dale and Sgt. Stanley W. Robinson. Lieutenant Horace W. Card led the officers in qualifying in the various arms, although Lieutenant Altpeter had the added distinction of being the only officer to qualify as expert with the rifle, pistol and bayonet.

Outstanding of the camp was Captain Sproul who qualified as a sharpshooter in his first try with a Springfield, with

only two days preliminary training after qualifying with the sub-caliber.

One of the most interesting events at camp was the field problem laid out for the entire battalion which was held the first Saturday. The problem involved use of troops in actual combat, and was principally a problem for company and platoon commanders on how best to bring troops through various forms of fire under varied conditions. The problem also served to point out to non-commissioned officers their importance under fire and also was an excellent demonstration in the importance of proper control.

Social activities were not lacking, either for officers or men. General Bradman, commanding general, gave a tea in honor of the reserve officers, enjoyed by all present and the graciousness of General and Mrs. Bradman made it an event to be remembered. Several days later the regular officers of the post tendered the reserve officers an afternoon tea-dance at which an orchestra from the base Marine Band furnished the music. The reserve officers were also presented to Naval and Marine society at an afternoon tea at the home of Colonel and Mrs. Putnam.

A dance for the enlisted personnel of the battalion was given by the regulars of the post on Saturday evening and was well attended.

Pay-day and shoving off were the two most outstanding events of the last day. Echoes of the 1932 camp will long reverberate through the air whenever and wherever members of the First Battalion of the 25th Reserve Marines shall gather.



## Quantico News

### QUANTICO DIAMOND CHIPS

By LaBonte

#### MARINES CUDGEL WHITE OAKS, 12 TO 3

Fredericksburg, Va., June 11.—The Quantico Marines scored their nineteenth victory of the season, making the local White Oaks Club the victims of a 12 to 3 contest.

Richards, pitching his second game for the Leathernecks, held the home team to seven scattered hits, one a home run by Carden, the only man to collect more than one hit from Richards' offerings.

The Marines jumped on to Grubb right from the start and slammed the ball all over the lot. Two double steals worked out.

Surrett featured for the victors. He had a perfect day at the stick, four out of four, including two doubles. He further upset the opposition when he walked, stole second, advanced to third on a wild peg, then finished up with a clean swipe of the home plate.

The score:

Marines	2	3	1	1	4	0	0	1	—	12	18
White Oaks	1	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	—	3	7

#### MARINES BLANK BOOMSBORO, 10 TO 0

Quantico, Va., June 16.—The Marines continued their winning streak by trouncing the Boomsboro boys to the tune of 10-0. Couch, twirling for the Leathernecks, was in great form, yielding only four hits to the visitors; while the hometowners walloped two pitchers for twelve hits and ten tallies.

The Marines opened the third frame with two walks and a man hit by a pitched ball. A hit by Reep scored two runs, followed by three more hits for another pair of counts. In the fifth inning an error, a triple and a double gave the Gyrenes two more.

Chenoweth and Couch divided the glory, each getting three hits out of four trials. Two of Chenoweth's clouts were triples.

The score:

Boomsboro	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—	0	4
Marines	0	0	4	0	2	0	1	3	—	10	12

#### MARINES FLOP BOOMSBORO, 5 TO 3

Boomsboro, Md., June 19.—Boomsboro again went boom when they tackled the Quantico nine in a return match, 5 to 3. The game was well played and both pitchers were stingy in the pinches, Richards having the better of the duel for the first five innings.

Sternor, of the local outfit, hit a home run in eighth inning, but the sacks were

empty. Hyman, returning to the lot after a long lay off cavorted with fanciful zest about the keystone sack. Over at the hot corner Sullivan accepted nine chances for a perfect defense.

A goodly crowd of rooters turned out, but their noise didn't bother the visiting club.

The score:

Marines	1	0	1	2	1	0	0	0	—	5	10
Boomsboro	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	1	—	3	9

#### MARINES WHALE WALLBROOK, 6 TO 4

Quantico, Va., June 22.—Wallbrook A. C. put up a tough battle but lost to the Quantico outfit by a score of 6 to 4. Both teams plugged all the way through and were on their toes at all times.

Reep and Gunning each poled out a circuit clout, the former scoring a man ahead of him.

Three Marine pitchers worked out, and were relieved, not because the opposition got dangerous, but to let them snap in for the Baltimore Fireman game.

Larsen worked well for the visitors up until the seventh stanza, then he exploded, the Gyrenes tallied thrice, and Crane was hoisted out of the bull pen to stop the attack.

Porter's slashing single in the seventh put the game on ice.

This gives the Marines 22 wins and 7 losses.

The score:

Wallbrook	0	1	0	1	1	0	1	0	—	4	5
Marines	0	1	0	2	0	0	3	0	—	6	12

#### MARINES DROP ANNUAL CLASSIC, 10 TO 9

Baltimore, Md., June 25.—The annual baseball game between the Quantico Marines and the Baltimore Firemen went 12 chapters to a defeat for the visiting Gyrenes. Errors proved costly to both clubs.

The Marines opened fire in the first inning, getting a three-run lead, holding the Smoke-eaters scoreless until the fourth when they pushed two tallies over the pan. The Marines increased their margin by counting one in the fifth; but the Firemen came back in the sixth and tied things up. In the lucky seventh they pushed two runs across and took the lead from their opponents. The Marines got mad in the eighth and scored four, regaining their two-run margin; and another tally in the ninth looked like curtains for the hose cart gang. But the hometowners got fired up in their half of the ninth and a desperate rally scored three and equalled the count. No more scores came through until the twelfth when Kolhoff tripled and scored on Baldwin's hit.

One picturesque figure of former games was absent from this feature:

General Smedley Butler, whose rakishly inclined cap lent much color to the former battles between the two clubs.

Just before the game started, Brigadier General John H. Russell, who succeeded General Butler in command at Quantico, presented a trophy to Fire Commissioner Alfred E. Sharp.

The score:

Marines	3	0	0	0	1	0	0	4	—	9	15
Firemen	0	0	0	2	0	2	2	0	—	10	11

#### MARINES TAKE FORT HUMPHREY, 5 TO 4

Ft. Humphrey, Va., July 1.—The Quantico Marines captured a pitchers' duel from the Fort Humphrey nine, 5 to 4. Each team collected ten hits, but the leathernecks opened the contest with two runs in the initial frame, scoring again in the second and the third. They made no further counts, but they already had enough to squeeze out.

Reep, out in the left pasture, reaped a harvest of six fly balls. Ware and Sullivan divided the laurels at the stick, each taking three out of four attempts. Zalduke, of the home teamers, poled out a four-bagger in the second inning. Scoring again in the seventh and the eighth, the Fort threw a scare into the Marines. In addition to the homer Zalduke also registered two doubles.

The score:

Marines	2	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	—	5	10
Ft. Humphrey	0	1	0	0	0	0	2	1	—	4	10

#### MARINES POLISH CAMP MEADE, 8 TO 7

Quantico, Va., July 5.—Camp Meade went down to an 8 to 7 defeat against the Quantico fence busters in a loose and error-filled game. Two singles, a sacrifice and a long fly gave the Marines the decision in the last half of the ninth.

Sullivan, Porter and Bryner divided hitting honors, each getting three bingles in five trips to the plate. Bryner banged out a circuit-clout with a man on third.

The score:

Camp Meade	1	0	2	0	0	1	1	1	—	7	10
Marines	2	3	1	0	1	0	0	0	—	8	11

#### MARINES COP FROM COPS, 16 TO 4

Quantico, Va., July 7.—The Quantico Marines defeated the Washington Police Department here today, 16 to 4. Nine runs were scored in the last three innings, and three police pitchers were pounded for fourteen hits.

Victory brought the Marine record this season up to 25 wins and 8 defeats. Rapid improvement has been in evidence since Coach Lieutenant Fenton assumed charge of the squad.

The score:

Police	0	0	0	1	1	0	2	0	—	4	8
Marines	0	2	4	0	1	5	3	1	—	16	14

## COPS FLOP AGAIN, 8 TO 5

Quantico, Va., July 8.—The Quantico Marines came from behind to take a hard-fought battle from the Metropolitan Police, Washington, D. C., by a score of 8 to 5. The wildness of Winters in the fourth inning helped give the Marines the lead and the game. Henry was also erratic and was touched for ten safeties and five runs. He took a shel-lacking in the fourth and gave the box-pullers four scores.

The leathernecks opened the battle by scoring one run, and came back to score again in the third. But the police, not to be outdone, jumped onto the offerings of Henry and pushed four tallies across. Then the Marines landed and scored five in their portion of the frame. Sullivan's slashing single broke the tie score.

Hiser got himself a limit clout with one man on. Surret's circus fielding and sensational stops kept the Police from further scores.

Couch relieved Henry in the ninth.

This gives the Marines 28 victories and 8 defeats.

The score:

Police	0	0	0	4	0	1	0	0	—	R	H
Marines	1	0	1	5	0	1	0	0	x—	8	6

## MARINES 8-4 VICTORS IN POLO

Anent the slogan of the Marines "on land and sea," the devil dogs today add "and horse-back," as the polo four from Quantico, Va., gave the Third Cavalry riders of Fort Myer a riding and polo lesson. The occasion was the opening of the tournament for the Argentine Cup. The Marines won, 8 to 4.

In balancing the handicaps, it was found that the Marines earned a one-goal advantage but, as the score indicates, it was not needed. Aside from riding their ponies masterfully and fearlessly, the Marine four wielded their mallets expertly and a considerable part of their victory was due to fine defensive play.

The Marines scored in every period except the last to gain their decisive victory over Third Cavalry. The Fort Myer men had frequent tries at the Quantico goal, but fine blocking by Lieut. Ferguson always stopped them just a few feet from their objective. It is difficult to pick the outstanding Marine player, as teamwork was one of its greatest assets.

Marines	Position	3rd Cavalry				
Capt. Brown	1	Lieut. Graner				
Lieut. Good	2	Capt. Ligon				
Lieut. Stadler	3	Lieut. Sawtell				
Lieut. Ferguson	4	Capt. Palmer				
Marines	2	1	2	1	1	0—3
Thrid Cavalry	1	1	0	1	1	0—4

\*Marines had a 1-goal handicap.

Goals—Graner (2), Sawtell (2), Stadler (2), Ferguson (2), Good. Referee—Maj. Estes. Umpire—Maj. Ellis. Timer—Lieut. Rogers. Time of periods—7½ minutes.

## WHITES DEFEAT MARINES, 11-9

Despite a seven-goal handicap, the Quantico Marine riders could not check the advance of the War Whites yesterday and bowed to the latter combination, 11 to 9, on Potomac Park oval in the Argentine Cup polo series as Mrs. Hoover and a gallery of dignitaries looked on.

The Marine team, which surprised polo followers by its dashing play in the previous game against the Cavalry Greens, was no match for the hard-riding veteran War White team, with Major J. Devers leading the latter outfit.



Lieutenant Ferguson

The Marines managed to hold the Whites in check until the fourth period when goals by Lieutenants Rogers and Eager put the latter outfit in the lead by a one-goal margin.

A goal by Lieut. E. C. Ferguson in the fifth heat brought the Marines back into a tie again, but Eager and Devers again came to the rescue for the Whites scoring one goal each in the fifth and sixth periods.

War Whites	Position	Marines
Maj. Eager	1	Capt. Brown
Lieut. Rogers	2	Lieut. Good
Maj. Patton, Jr.	3	Lieut. Stadler
Maj. Devers	Back	Lieut. Ferguson

Score by chukkers:

War Whites	2	2	2	3	1	1—11
*Marines	0	0	1	0	1	0—9

\*Seven goals handicap.

Goals—Rogers (3), Devers (5), Patton, Eager (3), Ferguson, Stadler. Referee—Captain Sharp. Umpire—Major Surles. Timer—Lieutenant O'Keefe. Time of Chukkers—7½ minutes.

## San Diego

## EXIT BASEBALL

By H. S. Griffin

The final curtain was drawn on the baseball season at San Diego on June 14, 1932, when a team banquet was given immediately following the last game. Members of the team, the umpires, Quartermaster Sergeant Robbins and Sergeant Major Loudenslager, retired, and the scorer were guests at a dinner given by Captain Lott and Lieutenant Shapley in honor of the most successful season since 1927 and the winter of 1928.

A brief resume of the records, both individual and team, shows why the 1932 season occupies a high niche in West Coast baseball. The team played a total of thirty-two games, winning twenty-six and losing six. While a few of the games seemed long and drawn out, the majority were with teams of excellent calibre and worthy opponents. In three instances, San Diego stepped out of their class and very naturally ended on the wrong side. However the nervousness of the team beat them in two cases, against Hollywood and the Philadelphia Colored Giants; while the San Diegans nosed the Marines out in the last innings. Among the scalps hanging in the athletic tepee

are those of San Diego State College, San Diego High School, which incidentally won the Southern California State Championship, the U. S. S. "Whitney," U. S. S. "Upshur," March Field, and National City. Although many efforts were made to arrange a series with the U. S. S. "Wright," claimant to the West Coast service title, all were futile and the fact is still disputed.

The team batted over .300 with hitting strength evenly divided in the batting order. The murderer's row of Shapley, Traw, Sonnenberg, and Lail wrought havoc with opposing hurlers. As a glance at the summarizing records will show, Lail, Shapley, and Sonnenberg held the leadership in practically all departments of the game; Lail leading in runs scored, one base hits, and dividing triples; Shapley leading two-ply swats; and Sonnenberg leading the long distance driving in triples and homers.

Walker, Bailey, and "Chink" Holmdale divided mound honors between them, winning 21 and losing 4 games. Walker fanned 65 in six games an average of ten per game and showed the best control of the three. Bailey's record was marred by the Philly Colored Giants, a team far above the Marine class, while two of Holmdale's black marks were laid to higher clubs.

In this scribe's opinion the outstanding player of the season was George Laughridge, peppery backstop of the team. Winning or losing, Laughridge kept his team pepped up and his pitchers working like big leaguers. Though not a heavy hitter, George's forte was coming through in the pinches with long flies or hits which accounted for many a winning run during the season.

Complete records for the season of 1932 follow:

## BATTING AVERAGES

Name	G	AB	R	1B	2B	3B	HR	Ave.
Cogsdale, lf	9	19	6	8	0	0	0	.421
Lail, ss	32	116	34	39	1	4	3	.405
Walker, p	7	18	3	7	0	0	0	.388
Shapley, 1b	31	120	30	29	9	3	3	.367
Sonnenberg, cf	33	124	33	31	6	4	4	.363
Bailey, p	10	35	8	10	0	0	0	.323
Galazlewski, 2b	24	67	18	16	1	2	0	.284
Traw, rf & c	27	85	30	17	3	2	2	.283
Turch, lf & rf	15	50	9	10	1	2	1	.280
Selfert, 2b & 3b	28	79	28	19	2	1	0	.278
Rose, lf	23	65	13	15	2	0	1	.277
Laughridge, c	29	103	24	32	2	2	1	.262
Hriszko, 3b	27	82	24	15	2	2	2	.256
Holmdale, p	14	38	7	8	1	0	0	.237
Haney, cf & lf	19	43	9	8	1	1	0	.233

Totals..... 33 1030 263 254 31 23 17 .316

Leaders: Most runs, Lail 34; most singles, Lail 39; most doubles, Shapley 9; most triples, Lail and Sonnenberg 4; most home runs, Sonnenberg, 4.

## FIELDING AVERAGES

Name	TC	PO	A	E	Ave.
Walker, p	8	2	6	0	1.000
Laughridge, c	221	196	22	3	.986
Shapley, 1b	222	197	18	7	.969
Holmdale, p	26	3	22	1	.962
Bailey, p	23	4	18	1	.957
Sonnenberg, cf	165	142	15	8	.947
Galazlewski, 2b	98	33	55	10	.888
Lail, ss	149	54	71	15	.863
Selfert, 2b	63	40	42	11	.882
Haney, cf	54	21	0	3	.875
Hriszko, 3b	58	23	27	8	.863
Rose, lf	25	20	1	4	.863
Traw, rf	37	20	3	4	.849
Cogsdale, lf	13	11	0	2	.846
Turch, rf	18	14	1	3	.778

Totals..... 1161 780 301 80 .932

## PITCHING RECORDS

Name	Won	Lost	Ave.	IP	SO	BB	HB
Walker	0	0	1.000	61	65	21	1
Sonnenberg	1	0	1.000	12	13	10	0
Johnson	1	0	1.000	5	3	5	0
Bailey	0	1	.857	62	36	23	7
Holmdale	0	3	.750	94	65	30	6
White	3	2	.600	30	36	12	3
Smith	0	0	.000	7	7	5	0

Totals..... 26 6 .813

## PARRIS ISLAND FOOTBALL

By F. G. Otis

The football season is rolling around, and in spite of the torrid weather and an intensive schedule of drills, the Marines at Parris Island are looking forward to the greatest season in the history of football on the sandy isle. As in the past seasons, General Harry Lee is showing the same ardent enthusiasm and constructive interest in the team which will represent his command.



PIERCE

With a veteran team ready to step on the field and much promising new material on hand plenty of action is anticipated for Lee Field this fall.

All the players, supporters of the team, as well as followers of southern football, were sorry to see Lieutenant Larson leave for Nicaragua. Such is the way of the game. "Swede" and his influence on and off the field will not be quickly forgotten, however, by the fellows who have played for him, and some autumn afternoon when a crucial yard is needed for a first down, the memory of the old "Swede" in there fighting for and with his men, will furnish the extra incentive to put the ball over.

Lieutenant Robert Hunt, assistant coach last season, and a slashing tackle to boot, will take over the reins of the team. A more popular coach to relieve "Swede" would be hard to find. Incidentally, Hunt started last season as a non-playing coach, but wound up the season as first string tackle and had many of his younger opponents crying "uncle." This season he will certainly take care of one of the tackle positions satisfactory to everyone but his opponents.

There are plenty of veterans from last season's eleven, as well as other famous Marine teams, ready and anxious for the curtain to rise and the old gridiron spectacle to begin. There is more than a rumor circulating over the island that some of the veterans will have to show some pretty classy football or draw rosin for festivities on the bench. Time will tell and we only hope that the veterans will uphold their well-earned reputations and that the highly touted new stars will shine as bright as they have been heralded.

The team is lucky in having some of the best backfield material in the corps. Led by Bobby Gotko, last season's sensational ballcarrier, and a hero of many hard-fought contests on Marine fields, the team will be ably supported by that plunging, passing fullback "Horse-Collar" Pierce; the brainy signal caller, "Flash" Billingsley, former All-Marine star; Peasley, former All-Marine back and a veteran of last season's team; Herron, the Wisconsin thunderbolt, who at the close of last season looked like the best prospect to come here in years; Vautour, a flashy ballcarrier; McKenna, a plunging back; and "Red" Campbell, idol of former Parris Island teams, handicapped last season by injuries; the backfield should be well taken care of.

Gotko received enough banging up last season to cripple an entire backfield, but when the referee's whistle blows and the ball is kicked off we expect to see Bobby in there skirting the ends as of old.

Everything points to a fast charging line with several veterans and many promising newcomers in the battle for first string line assignments. There should be a merry battle for center with Thomas and Herman, both promising players with the advantage of a season's training, as the leading candidates.

At one guard position "Doc" Evans, who used to "do or die" for old Tulane and last season did plenty and is still pretty much alive, will undoubtedly hold a mortgage.

"Gabby" Smith, an aggressive guard from last year; Jimmie Kerr, the Baltimore Kid; Henderson, Young, Crosby, and last but by no means least, "Old Folks" Golden, who dates his start in football back to the ship's team of the Olympia, are outstanding line candidates.

There is a scarcity of flankmen, Sadler and Bartlett being the only ends with

Any man who was in the Military Police in Managua on or about May 10, 1927, when the Military Police relieved the civilian police, please write "The Leatherneck," giving the name of the second lieutenant who commanded the platoon of the 23rd Company who reinforced the Military Police either that day or the next.

experience in service football. However, McNabb, Boyd, and Miller are three promising rookies who will be in uniform. "Sharkey" Shumway will be missed for his end play, and particularly for his punting.

Lieutenant Dodge, who is reporting in at this post, is expected to be as valuable a lineman as at Annapolis, and with the All-Marine Team of 1928, where he played an aggressive tackle position. Trees, former San Diego player, is another promising candidate.

An early start will be made, practice commencing in August in order to get the team in shape for a strenuous season, and to familiarize the players with the radical changes that the rules committee made during the off season.

## CENTRAL AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP SERIES

Since the last hard-fought series with the Aircraft Squadrons it has been very quiet on the baseball front; the few native teams from Managua and surrounding cities not playing a brand of ball that seriously threatened any of the games. But now we have some very real competition in the form of a team from the Republic of Santo Domingo. This team styles itself as the champion of Central America and just to prove it came all the way to Managua to wipe up the last bit of opposition there was; namely, the Campo de Marte team. As it stands now they have an even chance of making their boast good, having won one of the two games played to date. Every man on their team plays bang up ball so we are looking forward to a good game next week when the two teams meet to decide the championship. To

predict the outcome of the game would be hard to do but we have a sneaking suspicion that Campo de Marte will again come through in a pinch and retain the laurels they have fought so strenuously to achieve. Below are box scores of the two games that have been played to date.

## FIRST GAME

Player and Position	AB	R	H	A	PO	E
Jabo, ss	3	0	1	2	5	2
Miller, rf	3	0	1	1	1	0
Varconie, 1b	3	1	1	1	8	0
Kenny, 2b	3	0	1	4	1	0
Mikols, c	3	1	1	3	3	0
Babbs, lf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Driggers, cf	3	1	0	0	2	0
Early, 3b	3	0	1	0	1	0
Wood, p	2	0	0	0	0	0
Latham, p	1	0	0	0	0	0

Totals 26 3 6 11 21 2

Wood relieved by Latham in sixth inning. Struck out by Wood, 1. Base on balls by Wood, 1. Hit by pitcher, 1.

Player and Position	AB	R	H	A	PO	E
Alvarez, 1b	3	0	0	0	6	1
Hubers, 3b	3	1	1	2	1	0
Garcia, c	2	0	0	2	10	0
Mitchell, ss	3	0	2	1	1	1
Benitez, cf	3	1	1	1	0	0
Mayorga, rf	2	0	0	0	1	0
Duran, p	3	0	0	0	0	1
Tiol, 2b	3	0	0	1	1	1
Pulga, lf	3	0	1	0	1	0

Totals 25 2 5 7 21 4

Struck out by Duran, 7. Base on balls, 1.

## SECOND GAME

Player and Position	AB	R	H	A	PO	E
Jabo, ss	3	0	1	5	1	1
Miller, lf	3	0	1	0	2	0
Varconie, 1b	2	0	0	0	8	0
Kenny, 2b	2	0	1	1	5	0
Garrett, cf	3	0	0	1	1	0
Mikols, c	3	0	1	1	2	1
Early, 3b	3	0	1	2	2	0
Driggers, cf	2	0	0	0	0	1
Latham, p	2	1	0	1	0	0
Bothfur, p	1	0	0	0	0	0

Totals 34 1 5 11 21 3

Struck out by Latham, 1. Base on balls (Bothfur), 1. Latham relieved by Bothfur in sixth inning.

Player and Position	AB	R	H	A	PO	E
Mieses, cf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Benitez, c	4	2	2	1	4	0
Hubers, 3b	4	2	2	4	0	0
Mitchell, ss	4	2	3	2	1	0
Garcia, 1b	4	2	2	0	9	1
Alvarez, p	4	0	3	2	1	0
Tiol, 2b	4	0	0	3	3	0
Mayorga, rf	4	1	1	0	0	0
Duran, lf	2	0	2	0	3	0

Totals 34 9 15 12 21 1

Struck out by Alvarez, 4. Base on balls, 3.

## HAITIAN SPORT FLASHES

By "Off-Hand"

After getting a late start in the current baseball season, Brigade Headquarters Baseballers are now well on the way for the Haitian championship, pardon, I mean pennant. To start with, our flashy hurler, Marley, was accidentally spiked on the last putout of our first game of the season and is now laid up in the hospital for some time to come. Our pilot, Charly "Canteen" Carpenter, however, stepped into the breach and demonstrated to all and sundry what strange tricks a well-twirled apple will do, with the result that we have ascended from somewhere near the bottom of the league to tie for second place. The Brigade Hospital occupies the throne for the nonce, but "they ain't seen nothin' yet." "Flash" Glover puts 'em out at home and has hitched his wagon to a berth on the New York Yankees after this cruise. "Feet" Lidyard tromps on No. 1 sack with gusto and plays a heads up game of ball when he is not busy untangling his pedal extremities. Slim Jackson, our erstwhile NCO Club Steward, rides them coming into second. The runner hasn't a chance—to get by

him a runner would have to run out of the base line. He wilts very fast, however, and, amid loud cheers and what-not, Buss dashes out to relieve him. On shortstop we have the one and only "Tar-heel" Cobb, nephew of the famous "Ty," who is ably seconded by Klem, the "Lithuanian Terror." The hot corner is held down by "Swede" Oswick, more affectionately known as "dope," who, between naps, covers his base with reckless abandon and a bad case of jitters.

In the outfield we have such well-known figures as "Speed" Ankrom, "One-Finger" Miller and "My Operation" Marco, all of whom are well known to sports lovers throughout the world, pardon, I mean Haiti. They are supplemented now and again by "Callous" Calloway, of Arkansas fame. The bench is held down nicely by the well-known figure, "Drawback" Hoff, who laughingly states that they might all break their legs now and then and give him a chance to play.

We have three victories to our credit out of six games played. But we have fond hopes for the future. Will give youse guys d' office when we hit d' peak.

### MARINE FIGHTS TOWARD TOP

Charleston, South Carolina, July 6.—Leroy Brown, former Marine middleweight, topped off a busy month of fighting by knocking out Sailor Pulaski, in the sixth round of their scheduled ten-round bout here last night.

Previous to his bout with Pulaski, Brown trounced the highly touted Spike Webb, who came here billed as the "Miami Man Killer." Webb, veteran of 250 ring battles, was expected to win by virtue of his victory over Joe Knight, who in turn defeated Maxie Rosenbloom, world's light heavyweight champion, but he was the victim of reverse English. The ex-Marine outboxed and outslugged the veteran in every one of the ten rounds.

Two weeks before his bout with Webb, Brown knocked out Roy Williams of Tampa, Florida, in the second round.

### CIVILIAN FALLACIES

(Continued from page 34)

That members of the Coast Guard consume most of the liquor they confiscate.

That the Marine Band is a certain kind of harmonica.

That "S. P." stands for "Sailor Police."

That the fact that a person is an enlisted man in any service is sufficient proof that he is a physical, mental and moral wreck.

That no enlisted man is capable of being possessed of the slightest vestige of character or self-respect.

That the thousands of red-blooded, adventure-seeking American youngsters who enlist in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps or Coast Guard each year do so because they "don't like to work."

That one goes to bed immediately after he joins the Army and stays there until his enlistment has expired.

That when a Marine and a sailor meet they fly at each other's throats without ceremony.

That a person actually sees the world when he joins the Navy.

That privates in the Army shine the captains' shoes.

That all the "sailors" who commit offenses which get into the daily papers are sailors of the Navy.

That "sez you" is a common expression in the ranks of the Marine Corps.

That beans constitute the larger part of the Navy man's diet.

That soldiers sleep in double-deck bunks filled with straw and with only a "horse blanket" with which to cover themselves.

That a service man's mail is opened, read and censored before it is passed on to him.

That a soldier is never issued a uniform that fits him.

That all top-sergeants and bos'n's mates are hardboiled and say "hey youse."

That no service man cherishes any respect for any woman.

That criminals and potential criminals are accepted into and infest the ranks of the Army and Navy.

That a man convicted of a crime or petty offense who may possibly be accorded the alternative of joining the Army or Navy in lieu of going to prison is knowingly permitted to do so by military or naval officials.

That mules provide the only means of transportation in the Army.

That "ten thousand gobs lay down their swabs to fight one sick Marine."

That a Marine and a sailor are the same thing, or

That the Marine Corps is a part of the Army.

That all service men are an unnecessary evil.

That the unpopularity of service men in some localities is not prompted by a sense of jealousy and envy.

That every man in the Army, Navy and Marines would like to be a general or an admiral.

That most service men of today are not mere youths of good education, breeding and character and from the better families.

That all enlisted men say "ain't."

That the movies give the true side of Army life.

That "police work" is patrol duty.

That we give a hang what they think.

### LONE STAR STORIES

By "Shad"

If the following should sound a bit boastful, why then, make the most of it. Every ship's detachment in the fleet is envious of the records established by this detachment during the past three years. I think it is safe to venture the opinion that no other ships' detachment of recent years has attained such a high degree of proficiency in so many things.

These "Texas" Marines have for the past three years fairly covered themselves with glory, lined their pockets with prize money and filled their trophy cases with cups of all sizes, sorts and descriptions. They have helped largely to place their ship high on the list for Excellence in Gunnery and Athletics.

Within the past two months, two trophy cups have been added to the collection, the winning of either one an achievement of which to be proud. The FRANKLIN WHARTON CUP, for excellence in rifle target practice for the year 1931, and the SONS OF THE REVOLUTION CUP for excellence in gunnery. For three consecutive years the detachment held the ALL-NAVY MARINE WHALE BOAT CHAMPIONSHIP and lost it this year only because of their inability, on account of absence from the fleet, to compete for it.

To Captain Curtis T. Beecher, who has served on board for more than two years and is now under orders for shore duty, goes the greater part of the credit for these achievements. He is that type of Marine Officer that every seagoing Marine delights in serving with aboard ship. He's Cocky and Scrappy and willing to battle with anyone, any time, and place, for the things he thinks are right. With Lieutenant W. H. Troxell (fondly known as "Toughy") as junior Marine Officer, these two make a team hard to beat.

Gunnery Sergeant Steve Bochké, known throughout the Marine Corps for the past fifteen years, as one of the strictest duty sergeants, conducts loading drills, keeps our five-inch battery in tip-top shape and acts as instructor for rifle and pistol target practice.

"Red" Rairden, the police sergeant, came to sea six years ago, unpacked his sea bag and threw it over the side, knowing then, that he would have no further use for it.

Read the story of the Alamo, study the history of the Texas Marine Detachment, come aboard and see one of the finest organizations in the Marine Corps, and I think that perhaps you will discover in them something which will remind you of that indomitable fighting spirit that made such glorious history for the Lone Star State.



## DOWN FOR THE COUNT

(Continued from page 9)

The other caught the words.

"Your beginning is sure promising, Boot!" he yelled derisively. "Gabby will shake in his shoes when I tell him."

Conway faced his opponent again.

He thrust his left, which was a long one, into Shaffer's face. Then as Shaffer fell back, Conway ducked his head, threw science to the winds, and hurled himself forward. It should have been meat for Shaffer. A right uppercut would have finished it; but Conway didn't give him time to get set.

His fists pounded relentlessly away at Shaffer, who tried to block the hail of blows which pelted about him. Out of the corner of his eye, Conway saw the timekeeper closely regarding the hands of his watch. He must hurry. By charging, driving, and hammering, he backed Shaffer around the ring.

When the lad was directly above Gabby Leavis' friend, Conway redoubled his speed and the fury of his attack. A vicious body blow drew Shaffer's guard down. But Shaffer was no fool. Despite his pretense of two days ago, the boy knew his gloves . . . and Les, who had almost fallen for his stuff, craved revenge. So, shifting his attack suddenly, he sent Shaffer's head back with a straight left. Then his right whipped over in a sizzling cross—a savage, bitter blow, backed by all the power of a hand whose knuckles had many times made deep dents in an inch board, and Shaffer fell backward from the ring.

Gabby's friend did the natural thing. He reached forward to stay the fall of the unconscious boxer, was hurled back into his seat by the weight and momentum of the other, and ended with the limp Shaffer across his lap.

"See?" said Conway through mashed and bleeding lips. "I keep my promises! Tell Leavis that!"

## CHAPTER III

## Too Ambitious

"GEORGE," said Les Conway to O'Conner next morning, "if a fellow wants a thing, and wants it hard enough, and ought to have it, he'll get it sure! I want to whip Gabby Leavis!"

"Boy," retorted George, "if everybody who wanted to whip Gabby Leavis did it, he wouldn't be more than a spot of grease on the parade ground."

"But the others don't go about their business of wanting like I do."

"What do you mean?"

"I want to whip Gabby Leavis, and I'm going to do it, if I have to wade through every fighter in Quantico to get to him."

"Yeah, you'll probably do that little thing, too. 'Wade' is right! Shaffer came within an ace of flooring you for the count in the first, with a single punch. You looked terrible, and the only reason you didn't look worse was because I couldn't have picked a punker boxer to throw you in with than Shaffer."

"That's why I dropped him through the ropes. Listen, George, when I started in high school I swore I'd get through in three years instead of four. I did it. I worked like the devil, and

never got down-hearted. A lesson for everybody in that. I swore I'd get a commission when I came into the Marines, and I'll do just that before I finish—because I want to hard enough."

"Sounds good, kid," said O'Conner, gloomily, "but wishes never yet put a tough baby down for the count."

"Day-dreams, you know, George," said Conway, "come true only if you make 'em. I'm going to make this dream of whipping Gabby come true. I don't know exactly how I'm going to do it, but I am."

"More power to you, Les; but when I get any money, it always goes down on Gabby Leavis. He's a real champ, not a cheese one."

"All right, have it your own way. Another thing: I always keep my promises. I told Gabby's friend I'd have the hide of Gabby on my wigwag before Christmas. I have to keep my word. It sort of runs in the family."

"Dream on, kid, but come to papa when the going gets rough, and he'll smear the arnica and witch-hazel on you."

Now, Gabby Leavis was a real fighter, as hereinafter reported, and he was never out of training. He couldn't be. In the Marine Corps there are no long lay-offs for champs, and it is not unusual for them to fight every week for weeks on end. Which is why Gabby Leavis, even the day after a fight—he'd won last night's scramble by a knockout in the first minute of the second frame—did his road work as usual.

But it doesn't explain why Les Conway, eluding the eyes of George O'Conner, slipped into his trunks and running shoes, and hit off into the woods right behind Leavis, jog-trotting along, breathing easily, grinning to himself. Conway had an idea, born of a story he had read, and he was going to test it out, whatever the cost.

He kept right on running.

Two miles. Three. Four. Then, dead ahead, he saw Gabby Leavis, paced by "Toad" Gordon, his friend who had knocked out Les' manager. They were on their way back, and were setting a good pace, proof that Gabby was in the pink of condition. Conway's jaws tightened. He knew what lay ahead as surely as he knew his own name.

## SUBSCRIBE

to the

## LEATHERNECK

and get all the News of  
Marine Activities  
\$2.50 PER YEAR

Enclosed find \$2.50. Send  
me The Leatherneck for 12  
months.

Name .....

Address .....

But Les believed in his hunches, believed that what one wanted one got if one wanted it hard enough.

"Get out of the way," shouted Gabby Leavis, and Toad Gordon echoed him.

Conway was running in the same track, and the two would collide if neither gave way. Leavis, believing in the divine right of kings, had no intention of giving way, and was warning Conway that the king was coming.

Conway only grinned, increased his stride, if anything.

The two collided with such force that both landed on the soil in a sitting position. Leavis' face was black as a thundercloud, and Conway was grinning his infectious grin.

"Say," gasped Leavis, looking at Gordon, "isn't this the jazzbo who said he'd nail my hide to the wall before Christmas?"

"It is," replied Gordon. "Shall I smack him?"

"He has to be taught a lesson," said Leavis, softly. "Folks like him have to be discouraged before they get high-hat. Ready for another drubbing, kid? Your last one?"

"Ready for another, yes, Gabby; but not my last one! I keep my promises, Leavis. I did say I'd beat you before Christmas. I meant just that."

So they arose together. Conway began shucking off his sweat shirt. Leavis did likewise.

"No rounds," said Leavis to Gordon. "Just plain knockdown-and-drag-out. This laddy-buck is getting too ambitious."

Conway grinned meaningfully at Leavis.

"I keep my promises, Gabby," he said.

And then they were at it. Gordon seated himself disgustingly at the side of the road, while the fighters side-stepped until they were in the center of a small clearing. Gabby's face set in a ferocious snarl. Conway's face was serious, but there was no fear in it. He looked about as he would have looked had he been totaling up a column of figures at a Post Exchange inventory, looking for the elusive cent which kept the books from balancing. It was not a game with him, but a business, and he was setting about attaining success in his own way.

Gabby's right slammed into his temple. Les staggered back, fighting to keep his feet, his arms flailing out at empty air as though he sought something upon which to lay hands and hold himself erect. Pounding, slashing, driving, still wearing his fighting snarl, Gabby followed, battering away at ribs and neck, brutal, savage, punishing blows.

Still Conway frowned slightly, as though the elusive cent evaded his searching. He was in for a beating, but that was only part of his campaign.

As Gabby bored in, Les swung rights and lefts from all angles, careful only to keep them above the belt, and had the satisfaction of landing an occasional blow. But Gabby was a fighting machine. He kept coming in. His arms and hands were a poem of graceful motion, and the wide-open eyes of Les Conway missed no move that Gabby made—and his body missed few of the blows.

By the end of the first two minutes, Les was sick at the stomach, but he was still on his feet. The blows which had lashed him last night had cut his lips, battered his nose into shapelessness, and now Gabby, with scientific precision, was

reopening the wounds and pretty generally using Les Conway for a punching bag.

Les dropped flat, floored by a terrific right which almost punctured his abdomen. He gagged with pain, and his face was convulsed for a moment, but he had seen how Gabby had landed the blow—a rhythmic movement, in which arm, shoulder, body, and leg muscles had each played their part, working in fine co-ordination.

Les staggered erect, met Gabby coming in to the kill, set himself in the twinkling of an eye, and drove his own right to the solar plexus. He saw Gabby go back on his heels, and knew that he had caught something of the champ's own science. He would perfect it later in training.

Les tore into Gabby, and had the satisfaction of forcing him to take exactly two steps backward. Then Gabby straightened, and brought Les up short with a series of straight lefts which came in with the regularity and certitude of clockwork, and Les back-pedaled. His right eye was closing, and, even as he realized it, a fist crashed into his left eye, filling the Quantico woods with stars again.

Gabby himself was not unmarked. Les knew he had landed, time and again, yet for every blow he had landed on Gabby, Gabby had given him five in return. Les' body ached as though it were on fire. His head was whirling. He could not see plainly, but . . .

"How long we been going?" Gabby shot at Gordon.

"Five minutes!"

"I'll tuck him away in another minute," promised Gabby, savagely.

"And I'll tuck you away before Christmas," retorted Les.

Then, as though by mutual consent, Les and Gabby stood toe to toe, neither giving quarter nor asking it, and pounded away at each other. They flung rights and lefts without ceasing. Les took them on the temple, the nose, chin and the solar plexus, but as he took them his own hands worked savagely, bitterly, though with less and less sting as the gruelling second fled.

Les knew that Gabby would trade 'em with him until one of them fell, knowing full well that he could stand more and hand out more. So they would stand until one dropped. Curiously enough, Les did not much care which dropped on this occasion. He merely stood there, pounding away.

Gabby sank two rights, one after the other, into Conway's stomach. Slowly, even while his fists, flying wildly now, hammered away at the body and head of Leavis, Conway began to sag. His knees were trembling, weakening as was his whole body, under the furious onslaught, and his arms were as heavy as lead.

Nevertheless he was conscious of a furious joy in the scrap. Dead to the world though he would be within another minute, Conway knew that eventually he would keep his promise. It was as sure as fate, as sure as . . .

Then darkness—sudden, overwhelming, opaque darkness—descended upon Conway as Gabby's right crossed to the button, and Conway's legs refused longer to support his overpowering weight.

The youngster dropped and lay still. There was no need of a count. He was

out. His face was a red smear. His nose bled all over the place. But even as he lay there, on his face was that serious frown, as of a clerk totaling up figures to discover the elusive cent.

"I guess that'll hold him," grunted Gordon. "He won't bother you again."

"Guess not; but he's a game kid, just the same. Or is he just a sap?" said Gabby, pulling on his sweat shirt.

The two friends, waiting only to see that Conway would snap out of it without help, jogged on back to camp.

"Say, Toad," said Gabby after they had run another mile, "do you think this guy really keeps his promises?"

"Some of 'em, maybe," Toad Gordon replied, smiling, "but I'll bet there are some he'll forget all about."

An hour later the beaten Conway reported to his manager for the arnica and witch-hazel, and told him what had happened.

"But why stick your head into a buzz-saw?" cried O'Conner. "He'll whip you every day as long as you live!"

"It's Leavis I'm going to whip, eventually," explained Conway laboriously, through puffed lips, "therefore it's Leavis I want to know the most about, isn't it? Certainly! Exactly how many days until Christmas, George?"

"I'll figure it out for you, Les; but whadda you wanta know for? You are, and always will be, just a pushover for Gabby Leavis!"

## CHAPTER IV

### Catchweights

BLUE smoke eddied and whirled above the audience, seeming to be thickest under the glaring light which showered its radiance down over the ring.

The crowd was yelling, swaying from side to side, booing, screaming advice—a typical fight crowd. At the two opposing corners of the ring frantic seconds of the milling men inside were shouting encouragement to their principals, demonstrating blows in pantomime, their faces set in varying masks of hatred, determination and fury, depending upon how the tide of battle ebbed and flowed.

For in there Gabby Leavis and Lon Savage, challenger, were utilizing the entire ring in one of the most gruelling battles ever seen in Quantico. Gabby had settled down to the serious business of preventing Savage from taking his title away from him, while Savage, his face a mask of fury, was doing his level best to accomplish that little thing.

Perhaps the busiest man in the ring, however, was the referee. Give the boy a hand! Fighters may come and fighters may go, but referees go on forever. The referee never gets a break. Whatever decision he hands down, he's sure to be wrong, and if he calls it a draw he's twice as wrong!

The slithering of rubber-soled shoes over soggy canvas, the smacking of

gloves against quivering flesh, and Gabby and Savage stood toe-to-toe, pasting each other with everything in the dictionary.

Now and then a crash resounded above the roar of the crowd—another chair crashed into kindling wood by a nervous fan who stood upon it and jumped up and down in his excitement.

Gabby and Savage were a pair of Trojans. Gabby would go down, bounce back and send Savage to the canvas, while the poor referee hopped around like a headless chicken, trying to do his duty.

It was a bad night for referees, for the crowd was about evenly divided in its allegiance, and whichever way the duke went, if both were standing at the end, the referee would have to get away in an armored car. He knew it, too, which didn't add to his efficiency.

At the ringside, nursing black eyes and a newly broken nose, and staring at the fighters as one in a hypnotic trance, was Les Conway, watching the man whom he intended taking to the cleaners by Christmas.

How come the black eyes? We must go back to the semi-windup for the explanation. . . .

"Ladies and gentlemen," the announcer had cried, "we are very sorry to disappoint you in the semi-windup. . . ."

"Yeah, bo!" yelled the crowd. "Who got cold feet this time? We want our money back? Razzberries! Throw the announcer in against Rafferty!"

But after a time the announcer, by continuously holding his hand aloft for silence, managed to get the ears of the audience.

"What I started to say before the interruption," he went on, "is that Lefty Leversage suffered an accident on his way to the auditorium this evening, and will not be able to appear. So the scheduled eight-rounder between Rafferty and Leversage has been called off."

"We want our money back!"

Which, after all, was just a way of expressing dissatisfaction with Leversage for not taking better care of himself, since nobody had paid to see the fights, anyway. Uncle Sam doesn't commercialize 'em.

At this point Rafferty, a light-heavy-weight, hairy of chest, lowering of brow, red-rimmed of eyes, climbed into the ring and spoke to the announcer.

Once more, in the ensuing silence, the announcer raised his hand.

"Rough-and-Ready Rafferty bids me announce that he simply cannot disappoint his dear public, and that he is willing to fight any one in the audience, heavyweights excepted. Any takers?"

"Here! Here!" came several voices.

The announcer sought out those who had verbally accepted the invitation. One of the boys who had shouted was a little chap named Levinsky, who never in his life had weighed over a hundred and twelve pounds! The other was the



Marine Corps' iron man, who weighed around four hundred, and wore shoes that had to be made for him!

But there was a chap who was given consideration.

Les Conway.

He edged his way through the crowd and spoke to the announcer. Rafferty stepped to the ropes to join in the conversation, and when he had finished he was grinning derisively. He went back and dropped upon a stool, while Conway raced for his fighting togs.

A few minutes later Les Conway, wearing his infectious grin, and numerous black and blue marks as reminders of the six times Gabby Leavis had put him down for the count, was back in the ring.

He looked small beside Rafferty, but the fight which followed, with Les giving away thirty pounds, will long be remembered in Quantico. It was a foot race from start to finish. Some wag put it that Rafferty chased Conway until, ever and anon, Conway caught him!

During the past month, Conway had amassed considerable experience. He was faster than ever, calmer in crises, though still prone to duck his head and wade in; but his footwork was a revelation.

"Stand up and fight! Quit runnin'!"

For eight rounds Les had listened, grinning, to the razzing of the crowd; but he didn't let it phase him. He ran for the first minute and a half of each of those rounds, then stood toe-to-toe during the last half minute, trading punches. His fists, balled into the hardness of iron, had beaten their ceaseless tattoo against the person of Rafferty until Les was arm-weary and discouraged. He had no excuses for himself, even though outweighed by thirty pounds.

"Cut him down to your size and kayo 'im!" cried the Marines, and Les tried to do just that.

Rafferty's face was a mess. So was Conway's. But he had landed five to one because he was faster. Most of them had been landed while he was going away, but they landed, just the same, and referee must of necessity take them into account. Before the end of the fifth, Rafferty was panting as though he had run a marathon, and in the sixth and seventh stanzas he had done little but stand in the center of the ring, turning ponderously like a stag at bay, trying to parry the blows sent in from all angles by this diminutive hornet whom he could no longer touch, because he had run himself out.

In the first minute of the eighth Conway dropped Rafferty to a sitting position. Then in his zeal to win, he made an unpardonable error. He patted Rafferty while Rafferty sat there. The referee, however, instructed by the thoroughly incensed Rafferty, did not allow the foul, which was where Rafferty erred grievously.

For when he got up Les floored him again, and when he got up again he sat down, a third time. But Les was discouraged. No matter how hard he hit this beetle-browed man, the beetle-browed man wouldn't stay down for the count.

He was standing, or rather leaning, against the ropes, his hands at his sides, too heavy to lift, when the gong ended the round and the fight.

Les had won by ten thousand miles.

There was little need to raise his hand. Yet the referee held up both their hands and called it a draw!

Even Rafferty knew that injustice had been done. Certainly the crowd knew it! "Robber! Throw him out! Get a real referee!"

Conway was stunned by the decision. Rafferty, always a good sport, stepped to the ropes and raised his hand, which act was a distinct effort.

"Just want you hams to know," he mumbled through mashed and bleeding lips, "that I had no right to a draw in this scrap. Of course, you all realize that, but I want you to know that I know it, too!"

Then he stepped over to Conway, as any loser would have stepped over to



congratulate the winner, and shook his hands. Les grinned at him, slapped him on the shoulder, pulled him down to whisper in his ear.

Just before Gabby Leavis left his dressing room to go on, a blood-smeared fighter stepped through the door. It was Rough-and-Ready Rafferty, whose eyes were still oddly glassy.

"Gabby," he said, "I just got a draw I didn't deserve, against a chap who gave me thirty pounds. His name is Les Conway. I told the crowd I thought the decision was raw, and he asked me to make it unanimous by stopping by and telling you the same thing."

Then Rafferty dodged from the dressing room as a raging fury, in the shape of Gabby Leavis gone mad, hurled itself at him, fists flailing out like pile-drivers. Gabby, apparently, didn't see the point—or maybe he did.

Anyway, he went on with murder in his heart.

And after six rounds of a scheduled ten-round go, the fans woke up to the realization that they were seeing a fight that was even more savage than the fight between Rafferty and Conway. Gabby downed his man six times in the seventh; the fellow was saved by the bell, and took the long count before the eighth was well under way.

Then Gabby leaned over the ropes and spoke to Conway, who was grinning up at him.

"Blast you!" he snarled. "That's what

I'll do to you if we ever meet in the ring!"

"Sing loud, Gabby," laughed Conway, "for you'll be in mourning after Christmas!"

"Tell me, Les," said George, his manager, as they were trudging back to their bunkhouse after the smoker, "why you sent Rafferty to Leavis with that message."

"Well, George," replied Les, seriously, "I was afraid this chap might beat Leavis . . . if I didn't make him good and mad. I want to take the championship away from Leavis, not from somebody else. I'm trying, in other words, to talk my way to the throne now occupied by Gabby Leavis. Brains against brawn, is my motto! I want what I want, and I know what that is. Who do I fight next?"

## CHAPTER V

### Grudge Fight

LES now took another step in his campaign to oust Gabby Leavis from the welter throne of the whole Marine Corps. He told his friends that he was going to have a grudge fight with Gabby, outside of the ring, for money, chalk or marbles, to a finish one way or the other. It must be admitted here and now that the first inkling Gabby Leavis had of this grudge fight came in a second-hand rumor, and any Marine can tell you what those are, and whence, as a general thing, they emanate. This one, however, was more persistent than most.

The fight, according to the rumor, was to take place two days hence, or three days after the fight between Conway and Rafferty, and the place of combat was to be a cove on the Quantico side of the Potomac, a place packed hard by the feet of drilling men, hidden from view of the officers' quarters by high banks, sheltered from the sun by overhanging trees—an ideal place to settle differences.

Now it must likewise be admitted that Les Conway hadn't even challenged Gabby Leavis to this fight. He had merely started the rumor, watched it grow, and kept grinning his infectious grin. He hadn't anything against Gabby, save that Gabby was welter champ, and he intended taking his championship away from him.

Les wanted the championship, and wanted it badly; and he believed that if a fellow wanted anything badly enough, and worked hard enough for it, he got it as a matter of course.

There was nothing wrong with his tactics, even with this business of starting the rumor that a grudge fight was in the making. You see, he knew Gabby by this time, having been knocked kicking by him no less than eight times, and if there hadn't been a grudge fight on the docket, as soon as that story started there would be.

So Les grinned, and went to Gabby's training quarters to watch the highly peeved welter champ work out. When Gabby saw him enter, he proceeded to

Is Your Post Represented in This Month's  
Broadcast Section? If not, why not?  
Send in That News!

knock out three of his sparring partners in a row, each with a furious onslaught that was murderous in its relentless drive, and Les grinned some more.

And when Gabby called Les everything he could lay his tongue to, yet did not ask him to step into the ring with him, Les grinned again.

His campaign was working nicely. There were quite a number of people watching Gabby work out, and all heard him shout curses at Les Conway, and after that Gabby would have to fight or admit that he was afraid.

Yet why should he be afraid of a man he had knocked out no less than eight times? Why, indeed?

Perhaps the fact that he had knocked Les out eight times, and that Les had come back after each knockout to take another one, had somehow shaken the confidence of Gabby Leavis.

What was the use of knocking a guy out when he came right back again?

Apparently, the fool didn't know when he had enough. And then this business of always talking about whipping Gabby before Christmas, and about always keeping his word got on a fellow's nerves.

Psychology is a strange, weird and wonderful thing, isn't it? Ruby Robert knew all about it; so did Big Jeff; so did Gentleman Jim, and Terrible Terry; so did the Durable Dane—and so did Les Conway, though George O'Conner didn't even know how to spell it. He admitted as much. Once Les had used the word to George, and George had come to him next morning, his eyes black bordered from sleeplessness, to inform Les that he had looked through all the "c's" and all the "s's" without finding it, and that therefore there wasn't any such animal.

So, after Gabby had used up his vocabulary of cuss-words, Les merely grinned at him and shouted:

"I hope, Gabby, old kid, you'll have a very merry Christmas!"

After that the grudge fight was on, and no mistake about it.

It certainly is strange how a grudge fight attracts the male of the species. For when Les Conway, followed by George, his manager, carrying buckets full of bottles of iodine, smelling salts, arnica, witch-hazel, soft soap, and glycerine, entered the cove at the broad bend of the Potomac where the scramble was to take place, there was scarcely room to stand up, to say nothing of a place to put the stool and other paraphernalia.

But Gabby Leavis was not among those present. Les, however, only grinned when he discovered this. Gabby had to come. He would be laughed at for a quitter if he didn't. Your genus Marine isn't diplomatic with quitters, even quitters who can hit like a pile-driver.

A murmur arose from the five hundred or more Leathernecks gathered on the beach. The word passed around that Gabby was coming, that he had blood in his eye, was champing at the bit, fuming inwardly, and all those other things that indicate considerable anger.

George set about the task of clearing a space wide enough and long enough for the battle.

When he had finished, and a human ring had formed as a result of his labors Gabby Leavis and Les Conway were on their stools, opposite each other in the cleared space, waiting for the gong.

There really wasn't any gong, just the

low voiced "time" of the timekeeper, because they weren't as far as they might have been from the officers' quarters.

The crowd had been warned to do its cheering in whispers, but the very tenseness of the whole thing made it the more exciting. Five hundred Marines, leaning forward, rooting softly for either Conway or Leavis, presented an unusual stage setting that added to the drama of the business at hand.

Of course, everybody had heard of those eight knockouts, but few believed they had occurred. Whenever Les had been asked about them, he always admitted them, admitted them with a knowing smile, which was the surest way of adding to the skepticism of the Marines. And when Gabby swore by them, they merely assured themselves that he was living up to his nickname.

"Time!" came the hoarse signal.

Soggy gloves, still damp from the blood of other fights. The Quartermas-



ter seldom hands out new gloves for grudge fights, nor does the Post Exchange.

Les grinned at Leavis as he wove in.

"You don't believe I keep my word, do you, Gabby?" he said. "Well, I'm going to prove it to you, and I'm going to prove it before Christmas!"

Gabby became a wild animal in his fury. For five minutes, while Les backed away, covering up like a veteran, Gabby drove his challenger before him. But Les kept on grinning, even stopped to apologize when he stumbled over the feet of an onlooker and landed in the onlooker's lap.

For five minutes Gabby drove Les Conway, and when he slowed down for a breathing space, Les grinned at him anew.

"A very merry Christmas, indeed, Gabby!" he said, and shot in a left to the midriff, followed by a right to the chin that sent Gabby back on his heels. Les could have punished him some more at this juncture, but he chose instead to step back and allow Gabby to recover, which didn't make Gabby, for that instant at least, show to the best advantage.

And it did make him furious, drove him into another furious charge, which was exactly what Les Conway was after.

There were no rounds at all, no pause in fighting, save when Les Conway dropped from a flurry of blows, or when Gabby slowed down to catch his breath and Les waited for him to do it.

Ten minutes of furious fighting. Then . . .

"Here's one in the left eye, Gabby!" said Les suddenly.

And straight to Gabby's left eye the blow went, smacking home with resounding force.

"Blast you!" railed Gabby Leavis. "I'll get you for that!"

"I might as well be got for a sheep as a lamb," said Les; "so here's one for the right eye, another for the nose, one for the chin, and a solar plexus punch that will jar your ancestors!"

And even as he counted off the blows, telling Gabby where they would land, they went thudding home—and Gabby, almost a raving maniac with fury, threw all caution to the winds. He charged Les Conway, head down, arms flailing, and Les knew, watching him come in, uppercutting him unmercifully, that Gabby intended now to end the thing one way or the other.

For five more minutes, while blood spurted from the noses of both men, their eyes assumed orange hues, and their torsos became the ripe red color of raw tomatoes, they battled it out, toe to toe.

At the end of five minutes the timekeeper, who served as referee also, held up the right hand of Gabby Leavis, after having counted Les Conway out, in a count that was machine-gun-like in its rapidity, and even as he held up Gabby's right hand, Les opened his eyes and grinned at Gabby Leavis.

"Give me a fight with you at the next Smoker, Gabby?" he said softly.

Well, what could Gabby do? He couldn't say no when he had just knocked Les out for the ninth time, swift as the count was, for Marines are hard-headed when it comes to a fighter saying no.

The only thing to do was to say yes. So Gabby said it—with trimmings.

The next Smoker was ten days away, and no opponent had as yet been picked for either Conway or Gabby Leavis. Thus it was easy to arrange. As a matter of fact, no arrangement was necessary. It just naturally worked itself out—with the help of Les Conway and a few Marines!

## CHAPTER VI

### Knocked Kicking

**MEN** who fought in the preliminaries the night of the memorable Smoker puffed out their chests mightily when they came on. The air was livid with expectancy, and not a single fighter but believed it was because the crowd was interested in him. But when, bloody as were some of the prelims, the crowd paid little heed to them, chests became deflated with speed and despatch.

And the fighters got wise.

The story of the grudge fight along the Potomac was known to every fight fan, which meant every Marine in Quantico, and many were the predictions as to the outcome.

Some wagered Les Conway wouldn't last two rounds; some wagered that he would get the duke at the end of the tenth by a decision; some wagered that Conway would get his man in the fifth; others that Leavis would knock Conway through the ropes before he could leave his corner—which doubtless explains the tenseness in the auditorium that evening.

Conway came on first, Gabby exercising his right to make the challenger wait.

He had no more than entered the ring when he held up his hand for attention.

"Just want to tell you hams," he said, grinning, "that tonight's the night; and to remind you that it is just two weeks before Christmas!"

He didn't have to say any more. The whole story, some versions garbled, others only slightly awry, was common property now. Here, facing them, was a "boot," or recruit, who had practically talked himself to a championship. If he lost he would keep on talking, and fight again. If he won, it wouldn't be his fists that did it, but his gift of gab.

So the auditorium buzzed with interest as they waited for Gabby to come on and get his, if that was to be his destiny.

When Gabby strode down the aisle, some wag shouted: "Merry Christmas, Gabby!"

There was no malice in it, but your Marine likes a joke, especially a joke on a fighter, and he likes to see the mighty laid low as well as other folks do. But Gabby, with a mighty effort of will erasing the thundercloud which had darkened his face at the shout, forced a smile.

His seconds and his manager had explained to him, almost pounding the lesson home with their fists, that he must pull himself together or Les Conway would literally talk him out of his championship, and he was trying to heed their warning.

When he clambered through the ropes, and happened to stub his toe on the lower one, falling in instead of coming in upright, another humorist cried:

"What's a'matter? Can't you wait for Conway to hang one on you?"

Gabby's face was as red as a beet. He did what no one in the place expected, even Les Conway. He walked over to Les, felt his taped hands, smiled a cheery smile which he seemed to mean, and spoke softly:

"I'm wise, Conway," he said, "and it's all in the game. I have to give you credit for doing your stuff."

Les grinned. "Glad you appreciate my efforts, Gabby," he retorted.

The referee called them to the center of the ring.

He hurriedly gave instructions, to which neither fighter paid heed. The entire audience noticed, however, during this period, that Gabby Leavis described numerous geometrical designs on the canvas of the ring with his right toe, while Les Conway merely grinned. Les had nothing to lose, everything to gain, and another broken tooth or two would matter little.

Seconds yanked the stools away. The fighters touched gloves, and returned to their corners, where both exercised on the ropes a moment—

Then the gong!

Instantly, as the two men came together with a shock which stunned even the onlookers, every man in the audience arose, craning his neck. Men yelled themselves hoarse, hurled campaign hats—for which they would be compelled to pay before the next inspection—over the heads of the crowd.

For Les Conway and Gabby Leavis were mixing it as they never had mixed it before. As they fought with their heads together, their fists pounding home into each other's stomachs, Gabby spoke into the ear of Conway.

"Darn you," he said, "I can't feel sore at you. You haven't sense enough to know when you are whipped!"

"A man's never whipped until he's

counted out," panted Les. "Do your stuff! I'm not sore at you, either, for all the knockouts you've handed me. They've made me tough and strong, and able to defend the welter crown as it should be defended."

"If you ever get it," gritted Gabby Leavis.

"I notice you said 'if,' Gabby," grinned Conway. "Feel yourself slipping?"

"Break!" shouted the referee, forcing the men apart so savagely that both fell to the canvas.

Gabby got up swiftly, and was standing over Conway when Les climbed to his feet. The savage uppercut he started had it connected squarely—would have ended the fight then and there. But it never landed, for the good and sufficient reason that Gabby pulled the blow.

"It wouldn't do," he grunted, as they clinched again. "I won't have the referee win my fight for me."

"Then who'll do it?" said Les Conway.

They broke in the center of the ring, and Gabby battered Les to the ropes with a furious attack that drove the crowd into a frenzy. For a moment he seemed to have Les helpless on the ropes; but no! Les came off them as though he were made of rubber, came in wide open, both arms throwing hay-makers that traveled in sweeping arcs, packing concentrated dynamite in either, and Gabby Leavis, surprised at this attack of which the veriest novice would not have been guilty, caught one high on the temple and went down.

He took the count of nine while Les Conway stood with his legs crossed in a neutral corner, and Les allowed him not only to get up, but to stagger around the ring for a few seconds while his head cleared, before he tore in again. Foolish? Perhaps.

He came in like a mad bull, and Leavis, setting himself, legs wide apart, head lowered, looking him in the eyes for the first time since they had started their serialized battle, right fist against his belt, caught him flush in the face with that right, backed by all his muscles and all his will to win.

It had been aimed for the chin. Les had seen it coming, and had shifted just enough to save himself, though he went over backward and slid along the canvas for three feet from the terrific pile-driver wallop.

He was up again at nine, staggering; but he was grinning, too. He assumed the crouch that Gabby was using, and started weaving in. Now he fought to win. He had learned something; that Gabby could be dropped for a count, and that it doesn't pay to take unnecessary chances.

He shifted, a snaky sort of shift, as Gabby charged. His left shot into Gabby's face, tilting his head back. Les completed his shift at this juncture, coming in from Gabby's left with a smashing, looping, over-handed right that would have stopped an ox.

It struck Gabby Leavis squarely on the side of the head, and Gabby fell so hard that he fairly bounced. Surely no man of his weight could come back after a wallop like that, and—a bit prematurely—the crowd yelled for Les Conway, new champion of the Marine Corps welters.

But the emotions of fight fans are highly valuable, and when Gabby started to climb up at the count of six, the

crowd shifted its affections to him, and cried aloud for him to come back from dreamland to defend and hold his own. Valiantly Gabby tried to do so. He grasped the lower rope of the ring, and fought blindly upward, while Les Conway stood in a neutral corner, panting.

Gabby twisted to his knees, fairly bowing his neck with the strain of his attempt to get to his feet.

And he managed it, at the count of nine, turning to face Les Conway immediately afterward, while the crowd went frantic as it pulled for this champion who had suddenly become the under dog.

Gabby appeared to be out on his feet, hardly able to lift his arms. Coming out of his corner slowly, Les Conway measured his man.

"Look out, it's a trick!" cried Les' manager. "He's faking!"

But Les, intent on the work at hand, did not hear.

And Gabby Leavis, with a great shout of laughter that sounded almost womanishly hysterical, tore into him, smashing him in the mouth with a left, crossing the right to Les' jaw—and Les collapsed to the canvas.

The mob fell silent as though awed by a miracle.

"One!" shouted the referee.

"Tw—"

But he never finished the count, for even as Gabby started for a neutral corner, grinning like a Cheshire cat, he whirled around again at the crowd's warning shout, to meet a raging tornado in the shape of Les Conway, so wildly furious at the trick played upon him that there was no stopping him.

Gabby had hit men like that before, and they had always stayed down. But here apparently was an iron man.

He hadn't a chance to set himself, had little opportunity to protect himself, as Les Conway came in, ripping blows to the stomach. In spite of himself, Gabby's face ridged with furrows of pain, and he dropped his guard to protect his midriff.

And then the right of Les Conway whipped over . . .

It smacked on the chin of Gabby Leavis with a sound that could be heard throughout the auditorium, and again the crowd fell silent as the referee began his count.

Through the silence came the voice of the wag:

"When a man's hit like that, he stays hit!"

And so, even at the coronation of a new king, the crowd laughed; but their laughter did not halt the fatal count of the referee.

Les Conway had seated himself in his dressing room when one of Gabby's seconds entered, somewhat abashed.

"Well?" snapped George O'Conner, who could afford to be high-hat now that he managed a champion. "What do you want?"

"I have an invitation from Gabby to Conway and Conway's manager," he gulped, "to take dinner with him at the Quantic Inn—on Christmas Eve! Okay?"

"Okay," said Les, cheerfully, and O'Conner echoed it.

For, from whatever angle you viewed it, they were fellow Marines—and good sports, all!

(Reprinted by permission of Pletion House.)

# THREADS OF REFUGE

(Continued from page 11)

rooms, with some sewing things in her hand.

My throat was parched. The little creek being entirely too uninviting, I decided to enter and ask for a glass of water. Not only was this forthcoming, but also a bottle of *vin blanc* which, offered by such a lovely maiden, I found it difficult to refuse. Something akin to a fatherly attitude overcame me as I chuckled her under the chin and this soon was transformed into a desperate clinch wherein two young, love-starved children exchanged kisses frequently, sensuously and recklessly.

From over her shoulders I saw the door open, and in came her father, an immense figure who was ostensibly stunned. The girl explained hastily that I was the young man whom she had been seeing this last week, and of course I readily affirmed this in French. However, I thought it wise to abbreviate our rendezvous but not before I had whispered to her that I would like to meet her, at eight that night, directly back of the house at the creek bed.

Two bottles of wine within a comparatively short time had had a pronounced conciliatory effect upon my body and soul and I walked along on clouds of happiness. I had forgotten almost everything ugly that had happened to me during the past twenty-four hours, and I wondered vaguely whether my erstwhile escort was still standing out on the street, waiting for me, or whether he had given the alarm. Nevertheless I loitered about the streets with no fear of discovery, had a fine meal, and after dark repaired to the vicinity of our trysting place.

She came, promptly at eight o'clock.

## CHAPTER VIII

THE next morning there was a light and chilly drizzle and grey mist lay low over the muddy road to Chaulnes whither I was bound. My attention was directed to the railway station where, I had learned, there would be no guard details and it would be comparatively easy to entrain.

Out of the grey dawn came the head of what proved to be a large column of German prisoners. I stepped to the side of the road to let them pass. Indifferent glances were thrown in my direction from care-worn, pale faces, the eyes sunken, their expressions dull and pathetic. Something sobbed out in me as I turned for a last look, and the bayonets of their guards loomed high over their heads.

You will understand when I say that I had damned little desire to be rearrested. The hostile attitude of the civil populace towards the Boche, my own earlier experience, showed me how dangerous and useless it was to continue my journey on foot. My fate was bound to catch up with me at the Franco-Belgian border.

These deliberations helped me to arrive at my final decision: I must discon-

tinue my hike and make an attempt to get railway transportation. I therefore planned on boarding the next train going east. What train? Any train, so long as it bore me in the direction of Germany. Of course, I must expect to be questioned by conductors, military police, etc., in short, be prepared to encounter unpleasant surprises.

My plan, I knew, was a dangerous gamble and might sorely tax the patience of the good Dame Fortune which had thus far smiled upon my efforts, but it was the only one which offered the speediest way out of my dilemma, even if riskier.

Just what the exact location of the present Franco-German front lines was, I knew not. From newspaper accounts of the French press, which I had never given much credence, I learned the depressing intelligence that the Allies had begun the final drive, and that the German armies were in full retreat into Belgium. I knew, likewise, that Cambrai, whither I would attempt to go, was still some distance from what I had known to be the German lines and once there, further plans would have to be evolved in that city.

My steps became livelier and I grew more restless with each passing minute and at last I had reached Chaulnes railway station. The depot itself was a small narrow building which served as both waiting room and ticket office and restaurant. The approach was not fenced off so I gathered that the boarding of the train should not be so difficult.

Without loitering around outside, I entered, sat down at an empty table, asked for a glass of beer and hid behind an enormous English newspaper which I had recovered from a refuse can. Only a few persons were in the restaurant, among them being an unusually large lady, carefully and laboriously encased in a black silk dress that at two very embarrassing locations had yielded to the tremendous pressure of flesh within, and showed pink. Her low, oily and asthmatic cackle was poison to my nerves, raw from a week's travel, and I stepped outside. On the platform I noticed two American soldiers and without a moment's hesitation I decided to put up with the lady of obesity rather than run the risk of being questioned by them.

Every minute I expected someone to step up to me and ask me annoying questions. Oh, the tortures of painful impatience I suffered during this half-hour wait! I sat fairly well in the rear of the room, my back to the wall. Carefully

and anxiously I scrutinized every arrival over the edge of my paper.

Again the nerve-wracking squeak of hinges as the door opened. A number of men, their faces black from the day's labor, entered. I breathed a sigh of relief. Better hundreds of these than a single uniformed man. Fortunately—and at the same time serving as a make-shift screen—they sat down at the little table next to mine, and my own. I now found myself in their midst. Their earthenware pipes emitted a sickening odor; now and then one removed it to disgorge a brown liquid from between stained teeth.

Peculiarly enough, the presence of a man in English uniform never seemed to trouble them, though questioning, friendly and inviting glances were shot in my direction often enough. The words *Guerre* (war), and *Allemagne* (Germany), I could hear almost ceaselessly and once, when a particularly eloquent speaker looked straight at me as if he wanted me to confirm his violent denouncement of the Boche, I returned an encouraging glance and nodded vigorously, "*Mais certainement, Messieurs,*" although I had really not the slightest idea as to what he had said. My French vocabulary was unable to stand the gaff of their dialect.

I ignored the next remark addressed directly at me for my attention was centered upon a broad-shouldered individual in the uniform of the *Gendarmerie*, who had just entered. You could perceive at a glance that there would be no monkeying with this bird. He stepped up to the bar, ordered a glass of beer, and emptied it with one great gulp. Each movement, even the one with which he grabbed his glass, impressed itself with cruel clearness upon my brain. The glass emptied, he turned around. Slowly, his gaze scanned the people in the room, and came to rest on my face.

It seemed that the power of his personality imparted itself upon all those present. It was—to me at least—as if a great search-light had been turned on in the room, with his eyes radiating all its power. He stood lightly leaning against the bar, and respectful glances came his way from simple folk. The cold chill I had felt at first proved to be an icy hand that pulled me back in my chair, in a reclining position, that made me slowly and unconcernedly turn and spread my paper, and indelibly imprinted into my mind a paragraph I read over and over, and which I have never forgotten to this day:

## SUBSCRIBERS ARE URGED

To send their changes of address giving both the old and new address.

When you move or are transferred let us know AT ONCE. This will insure your getting each number of The Leatherneck promptly.

NAME ..... New Address .....

Old Address .....

"TODAY, AS WE SEE PERHAPS FOR THE LAST TIME IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD THE RETREAT OF A ONCE MIGHTY FOE."

A devilish fellow, this Gendarme. He certainly looks as if he knew exactly what's going on inside me. God help me, this one time, to put over the show of being the typically serene and confident Englishman! Just this once. I sat still, toying with exaggerated nonchalance with my swaggerstick, and I think I blushed as some one in front of me gave me an annoyed glance: In my terror I had nearly knocked his half-empty glass off the table with my stick.

Again these black, piercing eyes searching my face. In the waiting room, people seemed to take notice; their looks were what I thought hostile.

With a dull, rumbling sound that shook the small station house, the noise of which mercifully drowned out the audible sigh of relief that escaped my tightly pressed lips, and which had been incarcerated in my throat for many, many centuries, a train entered. It came from the opposite direction and was bound for Amiens. It stopped a few minutes and soon the little restaurant was filled to capacity with thirsty travelers in need of a good glass of beer. Among them were two British soldiers, their rifles slung over their shoulders. I thought they were Military Police, accompanying the train.

"God . . . I need you again!" And here, swaggerstick lustily cracking against leather-encased calves of his legs, came the old English officer whom I had often seen in the company of our camp commandant.

I had frozen to the chair. My limbs were numb and only mechanically obeyed a few movements of which I was hardly aware. My glance no longer stole beyond the edge of the newspaper. I might have met his eyes, and been called to account for failure properly to salute an officer. Soon I felt the cold perspiration trickle down my nape, between the shoulder-plates. It felt so uncomfortable.

I maintained my frozen attitude even when one of the soldiers approached with a friendly "hi there," whereupon I answered, to all intent and purpose slightly absent-mindedly, "what ho, what ho," and studiously returned to the perusal of the London Times, wet and clammy with the sweat of my hands.

Everything else about me was forgotten. The French Gendarme had gone out to watch the train. Keeping cautiously between the streams of moving people, I made my way to the platform. Near the third or fourth car I observed five English soldiers. One of them at once detached himself from the group and had cornered me before I could guess his purpose. To this day I don't know what he asked me, but it was a question, any way, and I replied with a vehement "I don't know," at the same time assuming my severest non-commissioned officer's demeanor. My expression, and the two stripes, I felt sure, were enough to afford me some privacy and the necessary distance between ordinary buck-privates (ahem) and myself. In time I came to feel perfectly at ease in the company of men of the lowest rank, for in the English Army there is a pronounced difference of social scale between the various ranks.

It was getting cold and the long wait

became extremely tiresome. The waiting room had emptied, as I could observe from where I stood, and I wanted only to linger long enough until the train had passed. There was a tremendous bustle as it finally got under way; the Gendarme had become an insignificant figure as he crossed the tracks on his way to the village; the British major gravely returned my salute as his coach came abreast of me, and once more I breathed with relief.

I needed the cup of coffee very badly for I had become shaky with exhaustion and for some reason my hip gave me considerable trouble. It may have been imagination, but after all, I had never fully recovered from my wound.

At last a cloud of black smoke in the distance. Before I had finished my sandwich, the train had entered the shed.

If everything else failed, I had intended to ride either on top of or between coaches. But I had no time to select a suitable buffer for soon I heard the raucous voice of a train conductor immediately behind: "This way for soldiers!"

Nothing to be done but to enter. This I did, with a good deal of trepidation. I was only hoping that the compartment wouldn't be occupied by Tommy Atkinses for it might be difficult travel along silently for hours without having to answer at least one question. One single word of whose correct pronunciation I was not aware, and it would be all over.

What luck! There were some five or six French officers who, already overcrowded with all their baggage, moved over without too much haste. And they were careful not to let me sit in their midst but near the door. This suited me.

It can be readily understood that I failed to see much of the beautiful scenery and the interesting sights on that trip. I felt that my fellow-travelers were watching me; two were conversing in what can be called a whisper and once I heard the word "les Anglaise," while I sat frozenly trying to form a new plan for the event that anything should go wrong. But the heavily-laden air in the compartment gave way to sunshine and laughter when one of the officers, a very young man, made a remark at which I could not help but laugh. The train had slowed down in the vicinity of what was believed to be a German prison camp and the slight sarcasm with which he said, "There, the Germans are in Paris at last!" made the utterance humorous enough to cause a loud guffaw.

He immediately addressed me in French, asking me if I understood, and I replied respectfully that I did, and would it be too impolite if I were to make bold enough to ask for a cigaret? Unfortunately, I explained, I had forgotten to get a supply before the train left, and felt very bad without it. Why of course; they had plenty. Three of the officers offered me a whole package each; one a round tin case with a fine brand of English cigarettes. I thanked them profusely and we had engaged in animated conversation when the tracks widened and branched off and an ever increasing number of lamps indicated that we had neared a large town. My companions rose to gather their baggage and they wished me an affable "*Bon Voyage*," and disappeared in the night. Nice people.

Until Peronne, the next stop, I had the great fortune of enjoying a compartment all by myself. But at each station I anxiously peered out of the window to

watch for military police who might feel obliged to ask me for my pass, and none came. I was ready to step out of the opposite door and hide until the train was about to move off again when I would reenter.

I had believed that Peronne would be the terminal, the temporary end of my journey. But I learned from a civilian that the train would continue to Cambrai and I breathed a sigh of relief and sank back into the seat. If only the train would continue to Germany, I thought, and rejoiced that, for the time being, I was in comparative safety. The danger of ticket or pass control had long disappeared from my schedule of deliberations. It would be easy to bribe the conductor with some cigarettes and I would not regret to part with those given me by my erstwhile companions, and other passengers, I hoped, would prove as unwilling to talk as I had been before I boarded the train.

The lights had been dimmed and the restful quiet all about me made me want to sleep. I was not going to worry as to how to get out of the station upon detraining. Something would turn up at the right moment, I knew. Further, I had never been at Cambrai and did not know local conditions. Perhaps they would arrest me there any way, so why worry now.

I woke with a start as the end of my cigarette burned my fingers. The hour was past eleven as I noted when the train flew past a small station and the monotonous clackety-clack-clackety-clack of the wheels once more became a welcome lullaby.

With a curse I rose from the opposite seats into which I had been flung as we came to a stop that would have been a black mark on the record of any locomotive engineer.

"Cambrai! Cambrai!"

Hundreds of people flocked towards the exits. Newsboys swarmed about with the insistence of bees and peddled their papers with the perseverance known only among Latin vendors. Many *poilus* in their light-blue uniforms; a sprinkling of Belgians; here and there an American, and over there, right at the exit, walking back and forth majestically, an English soldier (dammit), his breast gleaming with some sort of oval-shaped brass shield.

For the moment I could not quite decide whether he was posted there to take charge of soldiers of his own nationality or merely an ornament, and I hastily bought a paper. I stood there, for all the world engrossed in its perusal, the while I anxiously glanced over its edge in his direction. If only an English soldier would pass through the gate so I could observe his reaction!

The moment I folded the paper, our eyes met. How chilly it had become suddenly! One last glance at a certain paragraph, as if giving it a final once-over, a slow deliberate movement to my pocket to extract a cigaret, and I started for the exit, my head high in the air. My disdainful glance at his legs automatically precluded any possible attempt at fraternization between the seventh and fifth rank in His Majesty's service and as I came abreast I thought I detected an equally icy stare in retribution.

Outside the station the noise of the city engulfed me and no one paid any attention to me as I walked on and on. For some reason I thought it wise to put



## Parker Duofold

PEN GUARANTEED FOR LIFE \$5 • \$7 • \$10  
Other Parker Pens, \$2.75 to \$3.50. Pencils to match, \$2.00 to \$5.00

He offered \$50  
to buy the pen  
right out of  
Geo. S. Parker's pocket  
Yes, an actual incident

A wealthy traveler made this offer to Geo. S. Parker. "Keep your fifty dollars," said Mr. Parker, "you can duplicate my personal pen for only \$5, \$7, or \$10, for every Parker Duofold is as good as the best."

Each contains a miracle point, that writes with Pressureless Touch—as easily as you breathe.

Only a few of Parker's master pensmiths know how we produce this super Duofold point. Those who make it are pledged to secrecy and work in a locked room, for this is Parker's 47th improvement.

Even the Duofold Jr. and Lady Duofold at \$5 bring you 22% to 69% more ink capacity than some pens priced 50% higher. And not another make can give Parker's streamlined style in jewel-like color range, Invisible Filler, and patented Clip that holds the Pen or Pencil low and unexposed in the pocket.

Step to the nearest pen counter and compare the Duofold with any other pen regardless of price. Such comparisons have made Parker Duofold the world's largest seller.

The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin

as much distance between him and myself as possible. From a nearby church steeple came a metallic bonnnng—half past eleven—and soon the streets, as if by magic, were empty save a few tipsy citizens and late workers. I made an unsuccessful endeavor to gain admittance to a cafe where from carefully screened windows came a thin ray of light. Upon my repeated knocking, some yelled: "Qui la?" (who's there?) followed by several very decisive "trop tard! trop tard!" (too late) and a woman shrieked something unintelligible.

I continued my solitary wanderings. The city was slumbering sweetly and as I tramped along the cobble stones my steps sounded hollow and noisy. Too noisy, I thought. Soon I became afraid of my own shadow. It would never do to roam about aimlessly. Any person in authority would be justified in arresting me for questioning. I fell upon the idea to mimic the slow step of a small-town police-officer and thus pass the time away. But the thing was more difficult and serious than I thought at first and in order not to neglect any possible means to insure my own safety, I turned toward a small suburb in search of some shelter.

In the small village which I reached after a half hour's brisk walk, the clock in the church tower rang out three times. Only three o'clock! How long, how terribly long this night was! No sleep, hungry, ever on the alert for any unexpected incidents, here and there the angry bellow of a dog that I hoped would be securely chained to his own domain, and over all an oppressing stillness that

made the sound of my own steps a hard and sickening thud-thud-thud-thud. A meeting with some one could easily have been the last one of that type for long years to come—for me. From the blackness of a small thicket came the noise of early journeyers engaged in animated conversation. How carefree and happy they could be! I halted and made out the figures of a group of men and women carrying baskets and sacks, market-bound. A little cur came sniffing over to where I stood motionless and as the stick in my hand described a swishing arc without touching him he took to his heels and yelped as if mortally wounded. Momentarily, I expected the people to investigate as a result of the glad tidings the damnable hound had brought them, but nothing happened; they never even turned their heads.

I swerved and drew off to a meadow. Here I wanted to lie down and sleep but the grass was too dewy and the dampness would certainly show on my uniform. Nearer the winding field path I found a large, smooth rock that I thought likely to afford me some sleep in a reclining position. A leaden clumsiness had benumbed my limbs. Out of the gruesome phantasmagoria of my dreams came hundreds of whining shells that landed squarely on my belly with frightful concussions. It was useless. Unless I could sneak into some barn as an uninvited guest, I must go and try to drum out a farmer even if I had to beg on my knees for a cot.

Nor did this bring me any luck. Twice I was refused; another wanted five franks. It was too risky to sound out

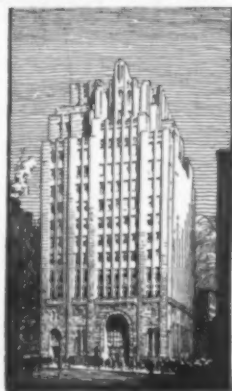
others and soon it was possible to distinguish objects more clearly.

Deeply I inhaled the refreshing aroma of the young November morn. Old sol's rays broke through a thick fog that lay heavily over field and valley and graciously warmed body and soul of a lone wanderer that thrilled him to his very marrow. My face, deeply lined with weariness and lack of sleep, broke into a smile. With her healing rays to guide me and rejuvenate my spirit, nothing could go wrong. The cool water of a brook at which I laved head and torso revived in me the springy step and bright outlook into a none too promising future that had heretofore often carried me safely through troublous hours. Before a large mirror behind a show window in the village, framed in win an assortment of feminine wearing apparel, I combed my hair and looked spick and span as if ready for an inspection.

It was seven-thirty that morning as I entered the red brick building that housed a cafe with the intent of enjoying a well-earned breakfast. A well-fed elderly gentleman was busy wiping glasses and I had no sooner finished ordering coffee and bread when he roared at me: "Pour Anglais, la bas!" (For Englishmen, over there!) what a voice! For the moment I thought the fellow was going to eat me. Non, Monsieur, he continued, he had had enough trouble between French and English soldiers who had destroyed some of his very best china and furniture during their fights. Non, non, non. And for this reason the British Government had established a restaurant right across the street.

## YOU CAN SAVE FROM WHEREVER YOU ARE

Send For  
Leaflet  
"Banking  
By Mail"  
Allotments  
Accepted



Interest  
Begins  
As Soon As  
Your  
Deposit  
Reaches Us

### THE SEAMEN'S BANK FOR SAVINGS

74 Wall St., New York

Chartered 1829 . . . Resources Over \$135,000,000.00



ART  
MATERIALS

WALTER MORGAN  
COMPANY, INC.

Everything in the Paint Line

Art Materials Sign Supplies  
121 Tenth St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

### MARINES

Get your barber work done at  
reasonable prices with excellent  
and courteous service at

GEORGE P. TOTARO'S

741 8th Street S. E. Washington, D. C.

### SUNSHINE LAUNDRY

"Launderers and Dry Cleaners"

Fredericksburg, Virginia

BRANCH OFFICE

339 Potomac Ave., Quantico, Va.  
Telephone 304

He was still talking quite loudly as I closed his door behind me. Silly that the large and plain sign on the other side had escaped my attention. Without hesitating a minute or fearing any danger, I walked briskly up the steps, and entered. A half dozen non-commissioned officers were seated at a table, sipping their coffee. My neighborly "Good Morning, gentlemen," was answered with equally cheerful salutations and no eyes followed me as I entered a room marked Kitchen. No one was here as yet but an amiable old man whom I approached with a slight wink in my eyes. I explained, in French, that I had been absent without leave that night and that I preferred to take my coffee in privacy lest I should run into my sergeant, and there would be no end of trouble for me. His eyes twinkled merrily as he listened and as I finished he nodded understandingly, remarking that he, even though he was an old man, knew very well that I had spent the night with a *petite Mademoiselle*. I let it go at that.

Quickly he arranged a luscious breakfast and anxiously saw to it that no one entered the kitchen where I enjoyed the privacy of a lord. Payment being refused, I soon stood out on the street, a millionaire with but a few franks to his own, favored by the gods. In the station

I studied a large map, at the same time keeping an eye at the entrance to the platform to see if an English soldier could pass through there without having to show a ticket or a pass. A time-table gave me the information that a train would leave for the village of Besigne, further east, in forty minutes. From where I sat on the bench I could see the first few nervous travelers wending their way to the platform. The first to pass through the gate extracted ticket and traveler's pass; the others followed suit. So that was that. That left me out.

The minutes were passing and the joshing and pushing and elbowing at the gate became an interesting sight. That is, interesting for any one but myself, who was busy evolving a scheme to get beyond the rigid control of the officials. Suddenly two Military Police came near. In an effort to relieve the congestion at the barrier they had been going through the crowd and examining passes of soldiers, then lined them up on one side and let them through without further inspection. Their methodical "Your pass . . . your pass . . ." came dangerously close to my ears and I rose hurriedly.

Out in the open a large detachment marched on past the station house. I could see the head of the column halt at

what proved to be a side gate, evidently used by railway employees. The men had been marching a long time, one could plainly see, and had no eyes or ears for their surroundings. Their packs were heavy and despite the chilly morning, all of them looked sweaty and grimy and many a curse and grumble could be heard from the ranks.

The officer leading the detachment entered the ticket office, and a non-commissioned officer was placed in charge. At the narrow gate was the same stumbling and jamming of human bodies, intensified only by violent and remarkable epithets, I had witnessed inside and I edged closer to the opening. Before I knew what had happened I was in their midst and paused only long enough to glare reprimandingly at a young recruit over whom I had stumbled and who had given vent to a vexatious "For Christ's sake!"

(Continued next month)

### RECENT RE-ENLISTMENTS

(Continued from page 5)

WINANS, Ben. at MB. Hampton Roads, Va. 6-2-32. for MB. Hampton Roads, Va.  
LUDERS, Charles H., Jr., at Washington, D. C. 6-2-32. for MB. Washington, D. C.  
WILSON, George N., at Atlanta, Ga. 5-31-32. for MB. Parris Island, S. C.  
DUPRIS, Lucien N., at MB. Washington, D. C. 6-3-32. for MB. Washington, D. C.  
MATCHETT, John W., at MB. Parris Island, S. C. 6-1-32. for MB. Parris Island, S. C.  
WILSON, John M., at Washington, D. C. 6-1-32. for MB. Quantico, Va.  
SHADOAN, Oran L., at Chicago, Ill. 5-31-32. for MB. Quantico, Va.  
MORGAN, Jessie R., at Savannah, Ga. 5-31-32. for MB. NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.  
PITTMAN, Morgan, at New Orleans, La. 5-31-32. for MB. New Orleans, La.  
WALSH, Harry O., at Savannah, Ga. 5-31-32. for MB. Newport, R. I.  
JONES, Peter S., at MB. Parris Island, S. C. 5-29-32. for MB. Parris Island, S. C.  
BARTON, Frank T., at Baltimore, Md. 5-31-32. for MB. Parris Island, S. C.  
BECKER, Frederick, at New York, N. Y. 5-31-32. for Nicaragua via Hampton Roads, Va.  
TOMKO, Stephen, at Pittsburgh, Pa. 5-31-32. for MB. Hampton Roads, Va.  
ALLEN, Tommie H., at Haiti. 5-18-32. for Haiti.  
LYON, Horace E., at MB. Quantico, Va. 5-29-32. for MB. Quantico, Va.  
THOMPSON, John J., at MB. Boston, Mass. 5-30-32. for MB. Boston, Mass.

### GUNNERY SERGEANTS

(Continued from page 4)

176. COX, Max—Feb. 11, 1930.  
177. PAUL, Dominick R.—Mar. 11, 1930.  
178. MARTINEZ, Carlos—May 1, 1930.  
179. TUCKER, James R.—May 1, 1930.  
180. ANDERSON, George—May 3, 1930.  
181. MARCOTT, Albert F.—May 3, 1930.  
182. THOMASON, Basil O.—May 3, 1930.  
183. BROWN, William A.—May 6, 1930.  
184. DRAHEIM, Albert E.—May 6, 1930.  
185. BOCHKE, Stephen—May 7, 1930.  
186. JAGOSZ, Stanley—May 7, 1930.  
187. WOOD, Robert C.—May 8, 1930.  
188. HORTON, Ernest H.—June 19, 1930.  
189. CAMPBELL, Donald A.—July 1, 1930.  
190. FITZSIMMONS, Eugene J.—July 1, 1930.  
191. JAHANT, George A.—July 1, 1930.  
192. JOHNSON, Melville T.—July 1, 1930.  
193. PULVER, William F.—July 1, 1930.  
194. REYNOLDS, Thomas W.—July 1, 1930.  
195. RODGERS, Robert M.—July 1, 1930.  
196. ROWLAND, William K.—July 1, 1930.  
197. STONE, Walter J.—July 1, 1930.  
198. WHITE, Willie A.—July 1, 1930.  
199. WILLIAMS, Neal G.—July 1, 1930.  
200. WILLIAMS, Sam—July 1, 1930.  
201. WINCHESTER, Nero M.—July 1, 1930.  
202. GERREY, John—July 1, 1930.  
203. SMITH, Lloyd E.—July 22, 1930.  
204. WITHERS, Sam W.—Aug. 5, 1930.  
205. BUCKNER, Arthur E.—Aug. 21, 1930.  
206. HILL, Johnson B.—Aug. 21, 1930.  
207. GAYER, Harry—Aug. 25, 1930.  
208. DAVIS, Chester A.—Sept. 1, 1930.  
209. KAPANKE, William H.—Sept. 12, 1930.

210. PRIEB, Louie R.—Oct. 21, 1930.
211. GRAY, Brazill M.—Nov. 3, 1930.
212. LILLIE, Robert E. A.—Dec. 15, 1930.
213. McCONNELL, William—Jan. 19, 1931.
214. NILES, Oscar F.—Jan. 27, 1931.
215. STEPKA, Joseph F.—Feb. 1, 1931.
216. SULLIVAN, Herbert—Feb. 23, 1931.
217. SHUMATE, Robert P.—Mar. 1, 1931.
218. MELDEY, Alexander—Mar. 7, 1931.
219. KALTENBACK, Raymond W.—Mar. 12, 1931.
220. BURNS, Robert V.—Mar. 13, 1931.
221. CARTER, John S.—Mar. 13, 1931.
222. COLE, Carlton G.—Mar. 13, 1931.
223. COOPER, Herbert—Mar. 13, 1931.
224. MADDY, Leo S.—Mar. 13, 1931.
225. HAAS, Albert L.—Mar. 14, 1931.
226. KNOPP, Oscar A.—Mar. 14, 1931.
227. PAISLEY, Perry E.—Mar. 14, 1931.
228. O'NEAL, Lawrence E.—Mar. 16, 1931.
229. MARTIN, Eugene M.—Apr. 6, 1931.
230. GADSBY, Harry F.—Apr. 28, 1931.
231. PESCHI, Dominick—May 12, 1931.
232. LOWERY, Thomas O.—May 20, 1931.
233. CORDELL, Ivy R.—May 26, 1931.
234. WASHINGTON, George—June 1, 1931.
235. COLE, George—June 4, 1931.
236. COLLIER, Zadik—June 4, 1931.
237. EGONUT, John J., Jr.—June 4, 1931.
238. WIART, Marcel J.—June 9, 1931.
239. WOOLSEY, Kenneth A.—June 9, 1931.
240. GERAGE, Anthony—June 17, 1931.
241. WESTON, Harry—July 7, 1931.
242. ADAMS, Leo W.—July 13, 1931.
243. BELL, Edward R.—Aug. 11, 1931.
244. OLF, Abraham—Aug. 25, 1931.
245. OCCHIONERO, George—Sept. 5, 1931.
246. HENDERSON, Walter M.—Oct. 14, 1931.
247. RUELL, Napoleon—Oct. 29, 1931.
248. STUART, Charles E.—Oct. 29, 1931.
249. HOLSTINE, Otto H.—Nov. 10, 1931.
250. JENNINGS, Robert L.—Nov. 11, 1931.
251. GOODE, Harry D.—Nov. 18, 1931.
252. FOWEL, Roy M.—Nov. 20, 1931.
253. GARDNER, George E.—Dec. 1, 1931.
254. SANTMYRE, Wilson R.—Dec. 15, 1931.
255. MADDOX, Ernest V.—Dec. 16, 1931.
256. SMITH, John F.—Dec. 29, 1931.
257. ELLIOTT, Herman J.—Jan. 1, 1932.
258. HARTER, Ora C.—Jan. 20, 1932.
259. KIMREY, Walter—Jan. 21, 1932.
260. THOMAS, Whipple D.—Jan. 21, 1932.
261. DAVIS, Henry "G."—Jan. 23, 1932.
262. TIETE, Joseph R.—Jan. 28, 1932.
263. HOLZWORTH, Walter—Feb. 1, 1932.
264. HOLMES, Darryl B.—Feb. 23, 1932.
265. TREVELYAN, Ray A.—Feb. 23, 1932.
266. DARNER, Lawrence R.—Apr. 1, 1932.
267. BELTON, Frederick—Apr. 19, 1932.
268. GREER, William B., Jr.—Apr. 23, 1932.
269. KOHS, Rudolph—May 18, 1932.
270. HANCOCK, Jackson B.—June 1, 1932.
271. DRURY, Everett—June 2, 1932.
272. RAINES, Carl—June 29, 1932.

## SIGNAL DUTY

1. PETRILO, Charles M.—Mar. 8, 1926.
2. BONDI, James—Apr. 2, 1927.
3. NOELL, George—Mar. 29, 1928.
4. GERNERT, Albert E.—Dec. 5, 1928.
5. LYNCH, Merle M.—Aug. 20, 1930.
6. ROGERSON, Burleigh W.—Feb. 17, 1931.
7. DUFUY, Joseph T.—Feb. 25, 1931.
8. VANDERHOOF, Judson—Mar. 9, 1931.
9. GRIMM, Walter L.—Jan. 6, 1932.
10. DRUMMOND, James P.—Jan. 16, 1932.
11. STEINHAUSER, Frederick M.—May 4, 1932.
12. PEDERSON, John—May 9, 1932.

## PROMOTIONS

- FIRST SERGEANT Charles G. Klehm—to Sergeant Major.
- GUNNERY SERGEANT Robert Colsky—to First Sergeant.
- SUPPLY SERGEANT Robert M. Caven—to Quartermaster Sergeant.
- STAFF SERGEANTS Rudolph L. Angus—to Master Technical Sergeant.
- Azer B. Goodwin—to Paymaster Sergeant.
- SERGEANTS Cecil E. Anderson—to Staff Sergeant.
- August W. Carlson—to Supply Sergeant.
- Thomas F. Dowd—to First Sergeant.
- Everett J. Drury—to Gunnery Sergeant.
- Dalton D. Farrar—to First Sergeant.
- Burton L. Garlock—to Staff Sergeant.
- Jackson B. Hancock—to Gunnery Sergeant.
- John A. Hidy—to First Sergeant.
- John McDonald—to Staff Sergeant.
- Carl Raines—to Gunnery Sergeant.
- CORPORALS Joseph L. Carroll—to Sergeant.
- John C. Duncan—to Sergeant.
- Richard A. Hardisty—to Sergeant.
- Sylvester T. Lesch—to Sergeant.
- Jesse G. McCrocklin—to Sergeant.
- Elmer G. Peters—to Sergeant.
- PRIVATES FIRST CLASS Riley L. Adams—to Corporal.
- Tony L. Allen—to Corporal.
- James C. Anderson—to Corporal.
- J. Grant Barclay—to Corporal.
- Lynthol Bevens—to Corporal.
- George A. Bitter—to Corporal.
- Jacob I. Block—to Corporal.
- Harry H. Clay—to Corporal.
- Virgil F. Coleman—to Corporal.

# THE ZERO HOUR . . .

## at the PX Counter

A SHIPMENT of Sir Walter Raleigh packed in the new 8-ounce vacuum tin is put on sale. There's a "big push" of pipe smokers and the PX Officer has to call on his support.

Marines know that they get good fresh tobacco when they buy Sir Walter Raleigh in the vacuum tin. That's the answer to its popularity throughout the Corps.

If you haven't already tried it, grab a pipeful, if you can. And you'll be in on the next "big push."



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Ky.

### GORDON'S CAFETERIA

1411 G STREET N.W.

Washington, D. C.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

EXCELLENT FOOD      LOWEST PRICES      GOOD SERVICE

Owned and Operated by a Former Marine

MAX "COCKY" GORDON

- Martin Connolly—to Corporal.
- Charles S. Cram—to Corporal.
- Golan E. Dietz—to Corporal.
- Edward B. Donahoe—to Corporal.
- Charles Dudasik—to Corporal.
- Donald B. Ellis—to Corporal.
- William E. Emberger—to Corporal.
- Robert H. England—to Corporal.
- Thomas F. Evans—to Corporal.
- John E. Frantz—to Corporal.
- Harold R. Frost—to Corporal.
- Michael L. Gadzinski—to Corporal.
- James A. Gallagher—to Corporal.
- Oscar H. Gwynn—to Corporal.
- Loyd B. Harrell—to Corporal.
- Patrick A. Hayes—to Corporal.
- James F. Herbert—to Corporal.
- Harry V. Hilton—to Corporal.
- Arnold C. Hofstetter—to Corporal.
- Robert W. Huntton—to Corporal.
- Thomas W. Hyland—to Corporal.
- Frederick A. Johnson—to Corporal.
- Leo Krashuski—to Corporal.
- Harry J. Kummerer, Jr.—to Corporal.
- Bernard McK. Langston—to Corporal.
- Alf Larsen—to Corporal.
- Lorne Leslie—to Corporal.
- Victor L. Logsdon—to Corporal.
- Emmett B. McKinney—to Corporal.
- Clarence E. Mater—to Corporal.
- Ernest W. Needham—to Corporal.
- Waldemar I. Nelson—to Corporal.
- Hughlon M. Nunn—to Corporal.
- Elwin A. Oriet—to Corporal.
- Carl O. Ostrom—to Corporal.
- Guy St. C. Panthorn—to Corporal.
- Harry H. Pearson—to Corporal.
- William L. Pennington—to Corporal.
- George T. Perschau—to Corporal.
- Howard L. Poblitz—to Corporal.
- Stephen J. Roberts—to Corporal.
- Norman O. Rollins—to Corporal.
- Orlan R. Sax—to Corporal.
- Ernest Smith—to Corporal.
- Julian C. Stinnet—to Corporal.
- John I. Stimson—to Corporal.
- Fred B. Taylor—to Corporal.
- Everett E. Williams—to Corporal.
- Lester F. Zehrung—to Corporal.
- PRIVATES Frank E. Adams—to Corporal.
- John Anderson—to Sergeant.
- William Atwood—to Corporal.
- Chris P. Cohrs—to Corporal.
- Alfred Delisle, Jr.—to Corporal.
- Clyde A. DePishon—to Corporal.



### Napoleon said:

"THE truest wisdom is a resolute determination." Determination is wisdom. Determination means success to you and for you. Make up your mind NOW that you will open a savings account here. It isn't the amount that will count—it's the act itself. "Tomorrow" is a word not found in the dictionary of success.

Write today for  
"Banking-by-Mail"

### THE WASHINGTON LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY

F St. at 9th      17th St. at G  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Resources Over \$20,000,000.00

TRADE MARK

**Giant Marine Ring**



**AT NEW  
REDUCED PRICES**

Solid sterling silver  
Tarnishproof Rhodium  
finish with reconstructed  
stone  
**\$3.50**

Heavy rolled gold with  
reconstructed stone  
**\$3.50**

At your Post Exchange  
or Dealers Everywhere  
ANOTHER **H-H** QUALITY  
PRODUCT

**Hilborn-Hamburger, Inc.**  
15 East 26th St.,  
New York, N. Y.

**SNO-WHITE**

A perfect preparation for renewing  
the freshness and beauty of dress  
White Belts, for Canvas Shoes, etc.  
The unique advantages of Sno-White are  
that it is easy to apply, gives im-  
mediate and perfect results, and  
when applied cannot rub off  
or soil other clothing.

**Price 25 Cents**

Prepared by  
**F. P. WELLER, Druggist**  
Cor. 8th and I Sts. S. E.  
Washington, D. C.

**DREYER**

TRADING CORPORATION

**24 Stone Street**  
New York, N. Y.  
*Write for catalogue*

*Distributors to the Post Exchanges*

**Why Take a Chance?**

**Pasteurized Milk Is Safe Milk!**

Delivery in Quantico, Virginia  
by  
**Farmers Creamery Co., Inc.** **Fredericksburg, Va.**

Kent W. Dudbridge—to Corporal.  
William M. Hudson—to Corporal.  
John H. Parker—to Corporal.  
John Posik—to Corporal.  
George J. Tully—to Corporal.  
John H. Viar—to Corporal.

**LIST OF STUDENTS GRADUATED FROM  
MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS, QUANTICO,  
VA., DURING 1932**

Major R. W. Voeth, USMC—Special Refresher.  
Captain A. H. Turner, USMC—Special Refresher  
2nd Lieut. W. A. Churchill, FMCR—Infantry  
Course "A."  
Corporal A. S. King, FMCR—Infantry Course  
"A."

**RECENT GRADUATES, MARINE CORPS  
INSTITUTE**  
(June)

Major Voeth, Robert W.—French.  
Captain Phipps, H. H.—Spanish.  
1st Lieut. Shiebler, Prentice A.—Post Exchange  
Bookkeeping.  
1st Lieut. Venn, Edward F.—Mathematics and  
Physics for Mechanical Engineers.  
2nd Lieut. Berkeley, James P.—Post Exchange  
Bookkeeping.  
2nd Lieut. O'Donnell, Clarence J.—Post Ex-  
change Bookkeeping.  
2nd Lieut. Fusel, Nicholas J.—Post Exchange  
Bookkeeping.  
Staff Sgt. Kelsey, Fred H.—Post Exchange Book-  
keeping.  
Sergeant Curtis, Kenneth F.—Building Contrac-  
tors.  
Sergeant Denny, Walter N.—Aviation Engines.  
Sergeant Whiteside, Madison C.—C. S. Post  
Office.  
Corporal Gagnon, William H.—Auto. Electrical  
Equipment.  
Corporal Graves, Lewis T.—Salesmanship.  
Corporal Ward, Clifford C.—Good English.  
Pvt. 1cl. Bamforth, William H.—Traffic Man-  
agement.  
Pvt. 1cl. Barr, Glenn H.—Aviation Engines.  
Pvt. 1cl. Dodson, James P.—Diversified Farming  
for the South.  
Pvt. 1cl. Patton, Lewis C.—Diversified Farming  
for the South.  
Pvt. 1cl. Thomas, Courtney R.—Automobile Me-  
chanics.  
Private Campbell, Peter J.—Aviation Engines.  
Private Colley, John C.—Aviation Engines.  
Private Enstrom, Frank G.—Complete Radio.  
Private Ernst, Robert B.—Selected Units.  
Private Gossin, Ralph L.—Practical Electrician.  
Private Goodwin, Samuel R.—Practical Elec-  
trician.  
Private Grote, Hollis N.—C. S. Railway Postal  
Clerk.  
Private Hellman, Roy O.—Diesel Engines.  
Private Holt, Addison H.—Farm Business Man-  
agement.  
Private Klingler, Lester L.—Dairying.  
Private Livingston, Barclay—Aviation Engines.  
Private Martinides, Joseph G.—C. S. Railway  
Postal Clerk.  
Private Normandy, Paul L.—Salesmanship.  
Private Webb, William W., Jr.—C. S. Railway  
Postal Clerk.  
Private Young, Hustus E.—C. S. Combination.

**NAVAL TRANSPORT SAILINGS**

CHAUMONT—Sailed Manila 2 July for Guam.  
Due Guam 7 July, leave 8 July; arrive Honolulu  
17 July, leave 18 July; arrive San Francisco 25  
July. Will leave San Francisco 4 August on the  
following schedule: arrive San Pedro 5 Aug., leave  
6 Aug.; arrive San Diego 7 Aug., leave 8 Aug.;  
arrive Corinto 14 Aug., leave 14 Aug.; arrive  
Canal Zone 16 Aug., leave 18 Aug.; arrive Port  
au Prince 21 Aug., leave 21 Aug.; arrive Hamp-  
ton Roads 24 Aug., leave 26 Aug.; arrive Boston  
28 August.  
HENDERSON—Arrived N.O.B. Norfolk 21 June.  
Will leave Hampton Roads 8 July for the West  
Coast and Asiatic Station on the following itine-  
rary: Arrive Canal Zone 14 July, leave 16 July;  
arrive Corinto 18 July, leave 18 July; arrive  
San Diego 26 July, leave 27 July; arrive San  
Pedro 28 July, leave 29 July; arrive San Fran-  
cisco 30 July, leave 11 August; arrive Honolulu  
19 August, leave 20 August; arrive Guam 2 Sep-

tember, leave 3 September; arrive Manila 9 Sep-  
tember, leave 10 September; arrive Guam 16 Oc-  
tober, leave 17 October; arrive Honolulu 28 Oct.,  
leave 29 Oct.; arrive San Francisco 7 November.

KITTERY—Arrived Norfolk Yard 21 June. Will  
leave Hampton Roads 20 July for the West In-  
dies on the following itinerary: Arrive Guan-  
tanamo 25 July, leave 26 July; arrive Port au  
Prince 27 July, leave 28 July; arrive Cape  
Haitien 29 July, leave 30 July; arrive Hampton  
Roads 4 August.

NITRO—Arrived Yorktown 1 July. Will leave  
Hampton Roads 13 July for the West Coast on  
the following itinerary: Arrive Guantanamo 16  
July, leave 16 July; arrive Canal Zone 19 July,  
leave 21 July; arrive Corinto 23 July, leave 23  
July; arrive San Diego 31 July, leave 2 August;  
arrive San Pedro 3 August, leave 8 August; ar-  
rive Mare Island 10 August, leave 20 August;  
arrive Puget Sound 24 August.

PATOKA—Operating with the Base Force.  
Sailed Pearl Harbor 30 June for San Pedro.

RAMAPO—Arrived San Diego 21 June. Will  
leave San Diego 21 July, arrive San Pedro 22  
July, leave 23 July; arrive Manila 23 August,  
leave 6 September; arrive Mare Island 5 October.

SALINAS—Arrived Charleston Yard 3 July.  
Will leave Charleston 6 July, arrive Hampton  
Roads 8 July. Will proceed to Boston.  
SAPELO—Arrived Melville 5 July. Scheduled  
to leave Melville 9 July, arrive Norfolk Yard 11  
July, leave 25 July; arrive Canal Zone 3 August.  
SIRIUS—Arrived Mare Island 28 June. Will  
leave Mare Island 7 July; arrive Puget Sound 10  
July, leave Puget Sound 15 July; arrive Seattle  
15 July, leave 23 July; arrive St. Paul-St. George  
31 July, leave 19 August; arrive Dutch Harbor  
20 August, leave 20 August; arrive Seattle 26  
August, leave 30 August; arrive Puget Sound 30  
August.

VEGA—Sailed San Diego 27 June for Corinto.  
Due Corinto 6 July, leave 6 July; arrive Canal  
Zone 8 July, leave 9 July; arrive Guantanamo  
12 July, leave 12 July; arrive Hampton Roads 16  
July, leave 25 July; arrive Philadelphia 26 July,  
leave 1 August; arrive New York 2 August, leave  
8 August; arrive Boston 9 August.

#### TRAIN SQUADRON ONE—TANKERS

BRAZOS—Arrived San Diego 22 June.

#### TRAIN SQUADRON TWO—TANKERS

CUYAMA—Sailed San Diego 27 June to sea.  
NECHES—Arrived Puget Sound 14 May.

## General Information

### RETIREMENTS

The following-named men were placed on the  
retired list of enlisted men of the U. S. Marine  
Corps on the dates set opposite their names:

Staff Sergeant Burton L. Garlock, USMC,  
July 1, 1932.  
Staff Sergeant John McDonald, USMC, July  
1, 1932.

### TRANSFERS TO THE FLEET MARINE CORPS RESERVE

The following-named men, pursuant to their  
voluntary applications, were transferred to the  
Fleet Marine Corps Reserve on the dates set  
opposite their names:

Sergeant Major August Horn, USMC, July  
15, 1932. Future address: 478 Wilson Ave-  
nue, Vallejo, Calif.

First Sergeant John F. Boller, USMC, July  
16, 1932. Future address: 328 College Street,  
Portland, Ore.

Gunnery Sergeant Rudolph Muttl, USMC,  
June 30, 1932. Future address: General  
Delivery, Seattle, Wash.

Sergeant Victor C. Baldwin, USMC, June  
24, 1932. Future address: 1116 East 36th  
Street, Savannah, Ga.

Sergeant John F. Letcher, USMC, June 24,  
1932. Future address: Pleasant Valley,  
Kentucky.

Sergeant Earl P. Strickland, USMC, June  
24, 1932. Future address: 1806 Grand View  
Avenue, Portsmouth, Ohio.

## Questions and Answers

Q.—I served in France from June 1917 to  
December, 1918. I was gassed and received a  
major wound while in the Battle of Belleau  
Woods. Am I eligible for the Purple Heart?  
If so, to whom shall I apply for this medal —  
WILLIAM S. ROBINSON.

Answer: Yes, you are entitled to the award of  
the Purple Heart in view of the fact that you  
were gassed and wounded in action, June 15,  
1918. It is suggested that you write a letter  
to the Adjutant General, War Department, Wash-  
ington, D. C., requesting same.

Q.—What is the present address of Private Charles Matowick, Jr. —B. J. BARNES.  
 Answer: The present address of Private Charles Matowick is Fourth Marines, Shanghai, China.

Q.—I served ashore in Nicaragua with the Marine Detachment, U. S. S. "Rochester" from January 7, 1928, until February 13, 1929, and I would like to know if I am entitled to a Nicaraguan Campaign Medal?—R. C. JONES.

Answer: Yes, you are entitled to the Second Nicaraguan Campaign Medal for your service in Nicaragua. Medal number 1987 has been mailed on June 30, 1932, to your Commanding Officer, for delivery to you.

Q.—I served with the Expeditionary Forces that left for China, April 17, 1927, and served with it until June 21, 1927. Do I rate a Yangtze Service Medal for this duty?—WALTER E. BALBAUGH.

Answer: You are entitled to the Yangtze Service Medal for duty with the Sixth Marines in China. Application for the medal, which is not ready for issuance, has been filed.

Q.—Information is requested as to the whereabouts of Grady T. Cockcroft, who was due for discharge on March 29, 1932.—GUS A. COUNCIL.

Answer: Corporal Grady T. Cockcroft extended his enlistment for two years and is stationed at Marine Barracks, Naval Powder Factory, Indian Head, Md.

Q.—While serving with the U. S. Navy, I was tried by a Summary Court-Martial in August, 1923. I was sentenced to lose pay in the amount of \$96.00. Am I entitled to any, or part, of this money? To whom should I apply for it?—W. J. O.

Answer: You are entitled to a refund of one-half of that amount. You should submit your claim to the General Accounting Officer.

Q.—Am I entitled to a Second Nicaraguan Medal for my service in Nicaragua during 1928-29?—WALTER E. CORDON.

Answer: Yes, you are entitled to the Second Nicaraguan Medal. This medal has been forwarded to your Commanding Officer on June 22, 1932, for delivery to you.

Q.—Are there any medals or campaign bars authorized for recent trouble in Shanghai?—ROBERT N. HORTON.

Answer: There are no medals or campaign bars authorized for service in China during the recent trouble there. However, it is believed the date for the Yangtze Service Medal will be extended to cover this period. Until such time, no medals are being awarded for service in Shanghai after October 21, 1927.

## DEATHS

## Officer

LOWNDES, Edward Rutledge, Major, RETIRED, died of disease, June 27, 1932, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Mare Island, Calif. Next of kin: Mrs. Edward R. Lowndes, wife, 1825 Tacoma Avenue, Berkeley, Calif.

## Enlisted Men

BELAIR, Thomas Gilbert, Private First Class, died June 29, 1932, of alcoholism, on board the USS "Chaumont," at Manila, P. I. Next of kin: Mr. Gilbert Belair, brother, 218 Casterton Avenue, Akron, Ohio.

BROWNELL, Jerome Clinton, First Sergeant, died June 17, 1932, of septic sore throat, at Peiping, China. Next of kin: Mrs. Luboff M. Brownell, wife, c/o Marine Detachment, American Legation, Peiping, China.

CLAUSEN, Anton Stephen, Sergeant, died June 4, 1932, of dementia paralytica, at Managua, Nicaragua. Next of kin: Miss Anna Clausen, sister, Lohals, Denmark.

FENTON, Gerald Chrysler, Private, died June 5, 1932, of tuberculosis, pulmonary, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Mare Island, Calif. Next of kin: Mrs. Sarah A. Fenton, mother, Waubausene, Ontario, Canada.

KENNEDY, Ernest Edward, Corporal, died June 6, 1932, of embolism, cerebral, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Guam. Next of kin: Mr. Lawrence Long, half-brother, Howe, Okla.

MANLEY, Maxwell Maurice, Corporal, died June 17, 1932, of pneumonia, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, San Diego, Calif. Next of kin: Mrs. Homer C. Manley, mother, 303 East A Street, Altus, Okla.

RUEDE, Ernest Edwin, Private, died June 5, 1932, of accidental gunshot wounds, near Hawthorne, Nev. Next of kin: Mrs. Martha Glaskin, sister, 116-23 148th Street, Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.

SCHMIERER, Edward Hall, Gunner Sergeant, was murdered by a native guardia officer, June 30, 1932, at San Isidro, Matagalpa, Nicaragua. Next of kin: Mrs. Mary Schmierer, mother, 3889 Dungan Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SMITH, John Francis, Quartermaster Sergeant, was killed in an accidental fall, June 27, 1932,

at Philadelphia, Pa. Next of kin: Mrs. Mary L. Smith, wife, 6145 Van Dike Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THOMPSON, Leroy William, Sergeant, died June 23, 1932, of "sudden causes," at San Diego, Calif. Next of kin: Mrs. Mary P. Thompson, wife, 827 Hornblend Avenue, Pacific Beach, Calif.

KNUDSON, Oscar Selmar, Sergeant, Marine Corps Reserve, on active duty, died June 4, 1932, in a crash of a commercial plane at the Robbinsdale Airport, Robbinsdale, Minn. Next of kin: Mrs. Nina M. Knudson, wife, 2440 34th Avenue, South, Minneapolis, Minn.

SAUNDERS, James William, Private, Marine Corps Reserve, inactive, died May 9, 1932, in the Roanoke Hospital, Roanoke, Va. Next of kin: Mrs. W. H. Saunders, mother, 238 Rosalind Avenue, Roanoke, Va.

COURTNEY, Peter, First Sergeant, RETIRED, died June 18, 1932, of cardiac decompensation, at Central Islip, N. Y. Next of kin: Mrs. Annie V. Courtney, wife, Berlin Street, Central Islip, N. Y.

MAWSON, Samuel George, Gunner Sergeant, RETIRED, died June 4, 1932, of myocarditis, chronic, and complications, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Mr. Joseph S. Mawson, son, Apartment 825, The Chastleton, Washington, D. C.

## HEADQUARTER'S CIRCULAR LETTERS

From: The Major General Commandant.  
 To: Commanding Officers and Recruiting Officers.

Subject: Legal residence of enlisted men.

1. When a new supply of enlistment contract blanks is printed the line "Home or residence" will be changed to "Legal residence."

2. In filling in a man's "Home address," "Home or residence," or "Legal residence," it is desired that there be given the place, with street and number if any, which the man claims as his legal residence.

3. Legal residence is the place where a man permanently resides. In the case of minors the legal residence is generally that of his parents.

4. A person may change his legal residence by abandoning one place and going to another to reside permanently, but while serving in the Marine Corps it is generally impossible for a man to change his legal residence, so that in most cases the legal residence of a reenlisted man would be the same as that given on his former enlistment.

B. H. FULLER.

From: The Major General Commandant.

To: All Officers.

Subject: Checkage of cost of transportation.

1. Officers issuing transportation requests in cases where the cost thereof is to be checked against the pay account of the traveler, in accordance with instructions contained in articles 16-19 and 18-76, Marine Corps Manual, will furnish the officer who is requested to make the checkage with the following information, using Form MMC 698 for this purpose:

Numbers and dates of transportation requests issued.

Cost of transportation on each request.

Points from and to which each request applies.

Subsistence, number of meals, unit cost and total amount.

Transfers, street car or bus fare, amount.

2. The original Request for Checkage, Form MMC 698, will be filed as a subvoucher to the pay roll or voucher on which checkage is made, after the acknowledgment form has been detached, accomplished and returned to the Quartermaster.

3. The necessary changes will be made in Form MMC 698 when a new supply is printed.

B. H. FULLER.

From: The Major General Commandant.

To: All Officers.

Subject: Ammunition for Thompson submachine gun.

Reference: (a) MGC circ. let. 117, 19 Jan., 1932.  
 1. Frankford Arsenal, Lot No. 402, caliber .45 ammunition, date of manufacture 1929, is hereby released to the service for use in Thompson submachine guns.

2. Ammunition will be removed at regular intervals from Thompson submachine gun magazines and thoroughly cleaned and dried of oil.

B. H. FULLER.

## EVERY MAN

Dreams of having enough to live on "EASY STREET," but no man has ever succeeded by only dreaming. The road to success is all uphill, so stow away a few "EAGLES" every payday and make the climb an easy one. Start your allotment now and be sure.

## A SAVINGS ACCOUNT GROWS FAST AND WE PAY

## 4% on Savings

A Monthly Deposit of	Gives you at the end of 12 Months
\$5.00 for 12 months	\$61.10
10.00 for 12 Months	122.20
15.00 for 12 Months	183.30
20.00 for 12 Months	244.40
25.00 for 12 Months	305.50
30.00 for 12 Months	366.60
40.00 for 12 Months	488.80
50.00 for 12 Months	611.00

Deposits may be made by mail or by allotment. We welcome the accounts of the personnel of the United States Marine Corps.

## YOUR BANK

## The Departmental Bank

Under U. S. Government Supervision

1726 Pennsylvania Avenue, N. W.  
 Washington, D. C.

## SUTHERLAND MOTOR CO.

## TRIANGLE :: VIRGINIA

(Your Authorized Chevrolet Dealer)

Catering Strictly to Officers and Men of the Service

When transferred to or near Quantico, you will want a car, or up-to-date service. Give us a trial.

EDDIE SUTHERLAND  
 Manager

Dawson Kraft Shop  
 Quantico, Va.Kodak Finishing  
 Copying & Enlarging  
 Hand Coloring

"Dawson Made They Will Not Fade"

## GET INTO "CIVIES" ON OUR EASY PAYMENT PLAN

MEN'S TWO-PANTS SUITS \$19.50  
 In the Latest Styles and Shades

COMPLETE LINE OF  
 MEN'S HATS, SHOES  
 AND FURNISHINGS

MARINES  
 YOUR CREDIT  
 IS GOOD

PENTER CO., INC.  
 SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

724  
 Broadway

# MARINE ODDITIES



Charles R. Speechly, of the famous Fifth Marines rescued a young widow Yvonne Tusum from drowning in the Seine. Several years later the girl's mother died leaving Speechly a legacy of \$250,000.

1918

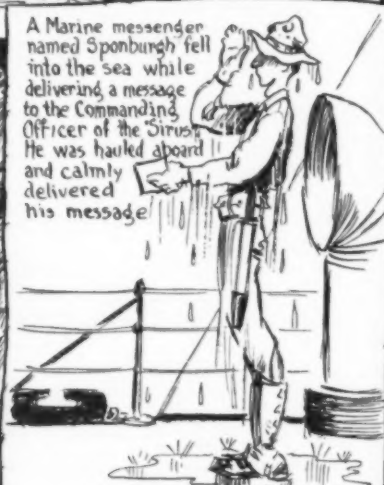
Lieutenant Stanly Ridderhof and Sgt. G. Davis in a seaplane from Quantico saved three people from starvation by dropping food to them. The three civilians had been marooned by a flood in the James River.



## SEMPER FIDELIS

A diver working on the torpedoed "Adriadne" came up with the report that in the sunken wreck he had seen the body of a Marine, standing upright against the ship as though he stood sentry over the other dead. Thirty-four men went down with the ship.

1923



A Marine messenger named Sponburgh fell into the sea while delivering a message to the Commanding Officer of the Sirius. He was hauled aboard and calmly delivered his message.



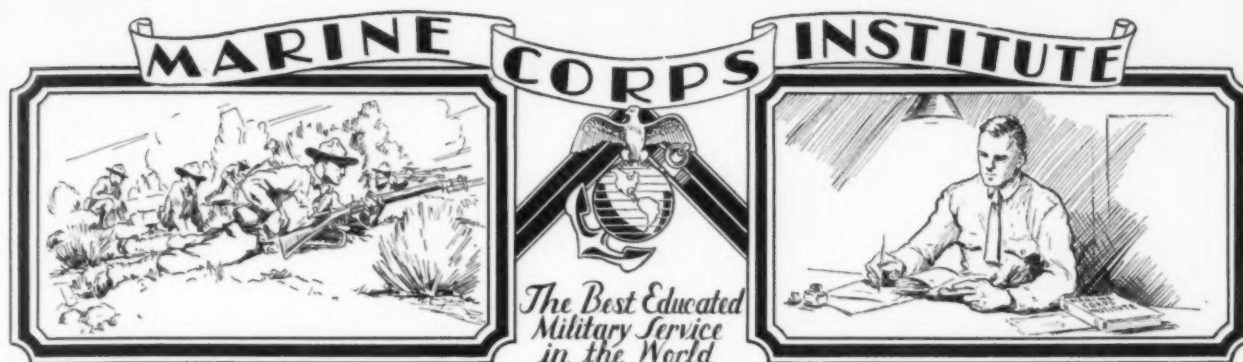
The Marine whaleboat crew of the USS New Mexico won a two-mile race from other ships' race crews in a heavy sea and a driving rain, and with only eleven oarsmen. The twelfth man broke his oar at the start of the race.

1922



General Lejeune's commission as Major General Commandant was the first one signed by Harding when he became President.

Jackson



## Electrical Refrigeration

Electrical Refrigeration is a growing industry, and offers exceptional opportunities to the man with technical training. With the rapid installation of modern electrical equipment has come the demand for men who understand it—men who know the principles of refrigeration, cooling, and the handling of various types of powerful, but more or less intricate motors, pumps, and circulating systems.

You can acquire a thorough knowledge of the principles and practices of the refrigeration industry by studying the Refrigeration Course offered by the Marine Corps Institute. This course has recently been revised and brought up to date by the addition of new texts. The course is essentially practical and treats of all phases of the subject, and includes an optional section on Electricity.

Your initial set of texts is ready for mailing—why not fill out the coupon and send it in today?

UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE  
Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

- ☐ Please send me INFORMATION regarding the course before which I have marked an X:  
☐ Please enroll me in the course before which I have marked an X:

**Academic and Business Training Courses**  
☐ Business Management  
☐ Industrial Management  
☐ Personnel Organization  
☐ Traffic Management  
☐ Accountancy  
     (including C.P.A.)  
☐ Cost Accounting  
☐ Bookkeeping  
☐ Private Secretary  
☐ Spanish  
☐ Second Lieut. Prep.  
☐ French  
☐ Salesmanship  
☐ Business Correspondence  
☐ Good English  
☐ Stenography & Typing  
☐ Civil Service  
☐ Railway Mail Clerk  
☐ Common School Subjects  
☐ Motorbus Transportation

☐ Naval Academy Prep.  
☐ High School Subjects  
☐ Electrical Engineering  
☐ Electric Lighting  
☐ Mechanical Engineer  
☐ Mechanical Draftsman  
☐ Machine Shop Practice  
☐ Standard High School  
☐ Gas Engine Operating  
☐ Aviation Mechanics

**Technical and Industrial Courses**  
☐ Civil Engineer  
☐ Surveying & Mapping  
☐ Plumbing & Heating  
☐ Radio  
☐ Steam Engineering  
☐ Architect  
☐ Architect's Blue Prints  
☐ Contractor & Builder  
☐ Architectural Draftsman  
☐ Airplane Maintenance  
☐ Concrete Builder  
☐ Structural Engineer  
☐ Chemistry  
☐ Pharmacy  
☐ Automobile Work  
☐ Aviation Engines  
☐ Navigation  
☐ Agriculture  
☐ Mathematics  
☐ Poultry

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Rank \_\_\_\_\_  
 Organization \_\_\_\_\_  
 Station \_\_\_\_\_



## Made fresh kept fresh

*Never parched or toasted*

Always ready for inspection, Camels are fresh wherever you find them. Made fresh, of choice Turkish and mellow sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos, kept fresh in the air-sealed Camel Humidor Pack they are cool-burning and mild. If you haven't smoked a fresh cigarette lately, switch to Camels, then leave them —if you can.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY  
Winston-Salem, N. C.



# CAMELS

**Made FRESH—Kept FRESH**

Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against sweat, dust and germs. Wherever the Service sends you the Camel Humidor Pack can be depended upon to deliver fresh Camels every time

© 1932, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

